

1000 Dollar Prize Story

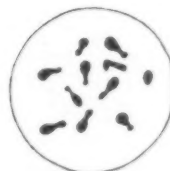
June - 25c

SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



DANDRUFF?



Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hasen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

When checked it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Do something about it!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your

scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

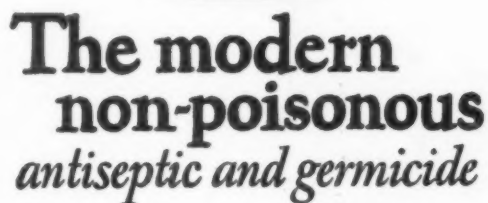
Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose—women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

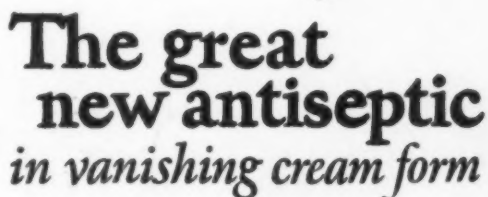
—and dandruff simply do not get along together



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VOL. 78
NO. 4

SMART SET

JUNE
1926

True Stories from Real Life

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Her Sacrifice

Two men in love with the same girl—a situation as old as the hills. But suppose the scene is laid in France and that both of the men are soldiers fighting for the same cause!

And suppose the girl loves the American—and that her French lover comes back hopelessly crippled! What should she do? What would you do?

You'll find the key to this puzzle in a gripping romance in the

July
SMART SET
Out June 1st

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Earth's noblest thing, *Lowell*. A necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill, *St. Chrysostom*.

IN THE TIME OF SARDANAPALUS

Every phase of woman's work, achievements, follies, wisdom, influence, power, has been written, but woman has had to wait until this twentieth century before man has dared to devote a monumental encyclopedic work just to her. *New York Herald*.

woman was a mere chattel—when Nineveh was besieged and he saw that it must fall he collected his wives and treasures and burned them with himself in his palace. Since then the status of woman has varied greatly; at times man bought and sold her; under the Caesars she was his equal before the law. Christianity did much to emancipate women; it has remained for twentieth century America to make her a

fetish. To-day she dominates; her preëminence is undisputed. She is the *motif* of most discussions. Our newspapers, magazines, and novels show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all, and how powerful her influence for good or evil in every relationship of life. Of all subjects that have interested mankind throughout the ages, the greatest of all still—as it was in the Garden of Eden—is

WOMAN

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SUPREME SUBJECT OF ETERNAL INTEREST AND
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The authors have not hesitated to tell the whole truth. If they show faults, it is to accentuate virtues—if they tell how a Russian countess in winter had water poured over nude girls in order to provide statues for her gardens, they also tell how Joan of Arc inspired the French. Love, marriage, and divorce are the subjects of many interesting chapters. There are amazing stories of the beautiful *hetaira* in whose company the philosophers of Athens found solace; we have intimate glimpses of women of the Orient and of women famous as patriots and humanitarians.

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*Martha
Ostenso*

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"-he came swiftly toward her!"

SHE was a terrible temptation to him—as she would have been to any man. And Zara suddenly realized that the door was shut and locked—and that she was alone with him in the room.

She stood perfectly still and watched him warily—wondering what mad thing he would attempt to do.

He came swiftly toward her, clasped her in his arms and passionately kissed her mouth.

"Zara!" he murmured hoarsely. "Do you think I am stone? I tell you I love you—madly."

"Animal!" she hissed, and struck him across the face.

* * * * *

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"She drew back panting, and deadly white."

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My "Funniest Story"

As Told by
SMART SET Readers

A. L.,
Blackduck, Minn.

SHE—"I met a fellow last night that
was a regular cavalier."

He—"What's a cavalier?"

She—"A handsome young man who
takes a young lady to the theatre, takes
her to dine, brings her back in a taxi, and
sees her to the gate and says good-night,
without asking for a kiss."

He—"Huh! We don't call them cava-
liers."

She—"No. What do you call them?"

He—"Just plain—fish."

R. W.,
Hollis, L. I.

THE neighbor's little boy had been com-
ing to Mrs. Hale's house for about two
days now. Mr. and Mrs. Hale were new
arrivals in the neighborhood. Upon com-
ing home Mr. Hale found Sonny kissing
Mrs. Hale.

Mr. Hale: "Sonny, don't kiss my wife."
Sonny (serious): "Why not? You let
my papa."

L. A.,
Montreal, Canada.

A SMALL boy went into a village shop
and asked for a box of matches for
his mother. Presently he returned.

"Please, Mother says these matches
won't strike."

"Won't strike!" cried the shopman ir-
ritably, "why, look here," and he struck
one up his trousers to prove their quality.
The boy took the matches back, but
presently returned with them once more.

"Please, sir, Mother says she hasn't time
to come and strike all her matches on your
pants."

L. A.,
Montreal, Canada.

SO YOU discharged that office-boy you
hired yesterday. Was he too green?"

"Green! Why, I sent him out to get
fifty postal cards and he brought back half
bathing beauties and half comics."

A. K.,
Hartford, Conn.

IT WAS a dark night and the cyclist
was lost. Presently he saw a sign on
a post. With great difficulty he climbed
the post, struck a match and read:

WET PAINT

J. S. T.,
Columbus, Ohio.

A SCHOOLMASTER had among his
pupils two small boys who were great
friends, and always together. The school-
master liked one of the boys, but was al-
ways down on the other.

One morning these two boys were late.
He called them up in front of him and
said to the favorite pupil:

"Why are you late?"

"I was dreaming that I was going on a
holiday to Put-in-Bay, and I thought the
school-bell was the bell of the steamboat."

"Very well," he said, glad of any pre-
text to let off his favorite pupil. Then he
turned to the other.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I
was waiting to see him off."

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I'm In Love	2233	Always, Waltz (Irving Berlin)	
Prisoner's Song		Pals, Waltz	1331
Sweet and Low	4070	Then I'll Be Happy	
That Certain Party		What Name is Sweeter	1316
Mountains Meet	2215	Sitting On Top of the World	
Sleepy Time Gal		Sadie Salome	1320
Lovin' You	2219	Smile a Little Bit	
Thanks For the Buggy Ride		Who's Your Sweetie	1323
Can't Tell the Mothers	2234	That Certain Party	
I Don't Want the World		Stop Running Round	1314
Day You Went Away	2240	In Your Green Hat	
Roll 'Em Girls		Jazzing Around	1326
Don't Mean Maybe	2213	Mike	
Floyd Collins' Fate		Lady Lou	1333
Kentucky Babe	4086	But I Do, You Know I Do	
Don't Be Afraid to Come Home		My Own Blues	1332
Edge of the Rainbow	2241	Silver Star	
Gross My Heart Mother		Sometime	1312
Dreamland Shore	2216	Show Me the Way to Go	
Brown Eyes (Why Are You Blue)		Home	
Shirley	2206	Tell Your Gal	1309
If I Had a Girl Like You		I Never Knew	
Beautiful Traumerei	2207	After All	1315
Glad You're Happy Again		Roll 'Em Girls	
Who (from "Sunny")	2232	Charleston Evening	1311
Two Sides To Every Story		Brown Eyes (Why Are You Blue)	
Wouldn't I Do	2242	Midnight Moon	1304
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Sometime		Nothing to Do but Be Blue	
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Pick Me Out a Girlie	2210	Hawaiian Patrol	8016
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Serenade (Violin Solos)	4031

TEAR OUT ON DOTTED LINE AND MAIL

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GLOBE RECORD CO., Dept. SA26, 135 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.—I enclose \$1 deposit for which please send me on trial, complete library of 25 Records which I have listed below by catalog numbers. When postman delivers the records I will pay additional deposit of 50 cents, plus postage. I have the privilege of returning the records any time within ten days if I am not satisfied with them, and you will at once refund my money as well as postage both ways. If I decide to keep the records I will make additional payments of \$2 a month for three months until I have paid a total of only \$7.50, plus postage, for all 25 records.

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5	10	15	20	25	5

Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three packages of high grade steel needles (two packages extra loud and one package of medium) included in your order, at ten cents per package.

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"John was Worried about Bills— Till I Helped Him"

SHE was a young wife who thought her husband could miraculously stretch his income to meet all of her desires. When the sober awakening came, she learned that a wage-earner can bring in only so much. She found out too why so many women are joining hands with the men of the household to make dreams come true. Instead of frittering away her spare hours, she is now a money-earner through the IMC way.

Hundreds Are Earning Money

This case is typical of hundreds of couples who have found in our plan a means to become savers instead of owers. The time seems to have passed when one person's income is sufficient for the needs of a family. Let us tell you of this plan that *enables thousands of men and women, boys and girls, to turn their spare time into cash*—without experience, without capital, without interfering with their regular duties.

Paid For Her Home
Mrs. Alice Loomis, in far



off Hawaii, virtually paid for her home—by telephone calls and pleasant chats with people interested in entertaining and inspiring reading.

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee, of Wyoming, reports that her work for us has earned her several hundred dollars.

Pleasant Spare-Time Work Thousands are earning

money, and exercising a cultural influence in their communities, by pleasant spare-time work through telephone calls, letters and personal chats. Our instructions by mail make it easy for you. *If an addition to the monthly income will be welcome, let us explain without obligation our money-making plan.*

Fill in this "check" and mail it now. If you follow the instructions we send you, you should very soon be receiving REAL checks from us for substantial amounts.

Coupon 116902 THE HENDERSON NATIONAL BANK	
Dept. SS-626, International Magazine Co., Inc. 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. Without obligation to me, please send the details of your Spare-Time money-making plan.	
NAME	_____
STREET AND NUMBER	_____
CITY	_____ STATE _____



"Can he really play?" a girl whispered.
 "Heaven, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He
 never played a note in his life."

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heaven, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords.

Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where did you learn?"—
 "Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I told them the whole story.

"A few months ago, I saw an interesting ad for the U. S. School of Music—a new method of learning to play which only costs a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! Best of all, the wonderful new method she used, required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A. B. C.! And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music!"

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now teach

yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. No cost—no obligation. Right now we are making a Special offer for a limited number of new students. Sign and send the convenient coupon now—before it's too late to gain the benefits of this offer. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 4276 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

U. S. School of Music,
 4276 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?

Name
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Organ	Composition
Violin	Sight Singing
Drums and	Ukulele
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Mandolin	Hawaiian
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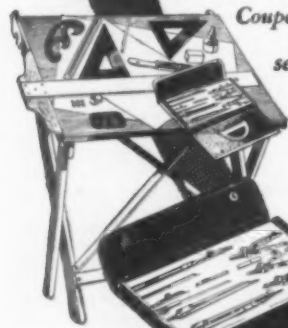
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My "Funniest Story"

As Told by
SMART SET Readers

G. M. R.,
Syracuse, N. Y.
THE girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said. "Do you want a pullet?" the store-keeper asked. "No," the girl replied. "I want to carry it."

D. W.,
Roberts, Ill.
COP—"Why didn't you stop when I called to you back there?" Driver—(with great presence of mind) "I thought you said, 'Hello, Senator!'" Cop—"Well, you see, Senator, I was going to warn you about going too far in the next town."

K. B.,
Orilla, Ont.
"OUR chauffeur wants to marry me, papa," said the daughter of the rich man. "Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent. "Oh, I'm so glad of that, papa; I was so afraid you wouldn't."

G. M.,
Stockport, Ohio.
"I HEAR that Jones left everything he had to an orphan asylum." "Is that so? What did he leave?" "Twelve children."

G. M.,
Stockport, Ohio.
FATHER—"Who was your friend last night, Fannie?" Daughter—"Alice." Father—"Tell Alice she left her pipe on the piano."

E
EMPLOYER—"You say you had your place three years? Why did you leave?" Applicant—"I was pardoned."

G. M.,
Stockport, Ohio.
MRS. BUY-ON-TIME—"How much is this hat?" Clerk—"It's ten dollars cash." Mrs. B.—"And how much by installments?" Clerk—"It's fifteen dollars. Ten dollars down and a dollar for five weeks."

"MOLLY has just returned from the seashore." "Did she get brown?" "No—I think his name was Thompson."

"WHAT brand of bacca are ye smoking, Jack?" "I didn't ask him."

V. G.,
Republic, Mich.
"CAN you read that bottom line?" asked the optician. "No, boss," said the negro customer. "These glasses will fix you so that you can read it." The negro brightened up. "Dat's more'n I expected, suh," he said; "I nebber could read befo'."

Thousand-Dollar Tips!

Riches Lavished on the Favorites of Broadway's Night Clubs



Alice Bouden, the Shubert revue ingenue who won a \$2,000 tip from a middle-west merchant at "Tex" Guinan's Supper Club, after singing "Hard Hearted Hannah" on a gay evening. Inset, Ruby Keeler, who got \$1,500 after a "Buck-and-Wing" dance.

THE thousand-dollar tip has come to Broadway. It appears in the exalted midnight moments when the spirit of carnival and orgy and wild excitement seizes upon the night clubs of the Great White Way.

Then the beauties of the night clubs come into their own. They sing, they dance, they become the bright and scintillating figures of mad, bacchic revelry. Dazzling creatures!

Gay Entertainers Reap Harvests

So it seemed to a sober middle-west department store owner recently when he whipped out a check book and wrote off a \$2,000 tip for blonde and joyous Alice Bouden—\$2,000 in the twinkling of a satin toe!

And there are many others; for thrown at the feet of these captivating entertainers are tips that would have dwarfed the golden offerings tendered King Solomon's royal dancing girls.

A well-known night club performer has written a fascinating inside story of Broadway's new supper clubs; a story to bring you the glamour and entrancement of a midnight life that is new to America.

Read **EASY MONEY** in July SMART SET.



"Texas" Guinan, herself, Broadway's most famous night club hostess, whose profits reach \$5,000 a week.

Read These Vivid and Human Features in

JULY— SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

Two men in love with the same girl—a situation as old as the hills. But suppose the scene is laid in France and, that both of the men are soldiers fighting for the same cause. Suppose the girl loves the American—and that her French lover comes back crippled! What should she do? Read of this woman's desperate choice in the story,

Her Sacrifice

"I heard the stealthy footfalls of my captor outside of my luxurious prison chamber. Then, as my heart leapt in terror, I heard another sound—firm footsteps in the street below. Would my rescuers arrive in time?" Read this thrilling story of a San Francisco Chinatown abduction—

Footsteps in the Fog

The Big Contest Results

SIX months ago we announced a contest for the best true stories written by our readers. In this issue we are publishing the \$1,000 prize story under the title, "*The Moth and the White Lights*."

It was a great contest, but we need stories all the time—every month—and we want *you* to write them. If your story didn't win a prize in the contest, write another and send it to us.

Not even the great writers expect to sell every story they write. It would be worth while for you to write ten if you sold one of them.

We want to have your greatest experiences put in dramatic form. Perhaps others, whose lives have been

secluded, are just longing to read of your adventures or your romance.

Let the prize-winning stories guide your style. Read the whole magazine through and write us a letter criticising what you don't like, praising what you do.

We will give prizes for the best letters which are received before June 15th—\$25 for the best letter; \$10 for the next best, and \$5 for the third best. The editors will be the judges.

All letters will be read with interest. They help us to judge just what you like.

And then, when you have finished, write the story that has been hiding away in the back of your head for so long. Remember, we are looking, looking all the time, for something new and interesting. You can help us if you will by writing your story in the most interesting way possible. If it is full of emotion, gripping and fascinating in interest, and—above all—convincing, it

will probably be just what we want.

If you didn't get it ready for the contest, send it to us. Everything that we find suitable for publication will be purchased at the regular rates.

—THE EDITOR.

Prize-Winners

Here are the names of the five prize-winners in SMART SET's big story contest.

The thousand dollar prize was written by a girl whose name has never appeared on SMART SET records. This is her first attempt at writing a really big story—and she did it well enough to win over thousands of competitors.

First Prize of \$1,000

Betty Dunbar, 1 Van Ness Place, New York City

Four Prizes of \$250 Each

Mrs. Grayce Norton, P. O. Box 915, Dallas, Texas

Mr. G. I. Shaw, 2615 North 8th St., Sheboygan, Wisc.

Lula Guerold, Diamond Springs, Calif.

Mrs. R. L. Crudington, Glendale, Ohio

The winners are scattered pretty well over the whole United States. Ohio, Wisconsin, Texas, California and New York are all represented. That proves what a cosmopolitan audience SMART SET has.

"Quick! Unlock that Door!"

A MOMENT of hesitation—then from Murette's slim black revolver there leaped a spurt of smoke and flame.

The special constable lurched back against the cell bars as the others stood bewildered before the sudden fury of this girl; while behind the locked door Jim Kent watched in tense silence, every nerve alert, every drop of blood in his body on fire.

Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?

To know the answer—follow these people through their swift, wild, thrilling adventures—such as you can find only in the wonderful stories of

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

—whose famous *Out-door Stories of Adventure, Mystery & Romance* are Known and Loved Throughout the World. New Uniform Edition Now Offered for the First Time and at A Splendid Special Bargain

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Here You Meet Real Men and Women

Men and women who glory in danger, who laugh at death and fight their battles in the open—men and women of the Northland which Curwood knows as does no other living author.

That is why every new book he writes is hailed by countless thousands of eager readers. Each year for the past six years he has written a book that has sold over 100,000 copies. No other author has such a record. That is why you have in store such a treat as you have never dreamed of.

For Curwood is no "front porch" nature writer. He has spent years and has travelled thousands of miles in that country where men battle against cold and hardship and lurking dangers, sharing their adventures, living their lives,

inspired by one great purpose—to take his readers into the very heart of nature, that they may know and love it as he does.

CURWOOD'S Readers Number Millions

That is why his stories are so real that millions of people thrill to them, feel themselves taking actual part in the breathless adventures with which his pages are crowded. That is why his stories have been translated into a dozen different languages.

Here Are Worth While Books for Worth While People

Books for You and Every Member of Your Family—Books to Read Over and Over Again with Ever Increasing Delight.

As Curwood lures you into his beloved Northland, you meet red-blooded heroes, daring heroines, mounted police, Indians, half-breeds, criminals, refugees, cryptic Chinese, mysterious and beautiful girls. As you witness a succession of dramatic and vivid experiences of life in its wildest forms, all flaming with the fire of the elemental passions of that rugged country, you feel that never was there such magic writing!

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Walking on Live Coals

AN EDITORIAL

AMONG the Fire-Worshippers at Singapore, there is a custom dating back twenty-five hundred years which gives them a thrill as great as any the new generation has been able to devise. It is a physical thrill, just as petting is a physical thrill—and as fascinating.

Early in the morning of the annual day of ceremony the priests build in an especially prepared pit a wood fire which they keep continuously roaring during the day. In the early evening the red hot coals are raked out in the pit until they form a level bed of terrific heat.

A live goat is then beheaded so that his blood shall serve as a carpet for the feet of the penitents as they approach the fire. Volunteers—the bravest or more fanatical among the Fire-Worshippers—then prepare for the test. A vast throng is gathered close about the pit and the penitents run barefoot over the ground into which the blood of the goat has sunk and across this bed of glowing coals. Sometimes they fall; oftentimes the burns are terrible. The penitents believe that had they been free of sin the fire would not have burned. Those who are physically able walk in a dignified manner away from the bed of torture over which they have passed.

The ashes from the fires of the year before have been gathered together by the priests who put a tiny smudge on the face of every Fire-Worshipper who pays for

it with a small coin as an offering.

In some ways we have outgrown the customs of ancient Singapore, but in others our tendencies toward daring are very similar to those among the Fire-Worshippers.

We do not run through beds of glowing coals; we do not choose an immediate torture, a physical torture. We prefer one which comes slower, but which, nevertheless, burns more deeply than any bed of coals could possibly burn. The burns inflicted by this "sacred" fire heal, and, although they leave scars, the effects soon disappear.

The spirit of daring which has followed in the wake of the war among our young people leaves scars so deep that time cannot efface them. Such burns not only scar the body but too often they scar the soul.

TO BE sure, the vast majority of thrill-chasers is like the vast body of Fire-Worshippers—satisfied to buy the ashes of last year's fire. They wear the sign of the thrill-chasers, but do not run through the bed of coals. They pretend to be what the new code says is "the thing", but do not risk the permanent scars which come from daring too much.

All youth may wear the sign, but not more than one-quarter of one per cent of the total number who reach the point where they actually try to run through fire come out uninjured.

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The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; *replace every single worn part*; each machine is in *sparkling* condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods *five years*. That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

We don't ask for a cent now. Nor any money at all, unless you are completely won by the wonderful writing machine we ship you for an unrestricted 10-day free trial. When you do buy, take advantage of our very liberal scale of monthly payments. A host of our patrons have paid for their typewriters out of money made typing work for others. (One woman made a *thousand dollars* at home last year with her Underwood.)

If you know typewriters, you know the perfect work and the ease and speed of an Underwood. If you



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Thus I acquired, I believe, the greatest beauty aids in existence. By their help I gained a glorious career as a beauty of the stage and films. By their help I have preserved my youth. At a grandmother's age I still look a girl of 19.

Now I have placed these supreme helps at every woman's call. All drug and toilet counters supply them as Edna Wallace Hopper's Beauty Helps. And I am doing my best to bring to millions what they brought to me.

Edna Wallace Hopper



Miss Hopper as she appears today

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are my chief beauty aids. Each combines from six to sixteen of the greatest helps I found. Each is so efficient that the very first use amazes and delights. This is to offer you a test of any at my cost. I want you to know what they mean.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These

include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. And my baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great

experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eyedropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my powders. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

☐ Hair Youth ☐ White Youth Clay
☐ Facial Youth ☐ Youth Cream

Name

Address

One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10 cents for each additional sample. 87-SS

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NO. 4

SMART SET

JUNE
1926

True Stories from Real Life



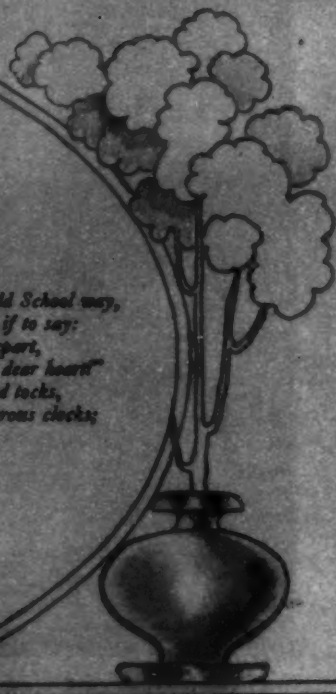
The Clockmaker's Lady

By HARRY LEE

*THE clockmaker lives at the end of the street,
With his little old lady, as tender and sweet
As the honeysuckles that clamber o'er
The trellis that shelters the little green door,
And every morning—as jaunty and trim,
He starts for his shop—she waxes to him.*

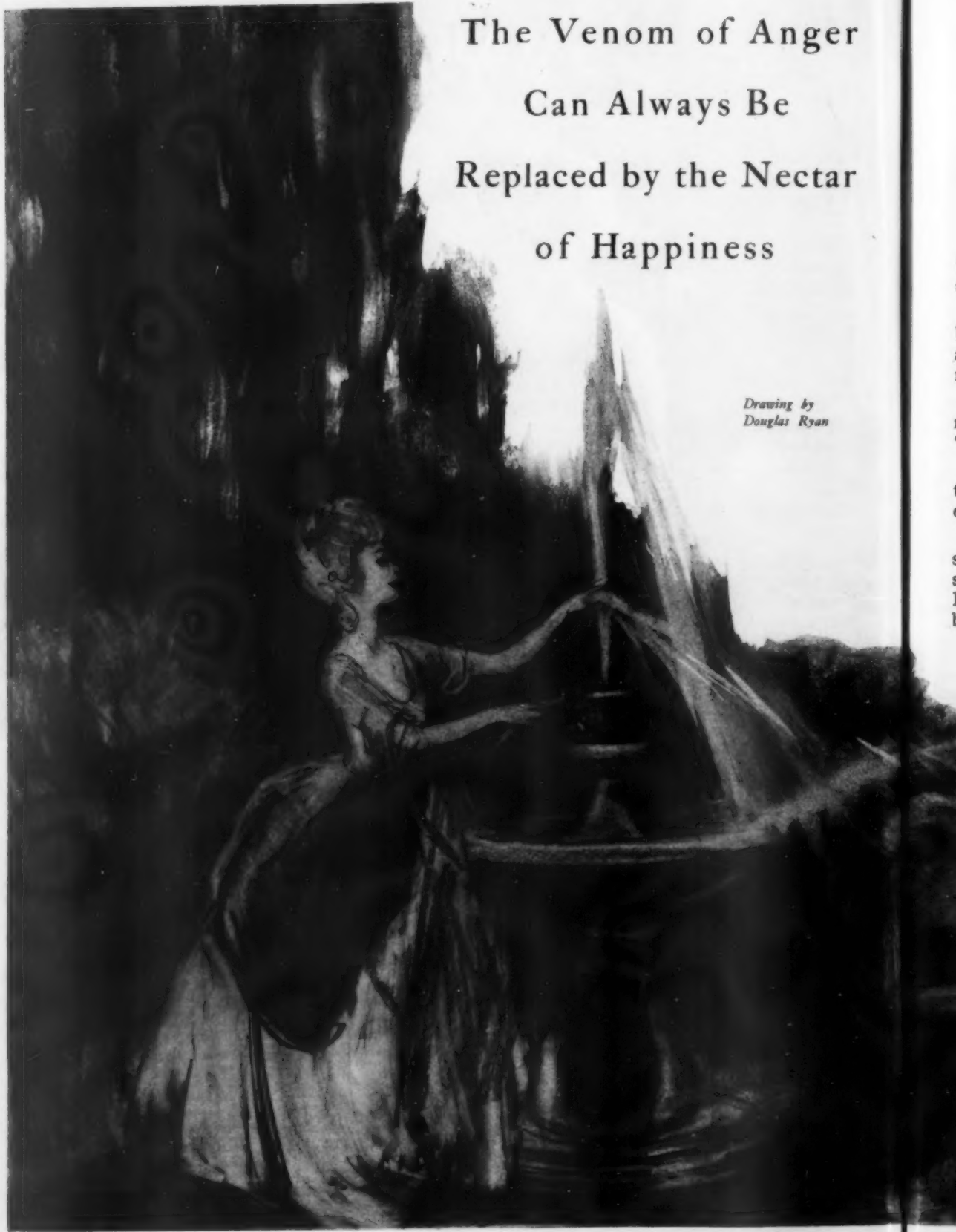
*Then he lifts his hat in his Old School way,
And she blows him a kiss, as if to say:
"Whether we're near, or far apart,
Your little old lady, is yours, dear heart!"
All day in a babel of ticks and tocks,
The old man tinkers cantankerous clocks;*

*All the day long, with chiming things,
Odd little pivots, and screws and springs,
He works. And often, when dusk is gray,
His faint old zither he leans to play,
To the little old lady who sits by his side,
Silent—as though her heart replied:
"Whether we're near or far apart,
Your little old lady is yours, dear heart!"*



The Venom of Anger
Can Always Be
Replaced by the Nectar
of Happiness

*Drawing by
Douglas Ryan*



"Nip It in the Bud!"

By DR. FRANK CRANE

THERE are some feelings that can better be gotten rid of by nipping them in the bud than after they have grown.

If you feel angry with anyone and full of bitterness, nip it in the bud. Do not let your resentment come to a head.

Anger that has settled into a steady thing becomes a grudge, and a grudge usually warps all one's faculties and insures his acting narrowly and selfishly.

Someone asked Paul Morton whether he did not get even with the people who wronged him. "No," he said; "I have no time."

Life is short at best, and there ought to be no time for bitter feelings against our friends, or enemies either, for that matter.

One time a man cheated me out of five thousand dollars. I thought it all over, considered suing him for the amount, and then concluded I was better off than he and that it would pay best in the long run to let him alone.

When you have a disposition to say a sharp or

sarcastic word, nip it in the bud. The most effective sarcastic sayings are those that are repressed and not those that are uttered.

When you are tempted to speculate and risk your hard-earned money on an uncertainty, nip this temptation in the bud. It is easier not to speculate and to stay poor, than to speculate and get poorer.

When you are tempted to feel contempt for one person and envy toward another, nip these feelings in the bud.

Both contempt and envy are rapidly growing, noxious weeds. The crop they bear is useless and they crowd out better things from the mind.

When you are tempted to discontent, and to express that, nip it in the bud. Your ill will toward the universe and the sum of things is useless, and it is better not to tell it than to utter it.

Carefully guarding yourself to find out the beginnings of evil things and stopping them before they have grown too large is of value.



My Rich FIANCÉ

*I Was a Rough Sailor's Daughter;
Murray belonged to one of New York's
Wealthiest Families.*

Would I "Fit In"?



Aside from Dad and Sandy, there was no man aboard that I could trust.

MOTHER had died when I was so young that, outside of those first few days after Dad came home, I hardly ever thought of it—until Miss Merkle treated me like a daughter and brought back the memory of Mother's kisses and the soft, patient light in her eyes. The only women I had ever known were the

missionaries' wives and the girls who could be found in almost every port on the globe, waiting for the ship to dock to greet the crew when they got ashore. Those girls were a pretty good sort, I thought, because they would always bring a sailor back to his ship if he were too drunk to make it by himself. But the others seemed so merciless, and cold, and narrow, and ungodly!

For fifteen long years I sailed the seven seas with Dad. I came to be known in every port as "Red" Tobin's kid, and men said that I was a chip from the old block.

I was twenty years old when Sandy MacKay signed aboard for a trip to the tropics. Big, almost as big as Dad, and a thatch of sandy hair almost as red as Dad's. The muscles rippled and played underneath his skin when he worked about the decks, and his eyes followed me with a gentle, almost adoring light. He was the first man that I had ever seen that appealed to me.

It wasn't love, even I knew that; just fascination and admiration of his strength and power. What a picture he made on the bridge, his square jaw thrust out, his blue eyes forever peering out across the rolling sea, so strong, and yet so pathetic in his lonesomeness! I think that was the thing that attracted him to me, his lonesomeness. And there was a light in the back of his eyes that I couldn't understand.

One day he stood by the starboard rail gazing off across the snapping whitecaps. I came up behind him.

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it, Mr. MacKay?"

He whirled about, and I saw that some of the color had drained from his face. Then it came flushing

back like a wave, and he laughed in nervous confusion.

"Ay, an' you gave me a start, Miss Tobin! It is a beautiful day, but the barometer is dropping—just such a day *The Chesterson* went down—when the day began." And he turned back to his steady gazing.

I racked my brain and remembered that *The Chesterson*

had gone down in the Bay of Biscay only a month before. We had picked up her calls in the dead of night as she struck at mid-tide on the rocks off Belle Island, then grounded in the sand.

"Were you aboard her, Mr. MacKay?"

"The last man off her, Miss Tobin."

Then I remembered. There had been only four survivors. She had broken in two before they could get near her. I wanted to ask him more about her, but something held me silent and I saw that his knuckles showed white, he gripped the rail so hard. Without looking toward me, he said:

"I see her all the time, Miss Tobin; see her men fighting for their lives to reach the mast, before she broke. I guess it broke my nerve a little,

too—the sound of their cries as she settled above the pounding of the tide.

"I was first mate and my brother was second. I saw a greasy oiler break his head with a hammer; saw him go down before my eyes!"

He stopped there and I could see him shudder. I looked up and saw that his face was as still as a graven image, still and tense, and he seemed to have his head just a little on one side as though he were listening. "You can't go on like that, Mr. MacKay," I said, placing my hand over his arm.

He turned his blue eyes down to mine and looked at me curiously for a moment. Then he laughed and shook his head quickly, as though to shake out his memories.

"He was ma oonly bruther, Miss Tobin!" he finally said, in his rich, Scotch burr.

For a moment after that we were both silent, and then with a laugh he continued: "I see his eyes in every flash of robin's egg blue when a wave breaks!" And he was gone down the deck and up the passageway to the



I felt Murray's hand close over mine. I tried to push him away, but I didn't try too hard.

bridge, ashamed of his show of feeling.

Sandy MacKay was the only man beside Dad that I ever trusted. That day broke down some barrier that had always stood before me when I talked to one of the ship's officers, a barrier Dad had built around me, knowing the men of the sea as he did. Dad watched Sandy MacKay like a hawk during that trip to the tropics, and while Dad watched I saw a new light kindle in Sandy's eyes, a light that even I couldn't mistake and I knew nothing of love.

BUT he never mentioned it; just followed me with his eyes and did little things that made me know. Something began to dawn in me, some desire to make myself better, and be like the girls I had read about.

The day after I was twenty-one we docked at Zanzibar on the coast of German East Africa. The second day in Port, Sandy told me that Dad had booked a half-dozen Americans for passage back to the States.

"They've been chasin' animals and such like for a museum in New York. 'Gettin' specimens' they called it, way up in the interior of the Belgian Kongo." Sandy shook his head ruefully. "Imagine goin' around the world chasin' bugs!"

It was beyond my comprehension, too. Why should anyone want to go "chasin' bugs," as Sandy put it! But, at least, they would be company on our trip back, so I looked forward to their coming on board.

The third day, after the loading gear had been covered and all set, our passengers put in an appearance. I was standing at the midships companionway, thinking about Sandy and the surly second mate Duggan and how Sandy had told me to steer clear of him. I wondered if Sandy were jealous. A little smile came to my lips and I resolved to lead the second mate along a little to see what Sandy would do. Anyway, there couldn't be any harm in seeing just where I stood.

Love! Would anything like that ever come to me, stuck off out of sight on a ship ten months in the year? I wondered if loving Sandy, and marrying him, and waiting for him in a little cottage as Mother had done, could be romance; the sort I read and dreamed about at night when the moon made a beautiful silvery pond of the sea.



Their eyes flew wide when they saw me. "You pussy cats!" I sobbed. "I was afraid I would run into a lot of so-called ladies with pointed claws to receive me!"

I clenched the rail tight in my hands and called myself a little fool for not going to school when Dad had wanted me to. What did I have now—what could I ever have?

There were tears brimming in my eyes when I looked up from staring into the blue-green waters of the Indian Ocean, and I wanted a mother and her love to help me.

I hadn't noticed the little party of men coming up the gangway. There were five of them, and one of them was being half-carried, half-led by two others. As they came

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opposite me, he pushed his pith helmet back from his bronzed forehead and his eyes looked into mine. They weren't limpid and tired, like the eyes of most of the fever patients I had seen. They were a bright, shining blue—too bright. And his cheeks were hollowed from suffering.

For a few seconds our eyes held, and his lips parted while he touched them with his tongue, they were so dry and parched. He shook his head a little, while into his

never be the same again. Everything would be measured by that first glance into his eyes so long as I lived. I didn't care who he was; it didn't make any difference. Nor did it occur to me then that he might not love me; that he might even be married. I don't think it would have made a particle of difference to me either, for my laws were laws of my own making.

It would be a month, perhaps six weeks, before we arrived in New York—it seemed [Turn to page 89]

eyes came a puzzled, incredulous expression as though he weren't sure of what his vision told him. Then he smiled, just a little, a wan, tired sort of smile and passed on.

And I! I couldn't even lift my feet from my tracks, only I knew that I wanted to run after him and take his poor tired head between my hands and touch his fevered forehead. I didn't know why, but it seemed that I had always known that smile, and had always seen his eyes looking into mine.

After awhile, I went up on the deck and sat down in the steamer-chair that I had behind the engine-room skylight. The sun was going down across the horizon of the South Indian Ocean. A great ball of fire. I was cold and shivery one moment and hot and parched the next.

I didn't know what it was, but I knew that something had happened to me that had never happened before. I wondered for a brief instant if I could have the fever, and whether it came as quickly as that. Then I laughed at the idea.

IT HAD been his eyes and his smile and the terrible lines of the fever. I got to my feet and started toward his cabin. Maybe I could help. He needed someone, a woman. But what could I do other than just be near him? But that was all I wanted—just to touch him!

I was in love! Gloriously in love! Everything had changed in a few seconds. Life could

SMART SET'S \$1,000

The Moth and the

The cheering boy
was Skeeter Kelly.



*"East Side, West Side,
All around the town . . ."*

SULLIVAN STREET in spring with the hurdy-gurdy man out in the middle of the street!

If you knew the section just south of Washington Square a little more than half a dozen years ago, I don't have to describe the street. An almost solid block of litter, with here and there a stray dog or cat pawing over it in search of food. Ten or twelve kids ranged around the hurdy-gurdy man. A few pedestrians stopping for a moment to watch. The windows of the street framing tired women who called back and forth to each other and to the children below.

And then, if you had been one of the passers-by, you would have seen in the center of the group of poorly dressed youngsters, a girl in a calico dress, with her pigtails flying, as she executed the buck and wing. There was a freckled faced, ragged little runt of a boy you would have singled out, too. He was keeping time with his hands as the girl danced and cheering her on.

I, Pansy Malone, was the girl.

The boy was Skeeter Kelly.

My father was Irish, with a ready smile and a ready word and a heart of gold. But through his veins coursed the blood of the patriot.

"Sure a man's a man when he's got something to live for," he used to say.

My father lived for his heritage. He was proud. If I had any pride I certainly came by it honestly. It was my father's humble boast that he had never done a mean thing in his dealings with his fellow men. There were times, perhaps, when it would have been to his material advantage to do so, but I'm afraid he never cared for material advantage. And what did his integrity gain for him?

My memory takes me back vividly to that day when I stood with my arms clasped around Terry, my little brother, bit my lip until it bled to keep from crying, and Mother Mary Monaghan patted my flaxen curls while she half-whispered, half-sobbed into my ear:

"Hush, hush, me darlins! 'Tis the swate Lord Himself that takes care o' the poor."

There had been a gangster fight that day over on Bleecker and Carmine streets. A man who had nothing to do with it at all had been killed as he was coming home from work. That man was Terence Malone—my father.

Mother had died eight years before. I could just remember her beautiful, kind gray eyes and how, when little things went wrong, she used to brush my tears away, and hold me close, and say how soon everything was going to be all right.

And now we were alone, Terry and I. The curtains

PRIZE-WINNING STORY

White Lights

were all pulled down in the front room and there were candles burning, like it was when mother died. I held poor little Terry just like mother used to hold me and tried to keep back the tears.

Then Father Moran and the Sisters came and Mother Mary Monaghan. The Monaghans lived next door. They didn't have any children. First, Terry and I were going with the Sisters to the Orphanage. But, then, big-hearted Uncle Tim Monaghan had a talk with Father Moran. After that it was decided that we would live with the Monaghans. From that day forward it was always Mother Mary Monaghan and Uncle Tim.

And so, even in the tragedy that had come to Terry and me, there was, as my father said, "something to live for." I was just past twelve, but I had kept house for my father; had done the marketing and knew first hand something of the struggle Sullivan Street had to make for existence. I remembered the Clancys when Mrs. Clancy died and how I cried when Mary and Micky

Clancy were taken away from Mike Clancy because he was always coming home drunk.

Terry and I wouldn't have to go away. We only would be next door. And even after the Giannelli family moved into our rooms, I used to pretend that I still lived

there and was only visiting Mother Mary Monaghan. But when I went to Mass to the Church



I, Pansy Malone, was that care-free girl.



I actually believed that the girls on the poster were Washington Society Girls.

of Our Mother of Sorrows, I used to think of my father, and of my gray-eyed mother. Somehow, they were even closer to me than they had been before. I had to look out for Terry; I guess that is what helped me to feel the way I did. So I never quite forgot just what had been, and just what might have been, if

my father had lived. Nor did I forget the pride he had, even in the face of misfortune, and how he held his head up. For all our troubles, Terry's and mine, there was plenty of sunshine. I had dreams, dreams that just had to come true; there was much to live for.

So, two years after my father had gone and Dago Joe had pushed his hurdy-gurdy into Sullivan Street, here I was, in size the biggest kid on the street, doing the buck and wing for all I was worth, with little Skeeter Kelly cheering me on. I had picked up the steps from the gang of young fellows who used to hang out on the corner in front of the saloon down where the "El" turns.

WASN'T Maggie Maguire on the stage? And didn't she live in our block? And didn't she travel all over the country? And didn't she send home money to her mother? Maggie Maguire was a chorus girl in a burlesque road show—but that meant the stage to me; it meant seeing the world and wearing pretty clothes; it meant earning money so you could have some to send home. Maggie had danced with the gang down by the saloon on the corner, so I followed her example. At that time Maggie Maguire was the star I had hitched my wagon to, and I wasn't content merely to dream. The steps I learned were hard and I did a lot of practising.

It was the same week that I had performed for the kids to the jingling tunes of Dago Joe's hurdy-gurdy that we were coming home from school, Terry and I. Tony Giannelli, the boy who lived next door where we used to live, tried to take Terry's ball away from him. Terry fought and hung on for dear life, but Tony was much bigger, as big as I was, and he would have had the ball and have been off down the block with it if I hadn't gone to Terry's rescue.

Then Tony turned on me, and though I wasn't afraid of him I was no match for him. He caught hold of my hands and held them and slapped my face. I was furious enough to have killed him and though my face stung and smarted, I wouldn't cry.

Tony grinned. "Come on, Pansy; give us a Irish kiss!"

I kicked and struggled and tried to turn my face away from him, but he kept pulling me closer and the kids who were with him yelled. Tony was the acknowledged leader of the Sullivan Street gang. Finally he got my lips against his and then he laughed and let me go while all the kids howled. Terry sprang at him and he knocked Terry down.

Suddenly the gang separated and there stood Skeeter Kelly. He wasn't much more than half the size of Tony Giannelli, but as I was afterward to learn, you can't measure courage by size.

"Yuh dirty wop, I'll show yuh!" yelled Skeeter defiantly, and I expected to see Tony knock him down just as he had knocked down little Terry. And I think that is just what Tony thought. He stepped deliberately toward Skeeter and I saw his fist shoot out. But Skeeter wasn't where the fist was aimed and Tony almost lost his balance. Before Tony could turn around again, Skeeter was on him like an infuriated tomcat.

The gang that had yelled their glee when Tony had

slapped my face and kissed me were now yelling for Skeeter. A bunch of men from the saloon on the corner came and joined the circle.

"Lookit the little Mick soak him. Attaboy!"

"Sure an' he's a born fighter, that, or me name's not Sweeney!"

There was blood streaming from Tony Giannelli's nose. It was smeared across his face as he held up his hands to ward off Skeeter's blows.

"Come on, yuh big stiff, fight!" taunted Skeeter.

I grabbed Terry by the arm and ran for home. I had seen enough. A few minutes before I had been mad enough to kill Tony Giannelli. But it looked like Skeeter was really killing him and I had seen enough.

"Aw, gee, Pansy!" little Terry protested and tried to pull back, but I held on to him.

But that night after supper when Uncle Tim looked across the table at me and said, "Well, me girl, from what I heard down the block there's an Irish lad leadin' the Sullivan Street gang!" there was a lump in my throat all of a sudden, and I couldn't answer him.

"An Irish lad, did ye say, Tim?" asked Mother Mary Monaghan.

"No less than John Kelly's boy, Mary."

"Little Skeeter Kelly! Sure he's no bigger than half a stick. Go long wid ye, Tim."

"Well, just you be waitin' 'til ye see what he done to the likes av that big black-headed Eyetalian spalpeen next door."

"THAT'S right, Mother Mary," Terry spoke up. "Tony Giannelli slapped Pansy and kissed her, and Skeeter knocked him fer a loop. An' Pansy made me come home 'fore it was over."

"What's that, girl?" said Uncle Tim. "Ye wouldn't stay t' see the finish! Sure I'd given half me day's wages t' see that overgrown lout next door take a beatin'. Me hands have itched to bang him over the ear meself!"

"Skeeter's Pansy's feller! That's why she wouldn't stay," chirped up Terry.

Uncle Tim sat back and roared. I didn't know what to say. I know my face burned like fire and I was mad at Terry. I just got up and grabbed my hat and went out the front door.

"Lo, Pansy."

It was Skeeter Kelly out there waiting for me.

After that it was pretty generally known on Sullivan Street that I was Skeeter Kelly's girl. It seems funny now, looking back at it. I was just getting ready to go to high school and Skeeter, while he was as old as I was, was still somewhere down in the grammar grades. But that was the way Sullivan Street did things in those days, and the Sullivan Street gang paid me a certain homage. A fellow "went with" a girl on Sullivan Street. It was a matter of a few years, this "going with" a fellow.

Then you left school and got a job. The fellow got



That bunch of first-nighters was amazingly generous with applause.



Down came the curtain. Standing silhouetted against the light was Skeeter Kelly.

a job and then the first thing you knew you got married, quit your job, got a couple of rooms on Sullivan Street and after awhile there was a baby.

But I remembered Maggie Maguire and had several ideas of my own with regard to the future. While it was fun and I got a certain amount of girlish pride out of being Skeeter Kelly's girl, especially when the Sullivan Street gang went out of its way to say hello to me; still, there was the stage and a career, and the money I would be able to send home to Mother Mary Monaghan for Terry. I wanted Terry to go to college and be a doctor. Probably mother dying so young and the sickness there used to be on Sullivan Street had something to do with that.

I liked Skeeter. No one ever bothered Terry after I was Skeeter's girl. But I wanted to be somebody myself. I couldn't forget what my father had said. I wanted "something to live for."

And then the Washington Society Girls came to Danny Hogan's theatre over on the Bowery. Maggie

Maguire was with the Washington Society Girls and Sullivan Street turned out to see the show. That is, the men went and most of boys who could get ten cents for the gallery seats. I solaced myself by looking at the gorgeous poster down on West Broadway under the "El". It was a rather shocking poster, but the girls' legs were beautiful and they had on huge hats with ostrich plumes. Of course, I knew that Maggie Maguire wasn't a society girl, but Maggie had a way with her and she had managed to get in the show. It's funny now as I look back at it. I think I actually believed that they were Washington Society Girls and that it was only by her cleverness that Maggie Maguire had secured a place with the company.

It was the middle of that week that Skeeter Kelly came to me breathless.

"Lissen, Pansy, I got the low down on a real stunt. Yuh can go over with a wallop. It's amachure night every Friday over to Danny Hogan's, an' yuh can make them four-flushers look like they [Turn to page 82]



A Refrigerator Carload

of Metro Ingenues

*Silks
and
Laces*

*And
Pretty
Faces*



Amber Norman Gertrude Olmstead Marion André

SMART SET presents a lovely
trio of charming, fasci-
nating girls, whose popularity
is ever increasing in Holly-
wood lots.

HOLLYWOOD



The very modern Alma Rubens in the upper left-hand corner casts a sarcastic eye on herself as the old-fashioned heroine of "East Lynne," recently released by Fox



Just glance below and you'll discover the reason for the wistful expression of Pauline Starke, at the left. It's because Antonio Moreno so very obviously adores Lilyan Tashman instead of herself, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Love's Blindness"

Would Harrison Ford (right) look so ardently at naive Madge Bellamy if he knew that she and the sophisticated blonde above were one and the same "Sandy" in the Fox picture?



SNAPSHOTS

The Margaret Livingston in the upper right-hand corner looks much too dignified to coquette so publicly with Wallace MacDonald, even in a Fox film called "Hell's Four Hundred"



In "The Flaming Frontier" (Universal) Ann Cornwall, at the right, proves that there is much to be said against the boyish bob and in favor of last century's curls, but who'll say a word for Hoot Gibson's haircut?



In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Escape" Renee Adoree (above) reverses the old order and serenades her lover, who suddenly appears at the left in the person of Conrad Nagel

The Scarlet Letter

in which
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
presents
LILLIAN GISH
and
LARS HANSEN



Mr. Hansen as Rev. Dimmesdale



Miss Gish as Hester Prynne



SIX MONTHS

—to Put My House in Order!

There was Beatrice—then Ted

and I! Should I Withdraw?

IT ALL happened in one day. I was changed from a young man, full of hope and the promise of so-called success, to a miserable, despairing being—a down-and-outer.

I couldn't—I wouldn't believe it at first, but it was now clear that I was losing Beatrice. We had had a year of perfect happiness since my return from France.

Ted, my best friend, and Beatrice! Ted, who had stuck to me through the War! Ted, who was my best man at the wedding!

And, on top of it all, to have the doctor, after I had almost forced him to come across with the truth about my condition, tell me that the gas which "got" me in the Argonne battle was eating out my lungs and seriously affecting my heart!

"SIX months to put

my house in order!" That was the doctor's verdict.

I repeated it over and over to myself in my mind. Six months! Six months! Six months! It beat in my brain like the cadence of a marching column of soldiers.

I got to my feet and looked around the room, not recognizing the things I had seen in Doc Shields' office all of my life. The charts on the wall seemed to be a mass of

blue and red and white, without shape. The pictures that I had seen a thousand times were strange and unnatural. I reached for a hat that was on the table beside me, and the doctor's voice came to me. It sounded faint and curious.

My eyes met his, while he shook his head as though regretting what he had told me. I tried to smile through tightly closed lips to show him that I would be brave, that it didn't make any difference to me anyway.

"If you'll just be quiet and not do anything to excite yourself, it may be longer, Allen," he said. Then he went on into a long discussion with himself, telling me what to do and what not to do, and

when to do it and when not to do it. On and on, his voice rising and falling, filled with gentleness.

"And above all, don't be afraid, Allen!" I heard that and lifted my eyes to his and managed to grin. His



*"Don't 'dear' me—" and then
I must have struck her.*



Exhausted with my struggle, I ventured to escape.

lips and eyes flashed with a relieved smile when I spoke.

"That's one thing I won't be, Doc. I've been too close to death to be afraid of it, I think. It's what I'm leaving behind me that worries me."

He snorted in disgust at that. "Good Lord, boy; don't worry over *that*. The world and everything on it will go right on taking care of itself just the way it has for millions of years. Why—" then he was off again, talking on and on, while I stood there thinking of everything but what he said.

"—and above all, don't be afraid, Allen," came to my ears again, and I looked up, irritated because he even thought I might be afraid.

"Afraid!" I scoffed. "What the hell is there to be

afraid of, Doc?" Then, boylike, I added: "I've never been afraid of anything in my life!" He clapped me on the back and then I found myself going down the narrow little sidewalk to the street.

I took a half dozen steps toward home, and then swung about and went toward town. "Afraid!" I caught myself saying.

There were lights in all the houses along the street, and I found myself speculating curiously about what the people inside them were doing. Did they know that a man who had just been told that he could only live for six months was passing their house? That death stalked by them in the form of a boy twenty-six years old, who walked in the winter time with his hat in his hand because of the way he was burning up? Suppose I went up and knocked on their doors and told them? They would back away from me in fright and think that I was crazy. Maybe I was!

The moon came peeping down at me through the leafless, dreary branches of an elm tree, all silvery and soft in the still night. I stopped in my tracks and stood looking at it.

"You see me. *You know!*" I said half aloud, then looked quickly around, fearing someone would hear me. I started on again, drinking in the radiance of the night, like a blind man who has suddenly been given back his sight.

Six months to see the splendors of this earth!

As I went down the street I touched the trees and the buildings and ran my hand along the fences to feel them. Life! Wasn't it funny, the way we came from nowhere and then just went back into nothingness? Our senses all died, while our souls went on living forever and ever.

Six months to feel and see and talk and be among people! I began to wonder if men who had been condemned to death for murder felt the way I did now. It was all so calm and matter-of-fact. Nothing seemed changed. The trolleys went booming down Atlantic Street just the same old way, and there was the court-house across the street, its white marble shining in the moonlight. And there were people hurrying past me, chatting, laughing, going home after a day's work as though nothing had happened.

Suppose I had stopped one of them and said: "I will be dead in six months!

Do you realize that? Do you know that sometime you will die, too?" They would probably turn away from me and go hurrying to the policeman over on the corner and tell him that I had lost my mind.

Phil Baxter drove by me in his car and waved his hand. I smiled and waved back. Two friends of my aunt's stopped me down another block and asked me how I was feeling. I yelled: "Fine! Never better!" They chatted for a minute and then hurried home, saying they would be late for supper. Worried about being late for supper! I wanted to throw back my head and laugh and shriek at the humor of the thing. Late for supper!

WHEN I got down in the center of town I turned down an alley and into the back-door of a store. I slapped an inside door with my knuckles. A panel slid back and a swarthy face appeared in the opening. A grunt and I heard the bolt rasp back. Then the door swung wide.

"Gimme a straight Scotch, Tony," I said as I sat down at one of the little marble-topped tables.

I poured three of the scorching things down my throat while Tony told me about his trouble in getting coal for the winter, his trouble in getting average good whiskey, his trouble in getting a suit of clothes the trousers of which didn't wear out before the coat! I listened to it gravely as I felt the liquor beginning to sing through my blood.

Then a little child came tottering in the room, so small it could hardly walk. It ran to Tony and clutched the bottom of his coat with dirty little fingers. His face beamed from ear to ear as he gathered the child into his arms, coaxing and making funny sounds with his lips. That was life—the beginning. And I was the end!

I suddenly felt like a person who has been dropped on a desert island. Tony would die sometime, too, but there would be his wife and his child to comfort him and give him hope.

A feeling of terrible lonesomeness crept over me. Now, when I needed Beatrice most, she wasn't mine. And Ted, the best friend a man could ever have, had left me to face my battle alone. There was Pop, and there was Auntie. But I mustn't tell them. That would be cruel. They wouldn't be able to understand; they didn't know!

Oh, God! If I could only have those six months with Beatrice, knowing that she was really mine—that there was no doubt in her heart. But I mustn't complain now. She had given me the most wonderful year of my life. It wasn't her fault that men made wars and tore each other to pieces and sent me home to wither away and die.

I ordered another drink from Tony and decided that I must tell Beatrice in some way so that she and Ted

wouldn't make some terrible mistake and wreck their whole lives. Funny I wasn't jealous of her, I thought. And Ted—there wasn't any anger in my heart toward him. In my mind they were just two human beings who happened to be a part of my life, mixed up in it in a curious way that not any of us could help. It would be fine if she had Ted to fall back on. She couldn't ever find a finer man in all the world.

I wished that I could call Ted on the phone and ask him to come down and join me—just one more rollicking party together before we parted—and congratulate him, besides.

I THOUGHT of Jack Houston, a boy in my squadron in France, who had got a piece of shrapnel in the foot. They took him to the hospital, but he slipped away and joined us in Paris. We were in Henry's Bar when two ambulance men found him and dragged him away, protesting that he would be back within an hour.

But he never came back. He died of blood-poisoning a month later, in terrible pain. That's the way it would be with Ted and me.

Tony brought me another drink; I gulped it down. He looked at me a little curiously, shrugged his shoulders and walked away. The room began to be stuffy and hot. My hands were wet and clammy with perspiration; I wiped them on my trousers. A man sat down beside me and began to talk. I nodded my head every few minutes, having no idea what he was talking about. I was thinking about little things of no importance; what people would say when I died; what they would write in the newspapers.

After a bit the man got up and [Turn to page 138]



I lived over the drama of our lives, with Beatrice cuddled at my feet.

The clown, with a strange look in his eyes, polished the lone wicked knife.



The LAW

*Tony Cowed Lions
with His Whip;
but when his Lash
Quivered
above a Girl—*

"NINETY-five in the shade, Chief, and hotter'n Egypt out here in the open," grunted "Hap" Lee, as he turned skyward a face as wrinkled as the elephants he'd been training for more than fifty years, and squinted.

I nodded as he moved away and swabbed my face with an already saturated handkerchief, wishing I also could sop up the perspiration which ran in rivulets down my back.

But, at the same time, I smiled. I had no quarrel to pick; it was the finest kind of circus weather. And, as the proprietor of Toller's Mastodonic Circus and Menagerie of World's Wonders, the best forty-wagon outfit since Dan Rice cracked his last joke under his own canvas, I was content.

The parade was over by two hours. The last wagon had been wheeled into place, every flag and banner was in position, though sagging for want of even a vagrant breeze, and performers and animals had been fed. Before long the army of small boys and scattering of stragglers already on hand would be increased by half the men, women, and children of Claxton. And they would spend freely and turn the place into bedlam, for circus day was the great annual spree of the old factory town.

I had just completed an inspection of the Big Top's interior. Everything was in apple-pie order for the matinee, though the atmosphere inside had more than hinted of the tropics. Glancing behind and noting that the razor-backs and canvas men were carrying out my orders to drop the side walls half-way in an effort to make the place less stifling, I swung away toward the menagerie. I wanted to make certain that everything was ship-shape there before I had the flaps lifted to admit the early birds.

As I entered, there was an air of orderly bustle. Nearby the elephants, held by picket chains, swayed lazily and whisked away the flies with their trunks, while their toe-nails were being given a final coat of white-wash by several of the bull-men. And a dozen feeders and pony punks lugged fresh water to the cages and led stock.

Pushing around a lemonade and popcorn stand, preparatory to one swing along the entire line,



The lion-tamer's

of the SAWDUST

came upon Daddy Gamelli. He was polishing, with a big, red bandanna, one of the ten-inch knives which were part of the juggling equipment he would use in the side-show ballyhoo, for which he was waiting a summons.

Daddy was probably the oldest living clown at the time, and no better juggling buffoon ever dragged a pair of elongated shoes through the sawdust. As he noted me, a side-twist of his mouth, intended for a grin, further wrinkled his grotesque, old chalked features.

Daddy's age was unknown to any of us; probably even to himself. My guess was he was in the seventies. Alsace had been his birthplace. And, born of trouper parents, he had been on the lots continuously from babyhood. For the last three decades he'd traveled with various American outfits, his connection with my show running about ten years. Despite his advanced age, however, he made his intimates among the younger performers. There he counseled and advised, laughed with them when they were happy, and consoled them when

they knew sorrow or misfortune. Though almost uniformly good tempered, his anger became terrifying when anyone mistreated one of his youthful friends. Act bosses, with minors under contract to them; even parents, hesitated to strike one of their charges for bungling work when Gamelli was within sight or hearing.

"Pretty hot today, Daddy, better take things easy," I cautioned, as he turned back to his apparently never-ending task of polishing his knives. A step farther on I greeted the other side-show "pullers," hooch dancers, snake charmers and freaks, panting and fanning themselves before an opening they had made in the canvas wall, then I moved along.

But I had proceeded not more than a dozen yards when I noted something on the opposite side of the tent which sent me several degrees hotter than I had been. Crouching close in the shadows beside the hippo wagon, their heads close together, talking earnestly and, obviously, in low tones, were Lida Cavelli and Larry



vicious lash circled threateningly above Lida's head. And then something snapped.

Gailing. My blood boiled at the sight of them.

The girl, still but a sprite in spite of her nearly eighteen years, was the show's "baby," as well as one of its cleverest bar performers. Also, she was its prettiest trouser, with a mass of golden bronze hair and great, dark eyes which added mightily to her delicately moulded Latin features. She already was dressed for her act, which followed immediately after the opening procession, but had a long cape drawn over her shoulders.

GAILING, a youthful rider and acrobat, still wore his street clothing. But, despite their generally wrinkled condition, the combination of his powerful frame and clean-cut features were sufficient to warrant a second look at him.

Sweethearts they were. But they had no business to be meeting on the lot. For "Big Tony" Ricardo, the girl's stepfather—animal trainer extraordinary, and the show's headliner—hated Larry with all the brute of his Sicilian nature. And, after repeated outbursts and, I suspected, more than one beating of the girl, he had threatened to kill the youth if he ever again caught the two together.

With all the showman's dislike for an open clash among members of his troupe, I hastened toward them, thoroughly angry and determined to add my order to the threat of Big Tony. To tell them they must not meet; at least in the vicinity of the tents.

I was too late. With an oath, deadly menace twisting his features into a horrid leer, Ricardo suddenly leaped from behind the wagon, a bull-whip swinging from his hand. Lida staggered back with a little cry of horror, clutching her throat. Larry heaved his body about with a jerk. But before he could set himself, Tony felled him with a blow behind the ear, then whirled upon the girl.

Dropping her cape, she started to run. She was too slow. Once, twice, the cruel lash shot out, striking her across the bare shoulders. Her tearing scream stayed the beast sufficiently long for her to gain on him; then she stumbled and fell. Shrieking at the half-crazed trainer, I was trying to head him off, when, like a streak of white light, Daddy Gamelli passed me. I caught the glint of one of his long knives as he went by. And Larry also was on his feet and making for Big Tony.

A clatter of voices arose on every side. Like me, all anticipated a killing. Despite the fear which seemed to numb my brain, I had sufficient sense to swerve and snatch up a pole-stake, then leaped ahead again.

As I came up with them, the hulking trainer was backed against the wagon, lashing furiously out at his opponents. Daddy was crouched, catlike, his knife gripped firmly; Larry, teetering, was striving to find an opening to attack.

Crashing among them I sent Daddy toppling and hurled myself upon Big Tony, sending the whip spinning with a blow of the club I swung. He rushed me, cursing, and struck out wildly with his fists. But twenty years of rough and tumble circus battling had made me no weakling. In a flash I was through his guard, my fingers

about his throat; then twisted him back over a wheel and held him, choking and gagging.

In seconds his arms dropped, and as I felt him grow limp I hurled him to the ground. Whirling, I looked for the others. Daddy and Larry had lifted Lida to her feet and were holding her, the old man sobbing and blubbing as his trembling hands passed gently across her bruised shoulder. Larry's look was one of bitterest hate, backed by indomitable purpose.

With a quick caress he left the girl and started toward Tony, who was struggling to his feet. Then he paused and his lids narrowed as his eyes caught the knife dropped by Daddy.

"Cut it!" I fairly bellowed. Motioning back the ring of helpers who pressed close, ready to lend quick aid, I placed my foot upon the knife.

"Now you get me, Tony, and get me right! You were a dirty coward to strike that girl. And if ever you abuse her again, even once, while you're with this show, I'll send you to a hospital. Do you understand?"

He looked at me, his eyes hard as emeralds, his thick-lipped mouth twisted into a sneer.

"I hear, Toller. But I'm through with your show."



The sheriff's eyes narrowed; he had caught sight

After tonight's performance, I quit. And I take my lions and my Lida with me. Then I do what I please, see?"

I was so angry it was a full minute before I could speak. Then I mounted him, slamming his head against the wagon, despite his efforts to squirm loose.

"So that's your game, is it? Well, now—get me, you rat. I've got a contract with you which has a season more to run. And that contract also holds Lida. She stays, if I have to pay every lawyer in the state to hold her. But you can go when you please; right now if you want to—and be damned. Only, I'll hold your lions to square me for your broken contract. Now what do you say, you yellow mutt?"

His skin went sallow beneath its tan. His eyes blinked. He knew I had him. Without his lions, he would be unable to earn a living until he obtained and trained others. But there was one he feared losing more than the animals. That was Lida. I knew, by the look he gave the girl, that it was dread of having her taken from him that brought him round to sudden calm.

Finally he shrugged and pulled himself from my relaxed grasp. "All right, Toller, this time you win. But Lida's mine, by your laws. And I'm going to keep her—away from all men." He swung viciously upon Larry.

"And that means you. Keep away from her and there won't be any more trouble. If you don't—"

But he paused, uncertain, as the youth took a step toward him, his fists clenched, his face flaming. "That's enough, Tony. You can't bluff me. Lida and I'll do what we please. And if ever you touch her again, I'll kill you, so help me!"

"Don't laugh," as the trainer grinned maliciously. "I'm not through with you yet for what you just did. I'm going to beat you up proper for that the first time we meet alone. After that—"

"Shut up, Larry," I interrupted, pushing him aside. "I've had enough of this rowing. Go and get dressed. And that goes for you too, Tony."

As they turned away, sulking, in opposite directions, I went to Lida who, white-faced and frightened, still clung to Daddy. She came to me as I stretched out my arms. And, when the clown and the others had scattered at my nods, I tried to soothe her to the best of my clumsy ability. Then I turned her over to Mrs. Hudson, the show's mother, who had been called by some one and stood waiting to take charge of the injured girl.

As I walked toward the entrance, I noted that, though the menagerie men were performing their duties as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred, the animals had been made restless by the cries and uproar of the recent crash. Accustomed to a certain routine, it doesn't require much of a disturbance to make the dumb tent-dwellers nervous and irritable. Tony's lions in particular were in an uneasy state, growling angrily and pacing their cages with quick, jerky strides.

But, though I cursed their trainer mentally for his outburst of temper which had caused the discord, I knew my face twisted into a one-sided grin. For he would have to bear the brunt of the quarrel's results. The lions would not quiet down before he entered the arena-cage to put them through their paces. And with them vicious and stubborn and him out of sorts, he would be lucky if he got through the act without receiving a clout or two, possibly some injury which would square accounts for his mistreatment of Lida.

I PASSED Daddy Gamelli near the outer flaps. Again he was polishing one of the long knives with which he soon would be juggling in the free ballyhoo intended to coax people into the side-show. He looked up. But there was not the flicker of a muscle in his chalked features. Nothing in the glance of his tired, old eyes indicative that he was thinking of the happenings a few minutes before which had come so near terminating in tragedy.

I drew a deep breath as I pushed through the opening and stepped into the better air. For the heat inside and the excitement seemed to have turned my blood to liquid fire and there was a pounding at my temples which made me dizzy.

Then I pulled a second breath; one of thankfulness that the trouble had occurred before any outsiders had been admitted. For, in [Turn to page 107]



of the great ugly welts on Lida's shoulder.



Very gallantly, I jumped to carry her books.

*I
Was
a
Day-
Dreaming
Boy;
Molly
Stirred
My
Ambition;
I Set Out
to Win!*

Two in a Car

GOD knows I'm no sheik. I have all the instincts of one except the face and nimble legs. Warm blood runs in my veins, but it freezes before it comes to the surface.

I am passionately fond of girls—at a distance. Unfortunately, I'm not a beautiful dancer, and I have no snappy line of talk—gosh, I'm none of the things that are supposed to make up a typical lady-killer.

So how did I come to marry the prettiest girl in town? Well, my sister Laura says that this was naturally to be expected, because she never knew it to fail that the prettiest girls married the homeliest men, and vice versa.

I have just one outstanding quality—persistence. I remember that years ago my mother once said that it was the most important quality of all, and that if a man had enough of it, he could marry any girl he wanted. Well, in my case it was not only persistence. There was something else, and I might as well call it plain

dumb-luck, leading to a situation, an embarrassing, compromising situation,—and yet, the thing would never have happened were it not for my persistence.

I can hardly remember the time when I did not worship Molly Clark. But I was always so shy that I was also afraid of her. I saw her first when she was about nine years old, and she was the sweetest thing that ever grew. I was too shy to speak to her, but I remember that I walked behind her on the street, just to look at her. She was graceful and fascinating, and I never could see too much of her. But I dared not think that she would ever notice me. Ah, how I loved her! Lovely little Molly Clark! And freckled, gawky me!

As I grew older, reaching into my teens, I became more gawky, or goofy, or whatever you might call me, than ever. She grew more beautiful. My case was more hopeless than before. However, it seemed that she did a little extra studying, skipped half a grade, and

so went into high school in the same class with me. At this age, of fourteen, I was very girl-shy, but somehow in the course of affairs at school I came to talk to her, and got acquainted, the same as with anyone else, I suppose.

I never got tired of looking at her. I used to look at her so much that the others noticed it, and they remarked that Wally Price was soft on Molly Clark. Or rather, they said "Professor" Price. For it was at about this time that the fellows began to call me Professor—apparently for no reason at all.

"Say, Sleepy, just why do they call me 'Professor'?" I asked my chum, Samuel Boland, one day. We used to call him Sleepy Sambo, because he went to sleep in school every once in a while.

"Oh, I don't know, Professor," said Sam, even then calling me by my nickname. "But I guess the name seems to suit you. You look like that. Like a real, dried-up professor."

"But I don't wear spectacles, or anything," I said.

"Oh well," said Sleepy, "you wouldn't need to. Of course, you *would* look natural with glasses on, but you look just like that anyway, even without them."

Now, although I was still afraid of Molly, it still occurred to me that I would like to walk home from school with her, instead of merely walking some distance behind so that I could look at her, as I often did. Billy Bailey sometimes walked home with her, when he happened to be nearby, and he just seemed to take it for granted. I envied him, and wished that I could do that. I argued it out to myself that since we could never be anything to each other anyway, there would be no harm in my just accidentally walking down the street with her. I started to do this several times, but each time my nerve failed me. The boys must have noticed my hesitation.

"Say, Professor," said Sleepy Sambo one afternoon in his garage where I was helping him clean up and polish his bicycle; "you know that I haven't got such a lot of nerve to brag about, but if I wanted to do anything as bad as you do, I'll eat my hat if I wouldn't do it."

As soon as he said it, I thought of Molly.

"What's that, Sleepy?"

"Why, walking home from school with Molly Clark."

My face felt hot. I must have been blushing to beat the band, but I didn't say anything.

"Everybody knows that you want to do it, but you haven't got the nerve."

But by this time I found my tongue.

"Oh, I guess I've enough nerve, Sleepy, if I really wanted to," I said.

"Nobody believes it. You're afraid of her." It was a sort of challenge.

"Well," I said, defiantly, "let's see you do it, if you think you've got the nerve."

"Oh, that's different," he said. "I would if I wanted to."

"Is that so? Well, I dare you to."

BUT there's no use in doing that, Wally," said Sam, and he stopped polishing and stood up and looked at me. "But I dare *you* to. There's some sense in that. I dare you to!"

"Oh, all right," I said. Of course, I couldn't take a dare, when he put it that way. But right away I was half scared at what I had said. Of course, the idea was great.

It was the one thing closest to my soul, and it made my heart pound fast and [Turn to page 110]



My neat little roadster gave me the inside track with Molly



"*Sacrebleu! You insult me, eh?*" Anatole bawled.

OUR ship was crossing the equator and we were trying to forget the heat with iced rickeys, served in the smoking-room.

For an hour the Frenchman had been talking; his topic was "Conquered Women." The last story was his masterpiece. One sensed this, almost from the beginning. He practically smacked his lips over it, getting again the lascivious thrills of that affair by the very retelling. It was a shameless recital which had to do with an island girl who eventually killed herself. At its conclusion the Frenchman glanced exultantly from face to face, his gleaming eyes finally resting upon Robertson.

"Piquant, eh?" he said. "What do you think of my little adventure, monsieur?"

Now, had it been I, or any of the others, we'd have doubtless looked embarrassed and stammered out some reluctant commendation for which we'd have privately

despised ourselves. "A pippin!" or "You sure know how to handle 'em!"—something like that, with a sophisticated grin thrown in by way of showing that we appreciated his skill among the ladies.

Not so with young Robertson. Thus directly addressed, he got out of his chair, thrust his hands in his pockets, fixed the Frenchman with a coolly contemptuous gaze, and replied:

"Piquant! *Putrid*—that's more like it! If garbage cans could vote, they'd elect you president!"

He continued his gaze for just a second or two more, as though to push his remarks home with the chilled force of his steel-blue eyes; then he turned on his heel and started slowly towards the door. He was about to step over the sill when the Frenchman managed to speak.

"*Sacrebleu! Un affront!*" he exclaimed before he could remember his English again. "You insult me, eh?"

In the South Seas, where Beauty is Bought with Gold, can Fleurebelle *Escape—The* **Judas Kiss**



"If garbage cans could vote, they'd elect you President!" young Robertson called to the shameless Frenchman.

"Insult you?" Robertson said. "Impossible. There are some folks so low that it can't be done—and you seem to be one of 'em."

Well, that Frenchman was wild. He was a big, heavy-set fellow, coarse of features as well as of mind; the victim of his own strong passions. The man's face went

purple as he swore his rapid Gallic oaths, and it was a moment or two before he could control himself sufficiently to challenge Robertson. All of us were standing now, looking from one to the other and quite forgetting the oppressive temperature in the greater heat of that quarrel. Every eye was on Robertson when the Frenchman, having hurled his excited defiance, finally became silent.

"No, I won't duel with you," he said slowly, and an amused smile spread over his face. "I don't know anything about such ancient customs, except what I've seen in the movies."

"What! You refuse the satisfaction?"

"Oh, I'll give you plenty of satisfaction, all right, if a pair of black eyes and a couple loose teeth will cheer you any. Just step into the gym and I'll be pleased to cross fists with you. We'll have it all over in—"

"Fists!" repeated the Frenchman, aghast. "*Au nom de Dieu*, fists are not for the field of honor!" He shrugged his shoulders and turned toward the bar. "But these affair are for the seconds. I will send mine, monsieur, in a very soon time."

I followed Robertson onto the deck to offer my grateful congratulations. Also, there was a suggestion to be made, since he claimed to know so little of the code duello. As the one challenged, it was for him to name his weapons and the place of combat. Then why not choose the fists, if that was his preference? They could certainly be construed as deadly, for more than one man had relinquished the ghost after fighting it out with bare knuckles. Indeed, our modern duel usually ends with a pair of wretched misses and a relieved smacking of both cheeks; and a good fist is almost certain to draw more blood than that.

"All right," grinned Robertson, when I had finished. "Will you be my second?"

"Why, sure!"

"By George!" He smote the ship's rail a hearty thump and began to chuckle in a deliberate, appreciative sort of way that belonged to a man at least ten years his elder. He didn't look a day past thirty or a pound over 150, but I have never seen anyone more quietly self-assured.

"By George!" he repeated. "We'll have it in the gym tonight after dinner—eight o'clock or nine; any time to suit yourself. Tell him that all he needs to bring along is a pair of fists and that jaw. Especially that jaw! Oh, Mr. Second, by all means see that he doesn't forget his jaw!"



She could not have seen the stars above her, for her eyes were blurred with tears.

Now, this Frenchman's name was Anatole Langelieri. He had lived in Tahiti for the last fifteen or twenty years, representing a Parisian importing company with a sort of quasi-governmental connection. When we came aboard at Papeete, after spending the day browsing about the town, he was already established in the smoking room puffing a cheroot between sips of iced frappé. Most of us had taken the ship at either Sydney or Wellington, and so none of our crowd knew anything about him. We knew nothing, that is, except what he had chosen to tell us; which was merely the story of one sordid conquest after another.

A countryman of Langelieri's appeared as his second, and together we arranged the details of the duel. His remonstrances were heart-breaking when I mentioned the weapons to be used, but I held firmly to my rights and he finally yielded. As a matter of fact, the conditions seemed to favor Langelieri, who was at least thirty pounds heavier than Robertson and all of three inches taller.

So, it was practically a case of welter versus heavy-weight; but I remembered the genuineness of my principal's chuckle and did not worry.

The word was passed quietly around, and at eight o'clock a score of excited men passengers were gathered in the funny little exercising room which the ship's agents pleased to call a gymnasium. Two parallel lines, about twelve feet apart, were drawn on the floor with chalk, and each was ordered to toe the mark behind his own line. Then the referee blew a whistle and

the duel was on!

It was evident that Langelieri intended to annihilate his opponent. Having thought the matter over, and, I suppose, compared his own very brutal strength with Robertson's, he must have become more than reconciled to the choice of weapons. The instant the signal was given he charged like a bull . . . and then, first thing we knew, he was shouting with unmitigated anguish.

For Robertson apparently understood a thing or two about boxing. I myself know only in a general way what happened in the next couple of minutes. All I can remember is a confusion of fists and bobbing heads, advancing and retreating figures, fierce French imprecations and something intermittent which sounded like a chuckle. I *do* recall, however, that in the middle of the duel I slammed the

little London lawyer on the back and shouted:

"He didn't forget to bring his jaw! The Frenchman brought his jaw!"

"Quite so," replied the lawyer, his eyes alight under the thick lenses of his spectacles. "Do you think he'll take it back with him?"

For at that moment there seemed to be some doubt in this regard. Young Robertson, having set Langelieri's nose to bleeding and opened a cut over the big fellow's left eye, was now concentrating upon the side of his jaw. Langelieri would take a desperate swing, but so slow that even I could have dodged it, and then, *pop!* The next second his chin would jerk up under the unerring guidance of that Robertson's flashing right. Finally the Frenchman swung his back on the foe and started blindly toward the door.

"HEY!" cried Robertson. "This duel's not over yet! I've got some more to show you!"

But Langelieri couldn't see his way clear to remain. He plunged on, while the spectators gave way before his frantic retreat.

"*Sacre nom!*" he gasped, and the next instant he was gone.

A moment later we were all milling around the victor, quite unmindful of the muggy heat which made that so-called gymnasium a torturing oven. Robertson, streaming with sweat, was puffing and grinning and thinking.

"I see you found his jaw," I remarked when I finally

got a chance to say something, in that howling mob. "Yes," he chuckled, "I wanted to fix it so he can't talk again till we're safe in 'Frisco."

Bascom Parker, the Melbourne banker, invited us all to a party in the smoking-room, given in Robertson's honor.

As Robertson's second, I was detailed to wait upon him and escort him in state to the smoking-room. It took about twenty minutes for him to bathe and climb into some fresh clothes, and during that time I sat by his stateroom port-hole to inhale the faint breeze.

I said something to Robertson as he was changing his cuff links about the unusual hospitality of the banker. He started to laugh.

"Well, no one can blame you for having that notion," he told me. "But old Parker's really surprising, once you get to know him. I met him several times in Melbourne; had a letter of introduction, in fact. Took one look at the sidewhiskers and standup collar and frozen-turnip face, and said to myself: 'Lord, here's the champion fossil of the Antipodes, all dried up and ready for the British Museum.' Then, the second time I saw him, I caught the old fellow off his guard and startled him out of himself—just the way he was tonight. You'd be surprised what a really good sport he is under that damned mummy covering of austerity. Just a few days before we left, for instance, he——"

Robertson stopped himself, looked a little bit confused, and floundered around to change the subject. His actions struck me as rather strange, but I didn't give them much further thought—doubtless because of what happened only a few minutes later.

We had come out on deck, meaning to go aft, or whatever you call it, down to the smoking-room. I was peering at the stars, which looked refreshingly cool sticking up there in the far corners of the heavens. I believe I was even about to say something poetic concerning the same, when Robertson suddenly gripped my arm.

"Shhh!"

I glanced past him down the deck and swallowed my breath. There, behind the taffrail,

knelt a girl compared with whom the stars were mere electric carbons. Her face was raised; but she could not have seen the Pleiades shining above her, for her eyes were blurred with tears. In the girl's hands lay a rosary. She was telling her beads.

It was the girl from Papeete! Robertson had been quite fascinated with her loveliness, but she had no sooner gone up the gang-plank than she disappeared below. Just before she entered the lower level, she threw a charming smile at Robertson, lucky devil! He had spoken of her to me several times since, and speculated at her non-appearance on deck.

THE tableau struck me, I remember, as unusually dramatic. Here was our ship, a speck in mid-ocean, climbing the latitudes with the Southern Cross a-glitter in her wake. Scarcely a breath of breeze, the funnel belching black smoke, the furnaces down below roaring with hell's own heat—everything was eminently satanic except for one vision of a girl who knelt and prayed.

It was an entrancing picture. I have no skill in portraying feminine beauty, and to attempt describing her charms would be in itself the height of insolence. All I shall do is to offer a [Turn to page 93]

To young Robertson, her hand was sacred. He shuddered at the Frenchman's caress.



Silver Slippers

WHEN Sadie Reynolds, my very best friend, took a job as maid in our finest Mobile hotel, her father, a street-car conductor, said she was a fool. Her mother went him one better. She raised an awful row, saying Sadie was lowering herself to do the work of a colored woman. In the South, you see, most of the maid work is done by negro girls.

Sadie's folks had hoped she would be a stenographer, or perhaps clerk in one of the big department stores, like Gayfers. But my friend never had even considered doing either. If she had to work, she told me one day, it was going to be some place where there was a chance of getting a thrill and having some fun.

"I was born flirtin' with temptation; and in a small city like Mobile there's mighty little to be found poundin' a typewriter, or dishing out bargains in a department store. The girls who do that down here work with people who can't afford to get caught stealin' a little fun, or chasin' a thrill," said Sade.

Now, I don't want to give a bad impression from the start. Sadie never figured on letting fun, thrill, and temptation get the best of her. Neither did I. Who does? Still, you know the old warning: "Play with matches and you'll get burned!" Now, I've got a new one to give the girls in New York, Miami, and everywhere: "Silk sometimes scorches!"

Ever since I can remember, Sadie had wanted pretty clothes and good times. And the more I went around with her the more I wished for the same things. You see, Sadie had a way about her of making everybody but her folks do as she wanted. I knew, of course, that my oldest, and unmarried brother, Louie, thought she was a bad influence for me at times; but, that was only because Louie didn't know the real Sadie. There wasn't anything real wrong in her heart. She just wanted what every girl yearns for—fun and beautiful clothes. I wanted them, too, only I never would have had the nerve to go after them if Sade hadn't led the way.

But, we weren't getting either, down there in that old-fashioned lazy town with its stuck-up society girls and fellows; its musty old houses that were built the time my great-great-grandfather Lampere built ours as a residence and blacksmith shop combined; its sleepy colored people and tin lizzies and cotton wagons.

Pretty clothes were forbidden to both of us because we couldn't afford to buy them; good times because Sadie's folks, and Louie, watched us like hawks when there was the slightest chance for a fling. Louie was even against my taking a moonlight ride on the side-wheel steamers over the Bay. Once, when he found out I had been riding in a 1915 Ford with a Crichton fellow, who believed the Civil War was still going on, and that only engaged couples held hands, Louie was all

for beating the kid up. But when I told my brother that the boy didn't even try to kiss me, Louie calmed down. Louie, who said he knew fellows, was always expecting them to be fresh to me. But I didn't believe anything like that was even going to happen until—

Well, I'll get to those details later. First, I've got to tell you about Sadie getting that maid's job—because that was the beginning of everything, and it came mighty near being the end. . .

Sadie was twenty years old, two years older than I, when she decided she couldn't conscientiously keep away any longer from the things forbidden her. So, my girl friend toured the town for a job that might at least half-way provide good times and smart clothes. One day she came to my house with a very wise and devilish sort of look in her blue eyes. Her cheeks, always redder than mine, because I was a very dark, French type, were like a couple of flames. She was a tall, beautifully built girl, and whatever excited her was agitating her whole body. Sadie was sort of like a fever, and it was a catching kind. Contagious, I guess you'd call it. I began to burn inside just from looking at her. But, when she told me what was up, every pulse started to beat like a drum. My heart just wouldn't stay still under my gingham plaid dress. Ginghams were all the rage that summer. It was the first time I'd ever really had a chance to be in style everyday!



Mr. Greenbaum was smiling from ear to ear as he told the

—and Dainty Dresses made Anne Suddenly Conscious
that One Must be Well Dressed
to be Popular

"I've landed a job as maid at the — Hotel," she said, "All the women help there are white. I'm to get eight dollars a week; lunches free; one day off a week!"

The news gave even me a start at first. So, you can't really blame her folks for the row they raised when they heard it. But, believe me, Sadie's folks were wrong. Their daughter was neither a fool, or lowering herself! Sadie was a wise kid!

"I heard about the job from

Mamie Smith. You know, the blonde kid that used to go with that policeman till he caught her playing one of those college boys from Springhill. Say, Anne, if we only had the duds and the chance to run with those



man I was a model from Atlanta. It was hard for me to understand—coming so suddenly.

rah-rah fellows! All of 'em rich, and believe me they know the Civil War's over!" Sadie sighed like a vaudeville actress, then went on, "But, anyhow, Mamie's been there ever since the cop gave her the gate. She says there's plenty of chance to find a thrill working in that hotel. You know, new men there every day. Most of 'em drummers, lonesome, a thousand miles from home, and looking for a good time. If you've got any class and looks, then grey, maid uniforms ain't no sky-high hindrances—"

"OH!" I said, beginning to understand. "Mamie gets a chance to meet these fellows, and they take her out—"

"Of course, Molasses," she cut in, kidding me for being such a swift mind-reader. "Of course! Why wouldn't she? She's right up there in their rooms, ain't she? She sees 'em and hears 'em. They do the same if they ain't deaf and blind, as well as dumb. Mamie's got a swell face and figure. She'd make any society girl (Queen of Mardi Gras look like a funny paper duchess, if they ever dolled her up in the Queen's glad rags—"

"You'll cut Mamie out when you get started, Sade," I told her, hoping she'd take my words as a compliment. She did!

"Well, I'm gettin' started tomorrow at seven by the Cathedral clock. Good one for me to be startin' by, eh? Of course, it's likely to be a little while before anything really happens. But, the first few weeks I'll save the dollars and invest in some long, sure 'nough silk stockings, a couple of them pink and blue teddie bears we've been flirting with in Gayfer's window a year or so, maybe one honest-to-goodness dress, and a lid with some snap, plus brass-buckled shoes. You see, Mamie put me wise to the fact that you've got to have some classy duds if you're going to be a success after business hours. These traveling fellows are willing to take you out, but you've got to dress for 'em," she finished.

"Where can they take you around here, Sade?" I asked, wondering where there was to go, and if they were places where we wouldn't get caught. I had to go to work to help out at home and her description sounded interesting.

"Say, Anne," she came back, "we've been a pair of prizes all the time—prize dumb-bells! There's plenty of places men can take you for a good time around here.

Dancin' n'everything! Only trouble with us is we've never known any fellows that knew about 'em. Mamie says there's one down by Bayou le Batrie where they step till three every morning. And they don't hand you out 'white mule' and corn cocktails. It's all pure, synthetic gin, and I don't mean maybe, she says!" Sade was always making me feel that I was missing something.

Dancing until three... things we'd been looking at in Gayfer's windows for a year... synthetic gin... traveling men, the smart looking fellows who always walked down our streets like they were going to a fire somewhere...! How those things made my head go around, and my breath come and go in gasps.

"I'm going to keep my eyes open for a place there for you, honey," Sade said. "Ah right. I'm willing to go where you go, Sade," I answered, "and I've got to find work somewhere."

Sade had been a maid at the Hotel—exactly one month when I got a job there. Sade had bought all the duds she planned to. They had cost her five dollars more than her month's wages. Still, she had put fifteen dollars in the bank! I couldn't understand it then, and Sade was too sly to explain. She said I'd soon become a financier. That was a new word for my girl friend to use, and a big one! I told her so. She laughed:

"YES, honey, it's a five dollar word. By the way, did I tell you I got a love letter from my New York friend, the banker fellow? Here, take a peep at this scrawl. Swell, eh? Name of the bank n'everything right on the paper! Some class to him! He's a financier, you know—"

The Sunday evening following that conversation was the night before I started in. I was so excited I just couldn't go to sleep. As I tossed around in my bed I felt the same kind of feverish feeling that I had felt when Sade told me about her new job. I was still wide-awake, restless, and fiery, when the Cathedral bells rang for eleven o'clock. I got up and opened my door so as to get a little more air in the room. The sound of Louie's voice reached me from downstairs. He was talking to my mother:

"You didn't have no business lettin' her take that job. It don't make no difference about Sade's bein' there, or



I couldn't keep my hands off the bride's beautiful clothes.

anybody else. Sade's none of my sister. I'm not tryin' to keep her out of trouble. That's her folks' lookout. . . I know a thing or two about the kind of fellows she'll get mixed up with workin' in a hotel. They're all here today and gone tomorrow. All lookin' for pretty girls—"

I hadn't moved an inch since catching Louie's first words. Fear kept me chained in my tracks. Suppose he scared my mother, and she put her foot down on my taking the job? The very thought made me feel like shouting down to my brother to shut up. But, I didn't dare do such a thing, and he kept right on talking:

"Bein' a maid ain't no job for a pretty girl. When a girl's got dark eyes like Anne, and got her pretty little figure, she's bound to have men temptin' her—"

"But, Louie, *Mon Dieu!* men who live in fine hotels do not pay attention to girls that work there," my mother cut in.

"Bah!" sneered Louie. "That's all you people know that stay home all day. A fellow wants any girl with a face like Anne's. And, if she wants a fellow—well, you know what happens. All you got to do, Ma, is remem-

ber what happened to Viola, your sister's daughter. Men liked her face and figure. And she liked men. And—"

Louie's voice suddenly dropped so low I didn't catch what he said. But, of course, I could guess! . . . Regardless, my mother told him she was going to let me try the work a little while.

IF ANYTHING happens, don't ever say I didn't warn you," were his last words on the subject. I tiptoed back to bed, thrilled somehow by the knowledge that the next day was going to bring me face to face with all the things I had secretly craved so long. When I finally did fall asleep, my dreams were filled with strains of dance music. . . the soft, silken feel of beautiful clothes. . . the visions of moonlight glittering on the waters of Bayou le Batrie, where Sade said good times went on until three o'clock in the morning!

They put me on the fourth floor of the hotel. I was to take care of all the rooms in the right wing. A housekeeper went around with me all that first morning. She watched me so closely that all [Turn to page 125]



Louie and my mother were waiting for me. "Where's the fellow?" Louie asked.

Illustrated by
HARRY STERNBERG

The Crooked Man

A Dramatic Story of the Silver Screen

HE WORE a hump on his tired back, for all the world to see,
And he walked with a weary, halting step that spoke of his misery;
But his eyes were soft as a lullaby, and his smile was brave and sweet,
As a flower that dares to grow beside the dust of the city street.

And people liked him, although they turned their eyes from his crookedness,
And they wondered about his salary—it was rather large, I guess,
For out in the land of studios, where stars fade, and new stars rise,
A "type" means more than a dimpled cheek, or a pair of laughing eyes!

He played, in the films, a wan grotesque, with the jester's cap and bells,
And one could glimpse, in his pain-drawn face, the flame of a thousand hells;
He played a thief with a twisted brain, and a gnome with tarnished soul,
And a beggar who sneered at passers-by, and cried for a meager dole.

Oh, he was the ugliest man, no doubt, in the world of the silver screen,
But those who worked with him came to know what beauty of soul can mean;
And he dared to jest—ah, the gallantry!—when he spoke of his tortured frame,
Until they cast him with Clarice Bell, in the "One Eternal Flame."

He never saw her until the day when she danced through the built-up set
Where he was waiting. She glanced at him, and her topaz eyes were wet
With the sudden tears of a sudden mirth—but he answered her smile with pluck,
And he scarcely winced when she shrilled, "Say, kid, let me touch your hump for luck!"

Oh, she was the loveliest star of all, but her beauty was not kind—
She picked the heart of the world to bits with her sharpened, probing mind;
A gamin, she—with a gamin's tongue, and a gamin's shop-worn glance,
But her face was a thing to make a man think wonder and sheer romance.

HE LOVED—who never had loved before! When she walked across the lot
And when she smiled, he saw Heaven's gate. When she taunted, he forgot
That she was speaking; and in his room, where no callers ever were,
He spoke in a voice of reverence when he uttered the name of her!

It was hopeless, his love, from the very first, and he knew it, undismayed,
It was quite enough that his heart stood still when her pointed fingers strayed
Across his arm, when she deigned to laugh at a comic fall he took,
When she said, "You're sumpin' that mightier stepped from a funny picture book!"

The greatest scene—you have thrilled to it—in the "One Eternal Flame,"
The place where the prince comes, undisguised, and reveals his rank and name;



and the STAR

By
ELIZABETH
CHISHOLM

Told in Throbbing, Human Verse

The place where the princess lifts her lips to receive his ardent kiss,
While the fool of the court stands close beside—ah, yes, you have thrilled to this!

She shrieked her wrath at the cameras, and she sneered at the frightened court,
She told the director to go to school—a school where half-wits were taught!
She slapped her maid, in a fit of pique, and she rent the dress she wore,
And the man with the twisted back felt pain that he'd never felt before.

It did not matter, her words or wrath, but only that she was fair—
Oh, nothing matters when one can care as that man had come to care!
"Why didn't you get a guy," Clarice had screamed at the waiting staff—
"Who could act like a prince and look like one?
Say, you people make me laugh!

"This boy—" she frowned at her leading man—"is the dumbest thing alive,
He could wear a placard marked: 'Take me home—I cost fourteen eighty-five!'"

The anger passed and they made the scene—yes, you found it rather fine—
And the twisted man did his silent part, but the red blood coursed like wine
Through his broken body, and he forgot that his arms were short and weak;
And when they were leaving the set, at last, he was waiting the chance to speak.

He crowded close to the leading man, and his face was tense and hot,
And he said, "I heard what you called Clarice!" But the leading man said—"Rot!

She's a little beast when she's lost her head, you'd have made the self-same crack—"

But the man with the hunch stood still and white, and he said "You'll take that back."

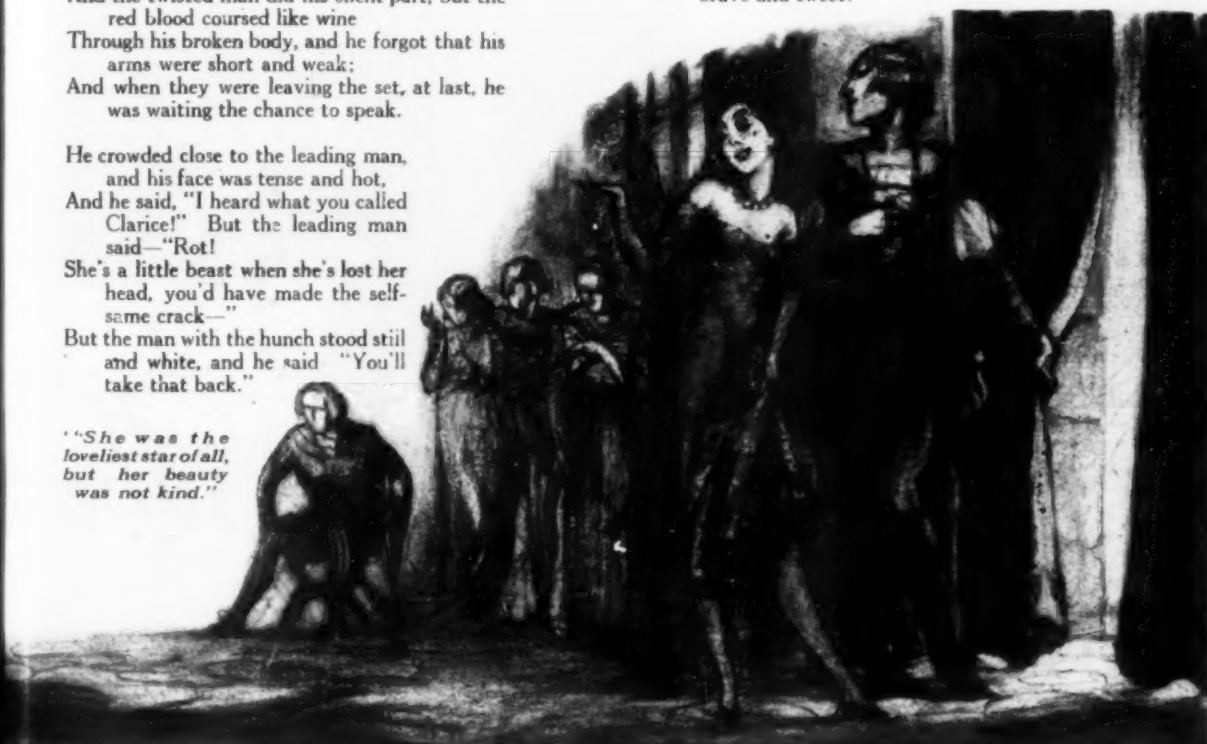
"She was the loveliest star of all, but her beauty was not kind."

The leading man was as slim and strong and straight as a mountain tree,
And his chuckle was hard and keen and sharp as the spray of the vivid sea,
As he called, "Say, Clarice, you sure have made a hit with this little chap;
He thinks that I've hurt your feelings, kid—and he's wanting to pick a scrap!"

Oh, Clarice laughed with her gamin mirth—for her rage, you see, had passed—
It's always the cutting wit of her that comes to the front at last!
"You poor little twisted boob," she cried, "say—he'd kill you with one swat,
I'm able to fight my own fights, boy—and—" she laughed, "I'll say you're not!"

He did not come to the set, next day; they found him on his bed
With a pistol clenched in a claw-like hand, and his pillow splashed with red.
And Clarice cried, when she heard the news, "Say, what'd he do that for?
We never can find another guy that will fit the clothes he wore!"

He wore a hump on his twisted back, for all of the world to see,
And he walked with a halting, weary step that told of his misery;
She was a princess, she that lived in the land of the silver sheet
But the sword of her laughter killed a soul that was fine and brave and sweet!



*The Salamander is a lizard-like reptile,
formerly fabled to live in and extinguish fire.*

I DON'T believe I can ever forget the wonderful happiness that sang in my heart that last morning as I opened my eyes in my little eight-by-eight room at Mrs. Barlow's boarding house.

I had something to be happy about, too!

In the first place, it would be the last time I would ever see crabbed, old Mrs. Barlow's face or hear her hard, bitter voice.

In the second place, I was going to sail with my father on his ship!

To Cristobal!

Way down the Atlantic coast and through the Panama Canal to Ecuador, for a cargo of cocoa, tagua and ivory nuts, seeing things that I had yearned to see all of my life.

Father was away at sea when Mother died. I was just a baby then, and the neighbors sent me to live with Aunt Lucy, Father's sister. The years I lived with Aunt Lucy gave me the only background I ever had. She was kind and sweet to me, and when she died it seemed that the sunshine would never come back into the world. Again I was alone.

I had to go to a children's home for nearly six months, until my father's ship docked again. He scratched his head and puzzled about what to do with me for a few days, and then he put me in Mrs. Barlow's boarding house. How I learned to hate her sly cunning and her harsh tongue; her cranky disposition!

Whenever Father came ashore I tried to tell him about the things she said to me and the things she did to me, but he would only shake his head and growl, "You oughta be thankful for what you got, young lady!"

And then I tried to tell him that part of the time she kept me out of school to work for my board and that she never gave me any of the money he sent her. Once or twice he asked her about it, and then came back angry with me and accused me of lying to him.

Then, after he had gone, Mrs. Barlow would make me work until my back hurt like the toothache, and my fingers were raw to the bone.

I never managed to make any friendships that I could carry outside of school, because she made me work every minute of my spare time. Father bought me a cheap violin and paid for my lessons, too, but half the time she wouldn't let me get away to take them, and every time she caught me practicing she raised a terrible row. So I had to practice during the times I was sure she was in the kitchen. But I loved my violin, because it was the only thing I had to love.

SOMETIMES I would stand before the mirror in my room, posing, taking bows from my admiring audience when I became a concert player before thousands of people in the enormous concert halls in New York. Then I would burst into laughter at my own silliness.

I had known only one boy in my whole life, a little, short fellow with blue eyes and a serious face, who lived at Mrs. Barlow's with his mother for about a year. He was really nice to me and told me that I was very pretty, but I could never quite connect him with the



*I cringed as I
stood before him
"Both of you
come around to-
morrow at ten for
rehearsal," Mr
Merton said.*

The



Men Called Her— **Salamander**

*Yet the Gay, Gilded
Life of Old Broadway
Exacted Its Price!*

dreams I had of a knight in silver armor who rode up to Mrs. Barlow's steps on a grey charger and carried me away in his arms, with Mrs. Barlow waddling down the street behind us, waving her hands, squawking.

Father's boat sailed at three o'clock that afternoon, but I was awake at five *that* morning. At six, I was so nervous that I couldn't lie still any longer, so I got up and rearranged all the things in my cheap little bag and breathed a prayer of relief that I didn't have to go down and help serve the breakfast.

All morning I roamed around, sitting by the window in my room, looking out at the people passing, wanting to lean out and tell them that soon I would be sailing to places thousands of miles away; to countries where there were funny little monkeys, parakeets, beautiful flowers, and birds.

DURING luncheon I half-shivered in the cold light that came streaming dimly through the dirty old curtains in the dining-room. Ugh! how I hated the grease and smell of stale food and the barrenness of it all! The boarders looked so tired and so much without hope of anything to live for! Most of them were clerks and salesgirls in New York department stores, whose faces were a greyish white from long hours behind counters and perched on high wooden stools.

Suppose I had to live there for all of my life? Even the thought frightened me as I stole out of the dining-room to my own room.

At two o'clock I phoned for a taxicab. Then I lugged my bag and violin case down the two flights of stairs. Just before I left, Mrs. Barlow came hurrying out of the kitchen and gave me a moist, sweaty peck on the cheek, and two or three of the old ladies in the parlor hobbled out to look me over from my head to my feet. I beamed at



"Listen, dearie," she advised me, "tie a stone around that violin and go over to see Merton, the musical-show man."

all of them and rushed into the taxicab. Somehow they frightened me—as though they clutched at me with long tentacles, winding them about me to hold me there forever.

Soon we were bumping along over the heavy cobblestones down near the water-front. I could see little tugs scampering in and out amongst the river traffic and once in awhile a steamer backing out into the stream, flying the flag of Great Britain, France, Sweden, or the United States, all loaded down to their water-line with cargo.

The hoarse moan of the river-boats came to my ears and set my heart beating a little faster. I could close my eyes and see miles upon miles of rolling green sea.

Then we were at the entrance to the pier and I almost fell out of the cab in my eagerness. I quickly paid the driver and went running down the pier, almost staggering under the weight of my bag and violin. I glanced back and saw the driver standing there laughing. But what did I care? I was going adventuring, and he would be right there driving a dirty old taxicab for all of his life!

I was almost down to the end of the pier before I realized that there was no ship docked along either side of it. I called the laughing taxi-driver a stupid idiot, and went over to the side and looked toward the next pier. Not even a barge lay alongside.

Half-frantic, I ran back to the entrance. Now there was a man there, a tall man, swinging a stick on a loop of rawhide. He came walking toward me as I stopped to get my breath, dropping my things on the pier.

"The Panama!" I said; "The Panama—do you—" I had to stop, and I know there was fright in my eyes. He smiled and waited until I caught my breath.

THEN I tried to smile too, and said, "I am looking for my father's ship—The Panama. Maybe you could tell me where she is docked?"

"She ain't docked, Miss," he said. After a moment while I stood staring, he went on: "Are you the skipper's kid, Julie Simpson?"

I nodded my head, wanting to put my hands over my ears so I couldn't hear what I knew he was going to say.

"Your father pulled away from the dock at twelve o'clock, Miss. He sent you a telegram. I seen him when he sent it, at nine this morning, when he got word that his sailing time was set ahead to twelve. He came rushing down here at the last minute and told me to tell you to go back to your boarding house until he came back again!"

I was only eighteen years old then. And eighteen years aren't very many to take a blow like that, I just

stood there looking into his eyes, begging him to tell me that he was trying to fool me—unbelieving. After a while I said: "She's gone?"

Why, it couldn't be true—she couldn't be gone! Such a thing just *couldn't* happen!

The man didn't try to say anything. He just picked up my bag and violin and we went back to the entrance of the dock, while I sobbed as though my heart would break. I sat down on a little stool and buried my face in my hands.

After a few moments he said: "You'll be wantin' a taxi, I guess, Miss." I looked up and nodded my head. He waved his stick and in another minute I was sitting in a taxi again, way back in the corner, crying so that the driver looked around at me every few minutes as though he was afraid I was going to do something to myself.

WHEN I began to think it over I knew that there had been a reason why I hadn't received my father's telegram. Either he didn't send it, thinking I would be too much bother, or Mrs. Barlow had got it first. I remembered the sly little smile on Mrs. Barlow's face, and then I knew in my heart that it was her fault. When I got back she would show it to me and tell me how sorry she was, laughing up her sleeve!

And then I would have to scrub and wash greasy dishes, and hear her shrill and bellow at me, to earn my board. Six months of that dingy, little room, and up at the dawn of day, working in the kitchen until I was so tired that I couldn't keep my eyes open over my school books.

Well, I wouldn't! If I had to work like that I would work for myself and live my own life and do as I pleased. Other girls had a little fun in life. There was no reason why I should work myself to skin and bones for her!

I stopped my sobbing and looked out the window of the taxi. We were nearly back to Mrs. Barlow's. I fought with myself for a moment and then I tapped on the window to the driver. When he looked around I shouted and told him to take me to the subway station.

He was a nice boy and helped me down the subway steps with my bags and asked me if there was anything he could do to help me. I almost cried out the whole story to him, but instead I shook my head. He turned away and went back to his cab.

Not even the roaring of the sub-

way as it went under the river on the way to New York could drown the pumping of my own heart. Where would I go? Where would I get off the train? I had only been in New York a half-dozen times in my life, and then just for an afternoon or an evening with Father.

I remembered Times Square, so when the train went rushing into the station there I got to my feet and dragged my bag and case out of the door to the platform. I followed a stream of people up the steps and came out on the corner of Forty-first Street and Seventh Avenue. Down the street were a number of hotels and in front of them were large signs that I began to read.

Rooms with bath, \$3.50—\$3.00— [Turn to page 122]



In one of his most affectionate moments, he showed me a magnificent brooch.

"This will be yours some time, Julie," he said.

"I Was Forced to Choose between Rose, my

Branded

IT WAS already a wild party, there in Rem Thorpe's apartment, when somebody suggested inviting girls, "to make it a real party." For five minutes or so there was boisterous telephoning, and after awhile the girls began to arrive—one at a time, two at a time, until I began to wonder how it would all end.

They were the sort you would expect. Loud. Over-rouged. Most of them followed by taxicab drivers to be paid off, one of them talking about a flat tire on her coupé, one from an apartment in the same building, the wife of an absent traveling salesman. I was introduced all around, being the guest of honor, back home after six big years in Buenos Aires; but my head ached and I was stupid from the hospitality, and I would as soon have gone to my hotel.

Then, all at once, there was a face before me that tugged at my memory. Two level blue eyes holding mine, a heavy shock of naturally waved brown hair, and lips that jerked as I looked at them, then were stern.

Rose, someone had said . . .

There was another drink around. It looked as if the stuff would never give out, or as if Rem's negro "boy" were constantly digging up more and more. Over the rim of my glass I caught the eyes of Rose, and for an instant was sobered by a sense of recognition. I dipped my glass in a silent invitation for a smile from her, but none came. The steady gaze chilled me.

"Who's that girl—that Rose?" I asked Rem.

"Funny girl," said he, more than half drunk. "Good sport, but not pr'-pr'misc'ous, if you know what I mean. There's not many men—"

The merriment caught him up, separated us, and then I was face to face with this Rose girl.

"How are you, Mr. Joseph Sloan Potter?" she asked. There was a sort of mockery in her voice. I remember blinking at her and wondering at her use of my full name, the name which in the old days as a newspaper reporter, six or seven years before, I signed grandly to "human interest" stories now and then.

And still I could not remember. "Who are you—besides Rose?"

For one startling instant the blue eyes blazed, then the swift fierce light as swiftly subsided. The full lips quivered, and I thought she was going to cry in a tragic collapse of her spirit.

"I'm the woman who has spent seven years hating you," she said in a low voice.

All I could do was stare at her. "What—? Who—?"

Her voice more steady and sure, it seemed I could detect the hatred of which she spoke as she went on:



"I'm the girl you condemned to this sort of thing." Her scornful gesture took in the noisy crowd, the open love-making, the cheapness of it all. "You—you didn't give me a chance."

And then again that collapse of spirit, that hopelessness and helplessness. She seemed younger, a forlorn

Secretary, and Olivia, my Employer's Daughter."



*"I'm the girl you condemned
to this sort of thing!" she
added.*

child, and something came again to pull at the door of my memory. Again I asked her who she was, and she smiled slowly, bitterness in that smile.

"And so," she said, "you don't remember—Rosemary Duke?"

"Goodness! You?" But I recognized her in that instant.

No wonder that summons to my memory! Rosemary Duke!

Back seven years as a youthful newspaper man, with what I thought was a gift of words, a self-deluded "genius" seeking the color of life, I first had encountered her—a frightened, dewy-eyed child of eighteen or so who, trusting too greatly, loving too deeply, had been caught in the mesh of a spectacular tragedy. A wealthy man-about-town, handsome and romantic of name and background, who had been a man of many loves, turning his money and charm to the ruthless quest of youth and

beauty, had been shot to death by his wife in a moment of her passionate rebellion against a long chain of his infidelities. And it came to light that his last and fatal infidelity had concerned Rosemary Duke—and in no little way.

The story was that he had posed at first as unmarried, and won the romantic heart of this girl who had only just come from a country home to make her way alone. He had smoothed that way so artfully, worked so many wiles of experience, won her so utterly, that when she learned he was married, she could not give him up. And then, the swift end of a bullet through that heart of threadbare and tawdry sentiment.

I remember my city editor barking at me when the story came to us one midnight:

"Get that woman, Potter! Great story! Pictures! Make her talk!"

She was "that woman" to the world, of course, but I,



"Ship ahoy!" came Olivia's voice from the door as she beheld my new secretary

with the image of other women of other such affairs in my mind, was startled to find her a bewildered, tragic child, terribly stricken by her loss, terribly frightened at the collapse of her world, terribly cowed and wounded by policemen's threats and insults. My city editor was right—it was a great story, and I went to it. My stuff was maudlin with sobs, platitudinous with sermons, but it was what they wanted.

"Great stuff!" gloated my city editor. "More!"

I gave him more, the next day and other days. There were pictures by the dozen, for the poor creature merely stood there, or sat there in a daze, while the photographer shot her. Somebody would woo from her a ghastly, scared smile, and they would shoot her. She'd break down in a storm of sobs, and they'd shoot her. They'd trick her into writing her name on a piece of paper, and they'd shoot her at that—it became "Rosemary Duke, writing her own story for the Daily Light," although I wrote the stuff that appeared under her name.

It was amazing that so many words could have been contrived, and all about a pitiful child to whom nothing much had ever happened before the one cataclysmic event. Our paper kept it up when our rivals let the story languish and we regarded it as a tribute to enterprise when preachers made sermons about "wages of sin" on the text of Rosemary Duke and Weston Blair. The girl at last was sent to a penal institution for six months or so, I remember, on what we called a statutory charge, and soon even my city editor ceased to smack his lips over the connotations of her name.

And here she was again, a marred thing, hating me, charging to me and my work the havoc of her life!

"You didn't give me a chance," she repeated.

The haze of the liquor had gone from my head. The party shrieked around us, making a bedlam of the apartment. I tried to say something but two dancers bumped into me. Rosemary Duke's voice, inimical and accusing, went on steadily:

"THERE were so many things I could have said or that somebody might have said for me. But no, you had a morsel to roll on your tongue, a tidbit of scandal. What was it all but just so much material for a sensation? And you can't make a sensation out of kindness, of fairness."

I tried to protest, but was helpless in the face of her tense sincerity.

"I was the 'home-wrecker,' the 'owner woman'; I was the baby vampire," Rosemary Duke went on, her voice quivering with her long-pent passion. "Oh, don't I remember all those black words, all those things like that over one of my pictures—oh, those pictures, day after day!—'Blue Eyes Lure to Death'?"

I muttered: "I didn't write that."

"Oh, that didn't matter in itself," she cried. "And the effect of it all was the same. And the effect was to set the world against me—Rosemary Duke, at eighteen, against the world!" She laughed bitterly, then gave a sort of weary sigh. "Oh, I suppose the wise thing was to have gone away, started over

again. But I was a child, and I was defiant. I decided I wouldn't let them drive me away. And in those months in that reform school—*school!*" The bitterness rang again in her laughter. "A school for evil! I came into contact there with girls of the sort that the world called me, but the like of them I had never dreamed of



"I know where you've been—who was with you—" she said in a quivering voice.

before. And I learned from them to be hard, and scornful. The world had put this thing on me, and the world owed me a living. I thought about it."

She closed her eyes, shuddered slightly. The lines of her weariness seemed to deepen in the face. Pity held me speechless.

"Then there were the people who came to see me, saying they wanted to help me. Whining, preaching pharisees! Women, curious, evil-minded with their own desires! They made me sick!" Her voice penetrated



There was a new quality in those blue eyes that startled me—those eyes that had always been so different.

in the clatter, and several of the noisy crowd heard it. "Say!" cried Rem Thorpe. "Nobody's supposed to have any troubles here! You're acting like you were married or something!"

"I tried to find work," Rosemary Duke told me, her voice dropping to a whisper, "but nobody would have me, not as a waitress, not as a salesgirl, not as anything. I was—branded. There was a little while I don't like to remember. A woman befriended me, actually saved my life—"

"Good lord!" I muttered. "I want to help you. I want to say—"

"Are you going to cut out this joint debate or not?" demanded Rem Thorpe, thrusting drinks at us. Rose-

mary Duke seized one with a quick eagerness and drained the glass. A reckless light flamed in the blue eyes. This girl took liquor, I saw, because of a need to support her scorn of the world and of convention, because there was an inner voice that must be stifled. And the necessity of this, according to her words, I had created! Those blue eyes stabbed me.

"Let's get away from here," I said. "I want to talk to you. I want to help you. I want to say—"

When we told them we were going, there was a general shout. Laughter. Congratulations. Jestful insinuations. In my new mood, it sickened me, but Rosemary seemed to hear it with calm indifference. The thought struck me that they had the right to say these things to her, to ascribe ugly motives to our departure. Was it I who had done this, created this situation? I wanted to think, to listen, clearly, away from this bedlam.

In my roadster we drove away under a high moon, away from the city, until far out on a country road I slowed the car to a creeping pace and she told me more about herself, about the things she "didn't like to remember," about the men—there were not half a dozen—who

"helped her," about the hours and days of reading and brooding until the reckless abandon of a party like Rem Thorpe's became a vital necessity to relieve the emotional strain. Her mention of incessant reading explained one thing at least for me—the source of her surprising knack of cultivated and proper speech.

I had stopped the car and we were sitting in the shadow of a great oak, I, striving to break down this girl's antagonism, thinking how I might really help her. All at once a blinding flashlight stabbed at us, and a rough voice snarled out of the darkness.

"What the hell are you two trying to pull off? This is a public road, not a petting parlor!" It was a highway policeman, guardian of public morals! His flashlight shifted from my face to that of the girl's and he laughed with a sneering note. "Oh, I see! Rosie, the blue-eyed vamp. Say, you're a fine pair to be pulling raw stuff on the public highway! I've a mind—"

MY BLOOD boiled. "See here! We were just talking—"

The policeman laughed. "Tell that to the marines! I know your girl friend."

Rosemary Duke put her hand [Turn to page 100]

OLIVE BORDEN
Fox Films



Sparkling Youth



FLORENCE
GILBERT
Fox Films



The Latest



*Estelle Bradley, who went for a ride
On a boat, took a tumble and cried:
"I'm pinned in this shaft!"
But Lige Conley just laughed
And said, "Think of the ocean—it's tide."*



*Carmel Myers, who's peppy and thin
Danced all night with a wide-awake grin;
Asked just how she could keep
Dancing on without sleep
She replied, "'Cause my toes don't turn in."*



*Al St. John thinks the brute looks immense
With a bridle, but mules aren't so dense;
Since Al strings him along
He knows something is wrong
And he's waiting to see, on de-fence.*

*Lloyd Hamilton and Marcella Day
Took a spin in his tiny coupé;
He took up so much space
She fell in his embrace
And exclaimed, "How do you get that weight?"*



Filmericks



*Bobby Vernon says bell-hopping pays
If you've worked for a couple of days.
When he asked for more dough,
As this picture can show
He was instantly given a raise.*



*When the weather proved warmer and fair,
LuPino Lane simply said, "I don't care.
Playing cards at my ease
I'll get plenty of breeze—"
And he shuffled and got solitaire.*



*Buster Keaton, out walking for fun,
Said, "Just look what your slipper has done.
It is slipping away."
To which Mollie McKay
Said, "Let's hope that my stocking won't run."*



*One undoubtedly likes and admires,
Duane Thompson's machine and its tires.
But though cars of such tone
Are quite snappy to own,
It costs less for the one Walter Hiers.*

Movie Sisters



Left: JANE and EVA NOVAK, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, would make a wonderful "twin" film combination.



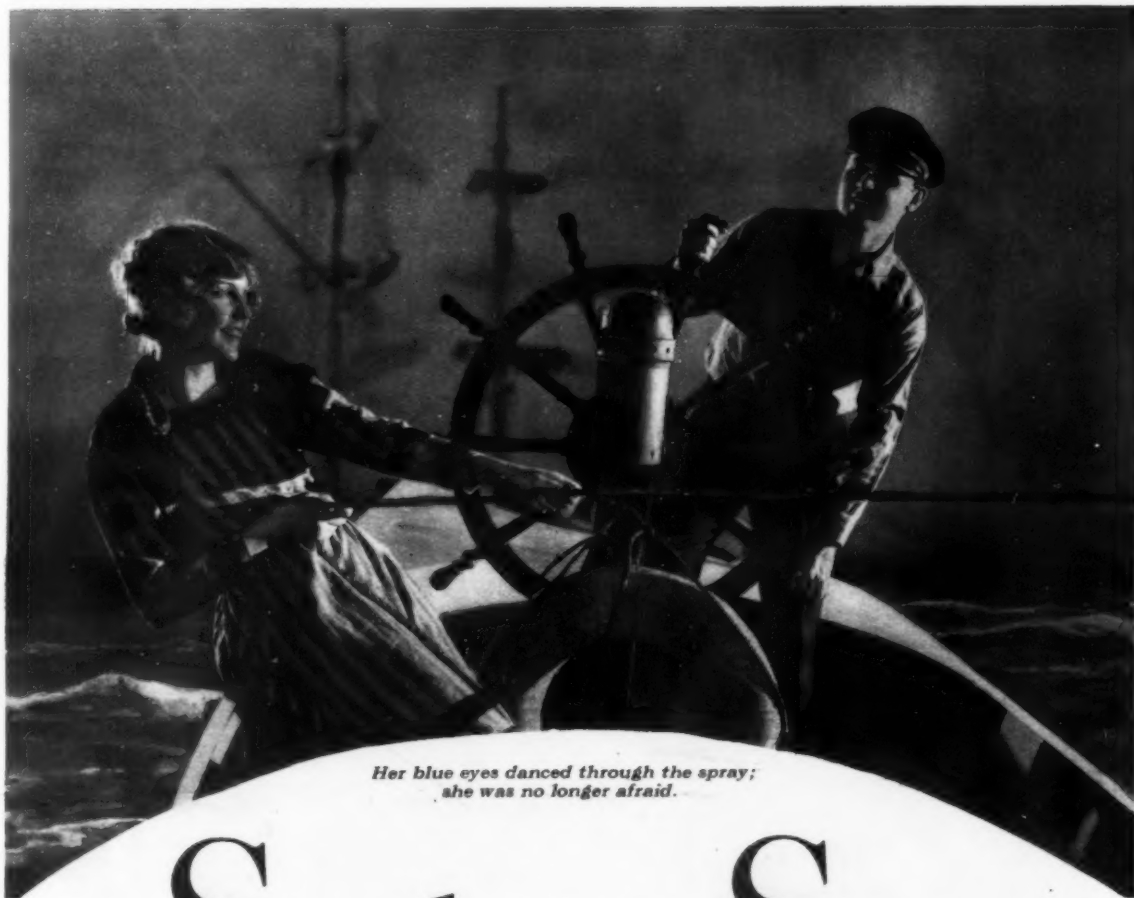
Above: LILLIAN RICH and her sister—who looks enough like her to double in her place.



Above: RENEE ADOREE, star of the "Big Parade," with her sister MIRA.

Right: ALBERTA VAUGHN is another movie light who has a sister, ADA MAE—but there isn't much chance of their substituting for one another.





*Her blue eyes danced through the spray;
she was no longer afraid.*

Soul of the Sea

THE CONCLUSION

In Which Jethro Gale Realizes the Cost of His Folly

EVEN now it unnerves me to think of that winter. I remembered so well the winter in the big house at Salt Island, the winter before little Bartholomew was born. I remembered how happy Valaima was; how she seemed to grow more beautiful each day; how she would go about the big house humming some plaintively sweet song—the muted lullaby songs of the Islands of the Sea. How nimble her busy fingers were at fashioning and embroidering little garments of muslin and flannel! How the very spirit of her seemed to pervade the whole house!

But Mary was afraid of the coming ordeal. She grew paler every day. She would cling to me like a frightened child every time I had to go away, pleading with me not to go. And I smiled and tried to brush away her fears with a light heart, when in truth I had a heart of lead. How little I knew of what went on in her mind; that her fears were, most of them, for me. In my ignorance I passed judgment on the sorry state to which our affairs, Mary's and mine, had come.

What a hideous blunder it all seemed and a blunder

that could never be made right. Only Time would wear away the dream we had both built up; only Time would mark the end of the tragedy. So the winter dragged on and on, a heart-breaking recurrence of days that were endless.

Nevertheless, inconsistent as it may appear, in spite of it all, I knew that Mary fairly worshipped me. And I, in my turn, would have given my life to make her happy. But everything I attempted to do seemed to me to be futile and utterly hopeless even before it was done. Somehow—and why we did not understand what was going on is one of the things which is beyond understanding—somehow, we managed to keep this terrible burden to ourselves, and Captain Strong never knew. He was just the same as ever, the one clear note in all that house of gloom, with that great, rumbling laugh of his making merry over what he called Mary's "little fears."

But I could not bring myself to make light of them. Mary was my life, dearer even than life, and the terror I saw in her eyes haunted me and would not let me rest.



The soft, luxuriant beauty of Valaima tempted me to turn to her.

At such times there would come to me visions of Jennie Hyatt and Jamie MacLean, both of them happy in their little cottage by the sea. If only I had been content with such a life! If only I had remained at Salt Island—married Jennie Hyatt. Oh, I know it was wrong to think such things with Mary carrying my own child, but I was driven almost to madness. Then, there were hours on end when my mind would turn back to Valaima, and I seemed to live again the days I had spent with her. Those had been days of strange unrest to me, days I was afraid of—but now, if I could live them over again! I banished the thought from my mind. Valaima was not for me now. I had a wife. I had made my bed. I must lie in it.

At last there came the day when I drove my ship home in the teeth of a spring gale. One of the harbor pilots had wigwagged to me the news that I had a son. Oh, the tug that message brought to my heart! There was no waiting until the ship was berthed that day. I was off in a dory as soon as we had passed the breakwater.

How I fairly ran home and burst into the house and up the stairs to the room where Mary was! In my haste I did not even remove my dripping oilskins. Shall I ever forget the terror with which Mary gripped the baby to her, weak as she was, when she saw me standing in the doorway. Here I had come home to my own little son, and my wife shrank from me as from some specter of the sea! There was a nurse there, too, not a white-garbed hospital nurse, but a woman of middle age who had had children of her own. I do not remember what she said to me, for I did not even hear it. But she put me out of the room.

In looking back, it is not hard to see just how I had affected Mary. I should have known better than to rush in on her that way with my clothes still wet from the rain and the sea. We hadn't expected the youngster for a whole week yet, and he was already a week old. Once more had our plans gone awry. And all during that

week just past, Mary had probably felt that I had deserted her in her hour of trial.

And then in the end I had come home only to scare her. How could she know that it had been a week in which I had thought of nothing but her, her comfort and well-being, with many a prayer for her safety in her hour of peril. Oh, it seemed that everything that happened was destined only to add to the breach which already existed between us. The child that was to have brought us closer together had in the first week he was in the world only served to send us farther apart. And the breach continued to grow.

Motherhood strengthened Mary. She filled out with a splendid, lithe figure. Her cheeks took on added color. She became capable with a new zest for doing things. Where before she had leaned on me, she now stood on her own feet. But the breach was there—stronger than ever. I know of no other way to explain it, but in her motherhood she was a bulwark between my boy and me. She never put it in a word without allowing it to show itself in a hundred different ways. I was her husband and she was my wife, but the child, little Jethro, was hers—all of him was hers.

Probably I should have sat down and talked to her about it; probably I should have tried to remove the barrier that day by day grew between us. It is so easy afterward to see our mistakes, to suggest remedies whereby we might have avoided the pitfalls. But that isn't the way of the world we live in. We grope; we blunder; we pay the penalty of our blindness and folly no matter how bitter the price.

IT WAS natural that for solace I turned to the sea—the sea of my boyhood and youth—for already, still in my twenties, I felt like an old man. All my happiness was a thing of dreams, and I lived in the past with them. Just as my father had lived, I thought. This may have come about because I was with old Jeremiah Strong most of the time I was ashore. And from our close association I learned that he, too, lived in the past, the hangerson of an age that was gone.

The Strong fleet was the only one out of New Bedford that went to

the Banks. They were splendid vessels and were well manned, but the fleet bore the name of *Strong's Folly*. He was the surviving remnant of the glory that had
[Continued on page 129]



The child that was to have brought us closer together served only to send us farther apart.



I was touched at my first glimpse of Ted's mother—waiting for the return of her hero.

I Was **Dick's** **GIRL**

—but Ted's

Charm

Fascinated

Me

I MADE myself see Dick limping along a lonely road, crushed and hurt-looking in his uniform, his big hands hanging lifelessly at his sides. But, he always seemed to limp away from me, and not toward me. And, every time he faded down that road of my imagination, the face of Aunt Beth's boy drifted by.

The mantel-piece clock downstairs struck twelve. Still tossing and turning in bed as if haunted by the unaccountable and invisible presence of Ted Murdock, I decided to get up and sit in the window. But a sound from Aunt Beth's room stopped me.

Slumping down against the pillows, I listened, wondering what could have brought the little old lady out of bed at midnight. Her soft footfalls drifted to me. They paused. A door opened and closed almost noiselessly. Through my open door I saw Aunt Beth moving down the hall toward her son's room.

Even after all these years I cannot exactly explain what it was that drew me irresistibly after her, unless it was an urge much like the mysterious force that had sent me into Ted's room a few hours before. Barefooted, and clad only in a nightgown of green georgette, I glided to the door in time to see the little old lady entering Ted's room. Until that moment I had not dreamed of actually trailing her. The risk of being caught had prohibited such an idea until she disappeared through her boy's door. The fact that I was a boarder stopped me for only a moment.

I tiptoed down the hall, tingling with the memory of how I had been tempted all evening to steal back for another look at Ted's picture.

Perhaps it was this memory, weaving through my consciousness like a flame, that sent me after Aunt Beth.

Peering cautiously past the edge of the door, I saw her standing in the middle of the room. She had her back turned to me, and was kissing her boy's picture. I wanted to rush back to my own room before she discovered me, but my legs felt lifeless.

My agonizing suspense ended abruptly at a crash, followed immediately by a muffled moan. Aunt Beth's

little cry sent strength and vitality surging back through my legs. I found her lying face down on the floor, Ted's picture clasped to her. She had tripped blindly over the stool.

The poor little soul was like a dead person until the doctor came. She aroused under his treatment, but only in a dazed sort of way.

"It's a very serious concussion. The bruise has formed a blood clot. You'll have to take care she doesn't get any kind of shock. That would be fatal. Aunt Beth's old now," said Doctor Palmer upon leaving.

I stayed awake the rest of the night, and it seemed Fate's plan to keep my mind and heart alive to thoughts of Ted Murdock.

Aunt Beth was sleeping lightly next morning when her boy came. I met him at the door. The explanation I had planned to give him about my being there, and his mother, was forgotten for the moment while we stood facing each other. He seemed more startled than surprised, his expression being that of a person who suddenly finds himself in the wrong place.

"It's all right. I am just boarding with your mother," I said, my voice not at all sure of itself.

His blue eyes lost their startled look, and he seemed a mere boy. Yet, I found in him the lure one man can sometimes have for one woman.

"I see," he said, making no move to come in. "Where's my mother?"

"Upstairs," I answered, fencing for time. I did not want to hurt him with the news until I had to. Women are always shielding men who rouse their

hearts to tenderness. And I was to be no exception.

Our eyes met and held for a few seconds. His were the first to look away. But I had searched their depths long enough to know that I was right about one thing. Ted Murdock was remembering what he had left behind him. This realization sent pain darting through my breast. For I knew that shortly I would find just such a revelation in the eyes of another man.

But, would Dick's eyes with their memories of Chateau-Thierry cast such a spell over me as Ted Murdock's were doing? The torture of guilt was my answer to this question—torture that set two forces of my being fighting with each other.

I TOLD him about her accident, and warned him that he must be careful not to excite her, then led him upstairs on tiptoes.

Aunt Beth was awake, her eyes no longer faded, but aglow with anticipation.

"Has my boy come yet, Alene?" she asked. Her voice held a note of false strength.

"The doctor said you must try to be very quiet when Ted comes," I answered, kneeling beside her bed. "You will, won't you, Aunt Beth?"

"Yes, child—I'll try. 'Course, I've been waiting so long, and wishing so hard for him it'll be a—oh! Alene, I just feel like I'd die if—if he didn't come!"

"He's coming, all right, Aunt Beth. He's here now—"

"Ted's home!" the little old lady whispered, a holy sort of happiness glorifying her wan face.



I stood in the hall, gripping the banisters, while Ted greeted her.



"What outfit were you in?" Dick asked. Ted's tongue seemed to be tied.

"Yes, I'll call him. But, remember what the doctor said," I gently told her.

She nodded, her lips quivering; her eyes fluttering.

I tiptoed outside, and motioned Ted Murdock to go to his mother. He looked at me for just one brief second before he made a move—looked at me in such a way that I felt as if his breath were playing upon my cheeks like a hot wind.

I stood in the hall, gripping the banisters, while they greeted each other. Then I heard Aunt Beth: "God sent you back to me, Ted. He knew I needed you. Oh! Ted, my boy, you were so brave to go . . . so wonderful to suffer. But, I'm glad now you went. . . Your wound, Sonny? Does it—?"

"I T'S all healed, Mother. It doesn't bother me now—"

"I'm so excited and the doctor said I mustn't—"

"There—there, Mother, just lie still, dear."

I did not wait to hear any more, but turned away and hurried downstairs to get breakfast ready. I was looking at the biscuits when he came into the kitchen.

"My mother's drifted off to sleep. I guess the excitement of my coming's to blame," he said,

his eyes dreamily turning toward the deep pine woods.

"Doctor said she would have those dozing kinds of spells. They won't hurt her. It's an unconscious spell, he fears, and any kind of a shock might precipitate one," I answered, taking a pan of brown-crustured biscuits from the oven.

Ted Murdock's eyes lost their dreaminess for a moment as the aroma of hot bread filled the room. He turned slowly and looked at the biscuits, then at me:

"I—I—haven't had hot biscuits in—God knows when," he said.

"I thought you'd like them your first day home . . . Oh! It must be terrible! What you boys have been through—"

"You get used to it."

By his tone I knew that Ted Murdock would be like most of the others who had come back from the front. Loath to talk about what he had left behind, preferring to keep his memories locked up in his heart.

We said very little at the table. Yet, his very reticence was eloquent. And, as I waited upon him, conscious of the moods that drifted across his face, I knew again the first thrill that is the beginning of a woman's romantic interest in a man.

After breakfast there were many things about the house for me to do. But, of all the chores, I exalted most in giving a last finishing touch to his room. He came in before I had re-arranged the little trinkets on his bureau. Begging my pardon he started out. But, I turned to him, my face on fire.

"You needn't go," I said.

"Thank you, Miss Sanderson," he answered simply.

"My name's Alene. I'd like you to call me that Ted," I said.

LATE that afternoon something happened to make the breath lodge like lumps in my throat—something that once again triumphed over the pleading of an inner voice not to break faith with Dick Gordon, the man who was coming home from the war.

Aunt Beth's cottage was a very humble little place. There was no hot water in the old-fashioned bathroom, and Ted had gone into the kitchen, heated a kettle of water for shaving, and was lathering when I happened to pass the door. He was standing before the wall mirror with his brown, Army shirt turned down very far at the neck. I caught a glimpse of a jagged, blue streak just below his left shoulder. It was a livid hue—a ghastly scar.

I stopped in my tracks at sight of his wound, possessed by an urge I could not subdue. Before Ted knew it, I was at his side, my eyes fascinated by that blue streak, my heart brimming with emotions that made my voice quaver:

"That's your wound—isn't it?"

He nodded, his eyes dropping to the floor. In that instant I did an impulsive thing. I bent down, and touched the scar with my lips. Then I rushed out of the room, fire kindling in my blood. I was afraid.

At supper we were not alone. Doctor Palmer remained at my invitation. He tried to draw Ted out about his army life. But the boy revealed his dislike of the subject in his short answers. Once, while we were eating, the kitchen door slammed shut. It was like a sound of shot in the dusk. Ted started in his seat, and for moments after this some kind of a nervous agitation possessed him. I thought I understood what was the matter. The poor boy was suffering from that pitiful aftermath of war—shell-shock!

I walked down to the gate with the doctor, anxious to know just how poor Aunt Beth was. Doctor Palmer told me the truth, saying he had not wanted to alarm Ted:

"The symptoms are not encouraging at all. The fall was a terrible shock to her system. She's frail, and her age is against her. Of course, the

boy's return has produced a false stimulation. I'm afraid of the reaction . . . but, we'll do our best by her. By the way, you will understand the situation here much better if I tell you what has happened in Aunt Beth's family recently.

"Two years ago, young Ted had an argument with his father. He left home in a huff, all but breaking Aunt Beth's heart. He threatened to go to enlist for the war, although we were not in it then. Aunt Beth made believe she used to hear from Ted. But, I know she never did. That is, not until months afterward when Mr. Murdock died suddenly from flu. Ted was then in France . . . So, you can see how his coming home now must affect her," he concluded.

"Of course—of course—" I murmured. "No wonder she's so happy over it all. He's her hero—her shrine."

"Yes, and that's the only thing that can pull her through now, and make her want to live. She's a saint on earth, Miss Sanderson."

"I can't tell you how she's won [Turn to page 104]



My fiancé's look was a knife thrust straight through my heart.

Prize-Winning Letters on

Secrets that have Straightened Out

HERE are the secrets which have straightened out marriage tangles in thousands of cases. They are things for both men and women to think about.

If you read between the lines you find only one big message: "Don't lose your head. Use diplomacy."

If your husband is interested in another woman, make yourself so fascinating to him that he will forget her. You have every advantage. He is yours. He lives with you. If he goes out with her, he returns to you. What would you have given in courtship days to command his time as completely as you do now?



Diplomacy

\$100 Prize

BRIEFLY stated, my success in winning back *his* love was due to just two things: praise—or better called genuine appreciation—and abandoning my "sick career."

It was the old family doctor who, risking his friendship, advised me because I had, during one of my sick spells, burst forth with: "I don't care if I don't get well, for J. doesn't love me any more."

With all the patience and tact that only a doctor can use, he told me where it was all my fault. I had driven him from me, for, said he:

"No man prefers gambling and gamblers' companionship to that of a mate. You never give him credit, for you let the unpleasant things overshadow all that's good. You, like most women, carry grudges altogether too long, for when he wants to love you, he forgets, but you remember and push him from you. And most of your illness was not physical. You simply craved sympathy and craved the love you made believe you didn't want. In other words, you want and want, but refuse the give-and-take method. Did you know that weeping and temper make women unattractive?"

He told me many, many things which I at first resented, but after I had a good "think" I saw that I had myself to conquer and adjust. My task wasn't easy, but how I tried! I would do my best to encourage wherever I could find the slightest excuse. "M-m! I like my Daddy when he's all shaved and cologne." He would laugh, and later I'd laugh, for he would shave every day—and he did detest shaving.

And if he would stay in an evening, I'd call up a friend and tell her I wouldn't be over that evening (it didn't matter if she wouldn't hear that remark, for it was just intended for hubby), and we would sing and read and tease like we used to.

I also took exercises and built up my "anatomical architecture" to what it should be—a healthy, happy, contented specimen. And it was fun.

I don't cry for months at a time. Better still, I would never again enjoy passing the "clever remarks" about *him*, which struck home with such accuracy that—well, it just hurt him terribly. He always dreaded having my relatives in, for that was when I got even with him. Now, however, it is different; I tell him about the nice things.

[Turn to page 136]

Independence

\$50 Prize

MY MARRIED life was made unbearable by the lack of spending money. I fully expected my husband to give me an allowance after our marriage, but he flatly refused. Nor would he indulge me in charge accounts.

Things went very well for the first two years, for my trousseau had been an extensive one. But when my clothes began to look shabby, and I ventured to ask for something new, his answer was a surly refusal.

"You have clothes enough for ten women," he said. "You certainly don't need any more."

Hurt to the heart, I made up my mind that I would never ask him again. I strove in every way to economize in order to keep up an appearance. Our position demanded that we go out in society a great deal, and do considerable entertaining, and I achieved miracles with the aid of a dress-form and a few fashion books in transforming my old gowns into something resembling those of the moment. But somehow they never seemed right, and I knew that the other women recognized them for what they were.

I had the same trouble to contend with in my house-keeping. Robert gave me barely enough to set the table for the two of us, and allowed me nothing extra for all the entertaining he expected me to do. When I tried to cut down on the entertaining, he flared up and accused me of being a poor manager. Other men's wives, he said, were better dressed and entertained lavishly on half his salary.

I struggled on without complaint, for aside from this one unpleasant trait, I adored my husband. He was handsome, witty, and a delightful companion. To outsiders, Robert appeared to be the soul of generosity, and was known everywhere as a "good spender." It was only in his home that his stinginess was felt. I began to be despondent, and to feel that my marriage was a failure.

Finally, we were invited to a house-party, and I was delighted, for I thought that Robert could not help but see my need of clothes. But the days went by, and he never suggested that I buy any. So I wearily packed my two-year-old finery and resolved to make the best of it, and to have a good time if I could.

But the very first evening proved that there would be no good time for me. I had [Turn to page 136]

"How I Won Back His Love"

Thousands of Marriage Tangles

Take advantage of the opportunities which are yours by right of your position as his wife—and then be *Indifferent, Independent, or Charming*, whichever seems to fit the case best.

You must be your own specialist and judge—but the same personality which won him first is

powerful enough to do it again if you are as entertaining as you used to be.

Patching things up doesn't count, because it means only a temporary truce. You need to build confidence, and pride, and happiness, as these prize-winning letters show it has been done.



Indifference

\$50 Prize

ONLY a stupid wife nags her husband. A stupider wife is a door-mat for her husband, but the stupidest wife is the one who is guilty of both.

I belonged to the third class, the stupidest of wives, and lost my husband's love and respect.

I started out by being his slave—from my own choice. I insisted on doing every little errand for him and refused to let him do a single thing for me. If I saw him feeling his pockets for his pipe for his after-dinner smoke, I always ran to where I last saw it and brought it back to him. If he had forgotten he was out of tobacco until he was ready to smoke, I ran out to the neighborhood druggist and brought back his favorite brand of tobacco.

Soon he regarded me as a necessity to run his errands for him and was always wanting something, a clean handkerchief, his tobacco out of the top, left-hand drawer of his chiffonier, or his hunting-jacket in the store-room on the third floor.

Too late I saw my mistake, and because I knew no better way out, I began nagging and complaining.

He soon informed me I was overbearing.

He rented rooms downtown and seldom came home.

Then another woman.

About this time our little girl came. Jim came to the hospital every day, but I knew he was coming only to see the baby and for appearances. When I was home again he came back to live because he loved his baby. But my habit of nagging had grown to be a part of me, so Jim left again.

A year later, a divorce. He still supported us and was granted permission to visit his baby in my home twice a month.

Jim married the other woman. I moved to a country village twelve miles from the city, so that baby might enjoy the pure country air.

Twice a month Jim drove out to see the baby. At first he came in the evening and stayed only an hour or so. Then he came in the morning and stayed for lunch.

One morning he called down to me from the nursery to bring up his pipe from his overcoat pocket. I obeyed, but I asked him to run down to the corner grocery and get some carrots for baby's lunch. He did. He next called for a clean face-towel in the bathroom. Instead of running upstairs and getting it [Turn to page 136]

Charm

\$50 Prize

IF I'D not been such a sure, "take-it-for-granted-he-loves-me" wife, I might have seen that Jimmy was staying downtown more and acting bored when he was home.

I will admit that since our three children came I haven't always been careful to be clean, dressed becomingly, and good-natured. For I've been one of these wives who spoil their husbands by always helping them and getting nothing in return. So I was always too tired when my work was done (long after his) to clean up and be agreeable.

But when Grace dropped into our little community, I woke up. She married our neighbor boy, and came to our parties looking so young and "peppy," always ready to laugh, lots of times too ready and as deceitful and "catty" and sure of her charm as Cleopatra! She had no children—they never do—and therefore had lots of time to herself, to say nothing of money, when I'd have to divide my dollar into fourths, and then generally my fourth would go to one of the children.

When she arrived our husbands began to sit up and take notice—and of all things my own Jimmy did, too.

Oh, that hurt, when I'd given so much to him, and so I realized it was up to me to do something, and be quick!

At first, I was sarcastic and bitter. Then seeing that only made matters worse, I tried a perfectly silly scheme.

I cleaned up in the afternoons, read the newspapers, so I could talk intelligently about the topics of the day, used face-creams and powders, and was always, oh, always agreeable and a good "listener."

For a long time I was afraid that it wouldn't work. Then I'd see Grace's laughing face, her very posture an open invitation, and I'd try the harder. Jimmy was as surprised as I was. I'd catch him looking at me as if he didn't know me.

Well, he didn't—and neither did I—and then he gradually began to talk to me about his business affairs, accepting my confidence.

Then finally one night, when we'd returned from a party, he took me in his arms:

"Little girl, if we were free and I had the choice again, I'd ask you to be my wife."

I had to fight alone, and never again will I go back to the old "Take-it-for-granted," path of married life.

E. M. C., Garden City, Minnesota.

*When Florian Saw Her
Husband on Drum Island
with Landry Thorndyke,
She Recognized*

Her Golden Enemy

I SAW her for the first time from the little porch of our pineboard cottage that often felt the sting of flying spray when winds blew high and hard. Then and there it came to me in a mysterious flash of fear that this woman who had dared set foot on Drum Island was already my enemy, and that we were to fight each other in our own fashions over a man who belonged to me.

She was standing on the white beach of Drum just above the foaming tide, her hands frequently finding their way over my man John's wide shoulders as she talked in a way that I knew was just the trick to win any man's heart and soul. Twilight, drifting in from the open sea like a great, gray ghost ship, had thickened our purple and wine island dusk until the two of them seemed a pair of masts vaguely veiled by misty shrouds—the woman, a slender golden mast, slanting gracefully in the freshening breeze from the southward; John, a tall, sturdy stick of timber such as bravely carries canvas into the teeth of gales.

Although I'd never laid eyes upon her before, I instantly recognized her as the Golden Lady who owned Surf Island that lay across Florida Sound from us. Our men folks who'd manned some of the Surf yachts said the place was a sort of fairyland. And, I'm sure if you could have seen the great white mansions under our southern suns, and their lights gleaming like new stars through our velvet dark, you would have believed this just as I did.

There was a good reason why I had never seen the Golden Lady, as we called her. Rich and proud, she came to Surf only a few weeks every year with friends who, like herself, believed in drinking, smoking, gay

parties, and divorce. Landry Thorndyke, the Golden Lady, was divorced, and that in itself had always made Drum Island folks look upon her as a sinner—somebody we didn't care to associate with any more than she cared to know us.

What was she doing down there on the beach with my man, her hands fluttering over his shoulders every now and then? Mrs. Landry Thorndyke didn't have any business with him that I knew of. John was a sailing man—a mate in his own rights—and was now waiting for a new ship. She couldn't be talking to him about handling one of her smart yachts. Then, what was she up to with John?

I answered my own question by believing in the knowledge that had flashed mysteriously to me the



'I see you've been blind. Girl, your John's on the



beach. He's with the Golden Lady this minute."

moment I saw and recognized her. This answer made me tremble and feel strangely afraid, as all women are afraid who love men—especially when they suddenly sense that a menace to their possession has appeared on the horizon.

A feeling of pride mixed with the fear that streaked through my breast like flame. A strange mixture of sensations! But it made something swell inside of me to realize that a rich, beautiful woman like Mrs. Thorndyke had been attracted to my John. Of course, he was the finest looking man on Drum Island. Men like my father, Captain Walt Dover, who'd sailed on every sea, said John was as handsome a sailing man as they'd ever ranged. His hair was slightly darker than that of most Swedish folk, but he had the build and the sea eyes of

his people. John had always been a blunt, quiet sort. At times, though, there were lights peering out of his eyes that made you know he had a warm kindly heart beneath stern, sea-faring eyes.

My pride suddenly died down, leaving me a person on fire with fear. "What good will it do to be proud over her liking him, if she steals his heart from me?" I asked myself. It wasn't a lack of confidence in his love that made me afraid of losing him. It was the knowledge that the Golden Lady could fool a man like John into believing that things not really true were in his heart, and in her own.

I remembered what Dad had said about Landry Thorndyke after piloting her Seagull down from Savannah with her aboard. . . "She's got a voice as soft and throbby as Hawaiian music through the Pacific night, when she wants it that way, and as hard as stone other times. Pretty? Yep, she's the Golden Lady all right. Body like a Cairo dancing girl's. Face like a beautiful picture under a frame of hair that's as golden as eastern sunlight caught in an amber bowl. But, her eyes show what's beneath all her beauty—a hard, calculating heart that takes what she wants when she wants it. Sort of pirate-like, I'd say."

I WAS not a coward by nature. The sea had bred daring and courage in my blood. If my premonition about the Golden Lady were right, I would fight her to the bitter end. And I knew, too, that once aroused I would not hesitate to use my physical strength against her if a chance arose. For I was primitive in my love for John.

But Landry Thorndyke would lure him in her own fashion—a fashion I could not easily combat. She had everything in her favor for such a conflict. . . She had the glamor of the Golden Lady; the allurements and fascination of

the unattainable; the power of gold.

I looked down at my clenched hands. They suggested the difference that lay between the enemy and me. Sun and salt wind had tanned them into a brown hint of coarseness. They were shapely, yes, but with the shapeliness of strength. The Golden Lady's would be soft, finely wrought, and womanly white—such hands as strong, blunt men suddenly find themselves eager to hold. . . My body was of the mold of my hands—strong, lithe, and amber-colored from swimming. I had always thrilled in John's pride over my strength in the sea. He had often said, in courting days and afterwards, that he adored my figure.

But, now the realization of these things only brought a hopeless sort of wish that some magic would suddenly



"John," I heard the Golden Lady say, "it's heavenly in the Mediterranean now." Her voice was like a love song.

turn my strength into slim loveliness such as Landry Thorndyke possessed, and give me all of the other things she had to lure John away from me. I turned away from the scene down on the beach, and caught a dim glimpse of myself in the cottage window that was gray as the twilight.

It was not the shadowy reflection in the window pane that brought tears to my eyes and made me feel a sharp knife in my heart. . . I was prepared for my own vision that the rising breeze flattened against the lines of my limbs and body. I already knew that in spite of my face, which John often said was beautiful, I made a poor comparison with the Golden Lady in her clinging silks. The thing that suddenly made me feel like crying was the sight of the cheap lace curtains; the sleazy silk

drapes of pink that I had made for the cottage before our marriage.

Like my hands, they summed up the gulf between Mrs. Thorndyke and myself. . . But, they did more, and in a way that brought unutterable pain: they sent my thoughts rushing back to those days of three years ago when I had sewed on the curtains and drapes, my eyes constantly looking up from the needle to catch sight of expected ship's lights heading for Florida. They made me relive all of my anticipation of John's coming to me as my husband . . . of his coming . . . of the thrill and happiness of our love.

"And, now—" but lumps choked the rest of my words down into my throat. And the fearful thought behind them ran through my mind and heart like liquid fire. Now something seemed threatening to steal away everything the Past had brought to us; something that folks on Drum Island had nicknamed the Golden Lady, but who was the Golden Enemy to me!

Because we always force ourselves to look upon the very things that agonize us most—there is some fatal fascination about such scenes—I turned back to the tableau of the Golden Woman talking to my man. Like the twilight drifting in from the open, she had become a phantom. Only she was not a gray ghost. On the contrary, Landry Thorndyke seemed a golden wraith whose hands still fluttered up and over John's shoulders.

She was making a request of him. I knew that by the way she tilted her head back in a pleading gesture. John seemed to hesitate. Then, after a few seconds, whatever she was asking swayed him. My husband fell in step with the woman and moved down the beach toward where Florida Sound rushed between Surf and Drum.

The urge to follow and confront them surged through me. It was my chance to fight the Golden Enemy with my own weapons. I took a swift stride toward the steps, but the voice of my father calling from within the house checked me. Evidently he had come over to have supper with us.

"Yes, Dad," I answered, my voice unsteady.

He came out, a big man of the sea who swaggered as John did when he walked. I tried to appear calm and natural, but, with my heart and pulse racing, this was impossible; I thanked God for the shadows. Dad must not know what I knew. He must not know that John was going down the beach with a woman whom all of Drum Island looked upon as golden sin. If he found this out, Dad would make it all the harder for me to defend myself against my enemy by his impulsive interference. So I tried to screen the scene from him with my form.

"What're you doing, Florian," he demanded.

"Nothing, Dad. That is, I—I was just waiting on

John to come home for supper. He is a little late."

"Humph! Where is John?" His voice made me suspicious. Did Dad know where my husband was? It was his habit to employ such a tone when asking for information he already possessed. I was afraid to tell either the truth or a lie. This fear sealed my lips in guilty silence. Dad wheeled upon me:

"LOOK here, girl, if you don't know where your husband is, it's high time you did. I hoped you'd find out about all this nasty business without anybody having to tell you. . . But, I see you've been blind. . . John's with the Golden Lady on the beach this minute—"

"Oh, Dad!"

"Yep. She had the nerve to come over here in her little speed-boat to see him. Old man Mac and Jim Allen saw her land on North End. Saw John meet her and walk this way. Mighty brazen, I'll say—"

"Maybe she's come to try and get John to take one of her craft North. The spring's getting on now," I said. A woman who loves her husband always tries to give him a chance in her own heart, and in other people's.

"Bah! Don't be a fool. I'm telling you he's been carrying on with that woman for two weeks now. Everybody on Drum but you knows she's been chasing him ever since he picked her up in that speed-boat, clean out of gas beyond the Whistling Buoy—"

"Two weeks!"

I cut in, the flame of fear spreading through my being like a conflagration. Then my premonition had been right!

"Yep. And if you don't go down the beach after them now, I'll go myself," he stormed. "I want no daugh-

There was only one chance in ten that we would not be driven to the seething surf.

ter of mine letting a—a—that Thorndyke woman steal her man. You're a damn sight better and prettier'n she is, and you've got education enough to stand up to her. . . Are you going, or must I—"

"I'm going, Dad," I choked, hurrying down the steps.

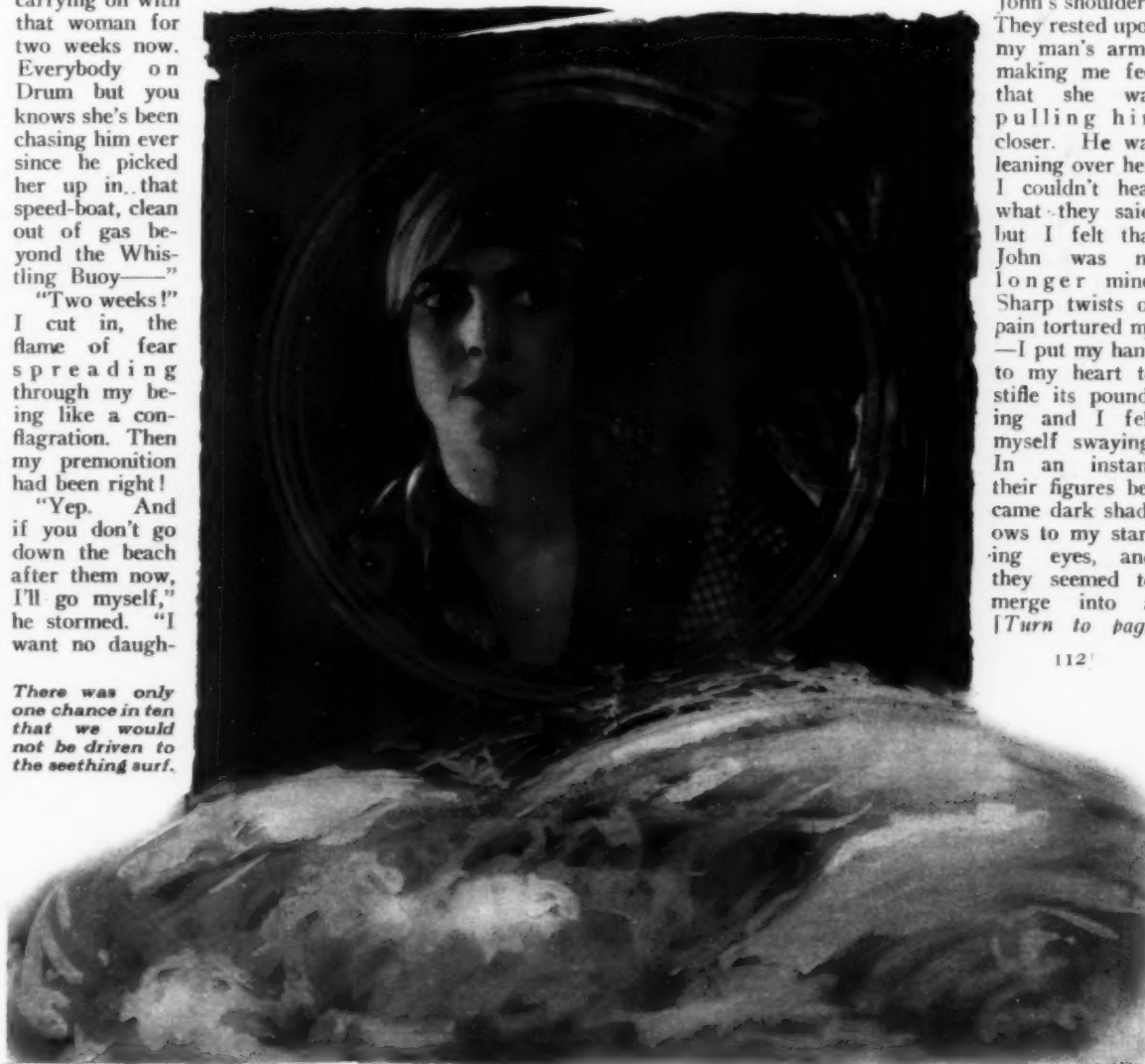
Anger lent strength to my legs. I ran over the hard white beach with the speed of the breeze which was rising from the south'ard. The drumming of the surf against the shore seemed only a muffled roar compared to the noisy thumping of my heart as I dashed through the shadows that had swallowed John and my enemy. Then, suddenly, I saw their dim shapes in the misty offing.

I stopped running. A sensation of weakness never before experienced sucked the fine strength from my body. I began to quiver all over as I forced myself a few steps forward toward a sand dune that reared itself like a vague, tumbling shape. The wish to rush upon them and attack the woman burned feverishly in my veins. But, my strength having mysteriously deserted me, I could only crouch miserably behind the dune and strain eyes and ears after them.

The Golden Lady's hands no longer fluttered over

John's shoulders. They rested upon my man's arms, making me feel that she was pulling him closer. He was leaning over her. I couldn't hear what they said, but I felt that John was no longer mine. Sharp twists of pain tortured me—I put my hand to my heart to stifle its pounding and I felt myself swaying. In an instant their figures became dark shadows to my staring eyes, and they seemed to merge into a
[Turn to page

112



Her High School

*She Staked Her Life's Happiness
on Kent. Was He a Safe Risk?*

THERE has never been any great bond of affection and sympathy between Kent and me, even though we are brothers. Twins at that. And we looked exactly alike. Funny when you think of it! Exactly. People were always mistaking the one for the other.

Except Lucy—she always knew! Always when Kent was beside her, her eyes would light up and something would come into her face that was never there at any other time. For Lucy, there has never been anyone but Kent. And for me, there has been only Lucy.

The night we all graduated from high school she came to me with that shining look in her eyes.

"Tommy," she whispered, as she squeezed both my hands. "It's—it's happened!"

"What?" I asked her stupidly enough.

"We're engaged—Kent and I," again that ecstatic pressure of her hands that seemed to be twisting my heart. "I'm so happy that—that I want to die right now."

Kent came up to us then. He had an easy smile for Lucy, and he put one arm around her shoulder.

"Kent," she said, almost under her breath. "I love you so!"

"Shake, old man," he said, turning to me. "Has Lucy told you the big news?"

This was another one of the times I hated Kent. But I'd long ago learned not to show my feelings. Loving Lucy, while all the time she loved Kent, had faught me that!

So I managed to congratulate them and sound passably happy. It wasn't so hard. I'd always known this must happen sooner or later, and I'd steeled myself to expect it. But I must confess I hadn't expected it quite yet. Dad's heart was set on our going to college, and Kent and I had long looked forward to those four years. We were both to study law and take over Dad's practice. That was the plan.

I mentioned this now.

"Oh, we've thought of all that," declared Lucy, "and, of course, Kent's going to college. Four years isn't such a long time to wait." And then as though to convince herself she ended. "Why, I'd wait for Kent through all eternity!"

Kent accepted this matter-of-factly. Of course, Lucy would wait.

"And it's to be a dead secret, Tom!" He was emphatic on this point. "You're the only one who's to know. We're not going to announce it—oh, until I get established in business."



SWEETHEART



"Kent might have married someone else," I said.

Then they went off to 'take a spin in the car,' they said. That meant I had to walk home. It was Dad's car, although Kent and I used it together.

But I felt like walking. I guess I covered a good many miles that night in the lonely moonlight, wondering. Even then, I'd begun to wonder about love. It seemed so mixed up, so wrong.

The hall clock was striking three when I finally let myself in and climbed up to our room. Kent was already sleeping deeply—even in his sleep he managed to appear debonair and confident. Now the moonlight etched out a faint victorious smile on his lips. And as I got into bed, for some reason I remembered Lucy's words, "I'd wait for him through all eternity."

Kent and I went away to college soon after—in the four years that followed I had many an occasion to recall them again. Kent and I were roommates and on our study table stood Lucy's picture. Her brown eyes held a waiting look, and her lips a steady smile that seemed to be saying, "I'll always be here. No matter how long you are gone, I'll always be waiting."

But Kent seemed in no hurry to return. He was taking his time through college. He went in for football; he went in for the glee club, for track, for campus politics, and for girls. For everything there was to go in for—except law.

"Oh, let up," he'd growl when I'd protest at seeing him throw a handful of 'cinch notices' into the basket: "What if I do flunk a couple of courses? I'll get through sometime."

"But, Kent, think of Lucy!" Kent never failed to frown when I brought Lucy's name into these discussions. "How long do you want to keep her waiting for you?"

"That's my business," he'd answer. "And Lucy's."

THERE was resentment in his voice at these times—and I knew it was resentment against Lucy as well as against me. I could tell from the way he frowned at her picture. Something about her face smiling up at him from its frame seemed to annoy him. I think he'd never have kept it there if he'd had a roommate less sure to notice its absence.

But it soon became inconspicuous among the other photographs that were added to our room. Kent's dresser was a jumble of feminine faces, his walls were tacked full of them. These pictures were a romantic history of his four years in college. They recorded each passing fancy.

And yet, all the while Kent was loving Lucy in his light-hearted, careless, way.

Then came the end of our junior year—and life changed for us. Dad died after a short sudden illness. We were left alone—Kent and I. A few weeks later we were twenty-one and came into our inheritance—the house was ours, and the income from a small carefully invested capital. But we

were too stunned to give much thought to this—now.

The summer of Dad's death was the high-water mark for Kent and Lucy. Sorrow had sobered Kent; he seemed lost and bewildered. He turned to her for comfort, and Lucy, feeling his need, gave him every moment of her time.

When the day came for us to leave, Kent was more demonstrative than usual in his parting.

"Lucy—sweetheart!" I heard him whisper. "You'll always be here when I need you?"

"Always, Kent," she answered, and in her eyes shone the light of one who consecrates her heart to high purpose. "Always!"

Sorrow for Kent was like love—something to be felt briefly and then left behind. It wasn't long before he was swept into the stream of campus life, forgetting Dad, forgetting Lucy. A spectacular football game made him a hero over night. A dashing New York divorcée was showering attentions upon him which he complacently accepted. Besides all these things, Kent now had plenty of money to spend. And he was free; he was responsible to no one. Perhaps it isn't any wonder he lost grip.

I watched this change taking place in him, powerless to do anything to prevent it. But the first night he came in so disgustingly drunk that I had to help him to bed. I was moved to some sort of a tirade.

"Not that I care what you do," I snapped at last, when I'd failed to make any impression on him. "You can drown yourself in rum for all I care. It's Lucy I'm now thinking of."

That roused him. "Lucy!" The word was a sneer. "What I care about Lucy. Let 'er wait 'til I get good an' ready to come home. If I wanna drown myself in rum I'm gonna—and Lucy isn't goin' to stop me."

As he sank back on the bed he sent a vindictive look toward her picture. "Jus' let her wait," he muttered furiously; "jus' let her wait!"

This little scene was never repeated. From then on I ushered Kent to bed in solemn silence when there was any ushering to be done. And there was—frequently.

The end of the term drew near, and there wasn't even a chance of Kent's graduating. I took this seriously, but Kent refused to worry.

"Never cared much about law, anyway," was his light comment. "Guess you'll have to hold down the fort alone."

"BUT what will you do?" I insisted. "You and Lucy can never live on what Dad left."

Well, I'd started something. Kent wheeled around.

"Look here," he began angrily. "If you and Lucy think I'm going to start right in working again after four years hard grind at college, you're badly mistaken." Obviously, his very tone accused Lucy and me of

being in conspiracy to rob him of his youth. "I suppose I'll have to come back and settle down sometime. But I'm going to have my fling first. I'm going to see something of the world."

He was sullen now, as though he expected me to argue, and was prepared to battle anything I had to say. But I was speechless.

"And you've got to make it right with 'cy," Kent was emboldened by my silence. "I'm not going back at all. I'm starting right off from here."

An idea suddenly struck him.

"And I'm starting tomorrow," he ended. "No use sticking around any longer."

For a moment I was glad. Kent could never make Lucy happy—I knew my brother well enough to be sure of that. And with Kent gone perhaps there would be a chance for me. She might need me more, and love might grow from that need.

It was an idea that died soon. Just a little rational thinking killed it. Remember, I'd done quite a bit of wondering about this

thing called love. And I had reason to know that for Lucy, as for me, it came but once—and stayed.

Kent was as good as his word. The next day, two weeks before graduation, he started off. He started off despite the fact that I'd spent a good part of the night trying to dissuade him.

"You can't go off like this and leave Lucy," I remember saying. "After she's been waiting all these years."

"If she's waited all these [Turn to page 96]



"If she's waited all these years, she can wait a little longer," he said.



Even the trying light of afternoon does not dismay the woman who uses her correct tone of Pompeian Bloom for the desired note of color in her cheeks.

Perfectly Natural

Pompeian Bloom gives your cheeks a color exquisitely natural

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

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Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. And when they use the right shade of Bloom the wholly natural effect is achieved.

From the shade chart you can easily select the particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

SHADE CHART for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone, with a faint sugges-

tion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The **Medium** tone of Pompeian Bloom just suits this type of skin.

If you are slightly tanned, you may find the **Orange** tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the **Oriental** tint.

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Special Note: An unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone from those above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Specialist on Beauty



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THIS generous offer of Bloom gives you an opportunity to really know how good is this popular Pompeian product. For 20c you get 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing), Beauty Powder, Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet, and the famous 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled "Moments That Will Be Treasured Be, in the Mint of Memory." This panel was executed by a famous artist, and is reproduced in full color. Art store value 75c to \$1.00.

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Shade of rouge wanted
This coupon void after Nov. 1, 1926.



Famous Beauties make themselves more beautiful with TANGEE

*For Tangee
changes color
to blend with
each complexion*

YOU'LL hardly believe it until you try it—but this remarkable make-up actually changes to one shade on blondes and another on brunettes . . . It will give you just the color you need whether you are blonde, or brunette, or in-between.

This makes Tangee unquestionably the finest make-up you can buy.

Tangee Lipstick gives blush-rose lips—and is waterproof—frictionproof—permanent—and absolutely harmless.

Tangee Crème Rouge is greaseless—spreads easily—blends perfectly—and does not fade or rub off.

Tangee Rouge Compact is a chic little gun-metal case with puff and mirror containing the same color magic in caked powder form.

Don't put off having beautiful color! Clip this ad and put it in your purse to remind you—or see the coupon . . .



Introductory Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

Dept. 111, THE GEORGE W. LEFF CO.,
417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Moth and the White Lights

[Continued from page 28]

belonged in that old Eden Musee!"

I had heard of amateur night at Danny Hogan's and had thought that if ever I had a chance I could at least be given the opportunity to try again. But there was Mother Mary Monaghan, and a thousand other reasons why I was afraid to take that chance or even try to take it. What would Uncle Tim say?

"Aw, t'hell wid Uncle Tim," admonished Skeeter.

"Skeeter Kelly don't you dare talk like that!" I flared.

"Nix, nix, Pansy. I don't mean nuttin' wrong! But I got it all fixed up. It's just like jumpin' off de dock into de East River. All dese amachure goils and guys is big stiffs. You comes along and does your toin and cops de five bucks. Just like dat, see? Dey'll fall fer you just because you're a kid, see? I tells Danny Hogan and he says bring along Dago Joe and it'll be a riot. Gee, Pansy, yuh ain't goin' t'fall down on me now?" Skeeter pleaded.

When Skeeter Kelly got excited, he forgot he ever went to school and dropped into the vernacular of the gang. But his eyes were all aglow. This was all his scheme. I questioned him and found he had not only been to Danny Hogan; he had seen Dago Joe. All I had to do was to "keep your noive" as Skeeter put it, and do a buck and wing just as I had done it in the street, and I would win the first prize which was five dollars.

And this was the Washington Society Girls' show and Maggie Maguire, another Sullivan Street girl, was with them. It was thinking of Maggie Maguire that helped me make my decision. I had never kept back anything from Mother Mary Monaghan and Uncle Tim before, but when Friday night came, I slipped out after supper with my heart beating like a trip-hammer. Skeeter was by the steps waiting for me.

Even the reassurance he gave me was hardly enough to keep me from faltering at the last minute. But five dollars was a lot of money. And if ever I was to go on the stage I had to start.

"N I was over to Woolworth's and I got yuh a pair of green stockings and a green ribbon fer your hair!" Skeeter said enthusiastically.

"Green stockings!" I exclaimed. "Surest ting y'know," said Skeeter confidently. "I'm your manager, ain't I? We'll wave the Irish flag at 'em, Pansy, and knock 'em dead. 'N the stockin's 'll fit yuh 'cause I tried 'em on meself, and me and you wear the same size shoes!"

I laughed out loud. I couldn't help it. But we were going down Bleeker, and had crossed Broadway, and were getting close to the Bowery and the theatre. My heart started going like mad again. If only Skeeter could go out on the stage with me. But to face those people alone! I had never been to Danny Hogan's, but I had been to the movies and I knew I would have to face a whole house full of people. And they would all be looking at me. And what would Uncle Tim say after it was over? And Mother Mary Monaghan?

"N Danny Hogan says it's goin' t' be a riot. 'N if it is, he says he'll give yuh an act in the olio and take yuh on the road if old man Monaghan 'll let yuh go."

I remember that much of what Skeeter was saying to me. He had hold of my arm and I was hurrying to keep up with him. All of a sudden we had come to the bright lights of the theatre, had ducked up the ally and had gone through a door. It was like a barn. Like the hay-loft in the livery stable over on Fourth Street,

was what I thought. Skeeter was saying something to a man in a brown derby hat and a big diamond in his shirt-front, and I was shaking hands with Danny Hogan and was scared to death.

Then I saw Dago Joe. He was standing alongside his hurdy-gurdy. I wasn't afraid of him, and, as I went over to him, he took off his old felt hat.

"My leetla gurl, we maka da begg hin jus' like in Italia 'n—"

Maggie Maguire suddenly appeared and put an arm around me. She was dressed in pink tights, with a big black hat with a pink ostrich feather, just like the ladies on the poster. Her cheeks were painted red as fire and it was all blue under her eyes.

AND then, I heard music and Maggie was gone. Skeeter was holding my arm again, and the man with the diamond and the derby hat was looking down at me and smiling.

All I remember of that night, until it came my turn to go out of the dark onto the stage where the bright lights were, is just things like that. First, Dago Joe, and then Maggie, and then Skeeter, and the man in the derby with the diamond who was Danny Hogan.

It seemed like hours that I waited there wondering all the time what Mother Mary Monaghan and Uncle Tim were going to say when I got home. And somewhere deep down within me was a voice that kept saying: "If ever you're going on the stage you've got to start."

Everything was just like it was when there was a fire. Men and girls were running back and forth. I could hear bells ringing a long way off. Then it stopped and some one was talking. I couldn't hear what he said, but something within me told me it was Danny Hogan who was speaking and the time had come when I had to make my start.

But I was wrong. There were half a dozen who were ahead of me. I could hear music, and yells and laughter that seemed to make the whole place shake. And then I was looking down at myself. I had on green stockings! I didn't remember putting them on. I put my hand to my head and felt a bow. It was the green hair ribbon. I didn't remember putting that on either. Skeeter had bought them for me at Woolworth's. And he had tried on the stockings to make sure that they would fit. He wore the same size shoes that I did.

*"East Side, West Side,
All around the town . . ."*

That was Dago Joe's hurdy-gurdy. Some one gave me a shove. "Attagirl, Pansy! Knock 'em dead!" That was Skeeter Kelly.

Bright lights were glaring at me. Beyond them I could see nothing except rows and rows of white circles. Where was I? And then eyes began to appear in the circles. I could hear Dago Joe's hurdy-gurdy. My chance had come. I began to dance. The circles disappeared. Everything disappeared. I was back on Sullivan Street, and Skeeter Kelly was keeping time and cheering me on. Mother Mary Monaghan was wringing her hands and Uncle Tim was leaning back against the stoop, roaring with laughter. Dago Joe was swinging into the last chorus. I knew every step to that tune. I put my mind on every beat and swung into a double shuffle just as he ended.

There was a roar like all Sullivan Street had exploded at once. And then the street

[Turn to page 84]

The X-Ray of the Hair

This machine tests a small strand of your hair. It gives your Permanent Waver advance facts that insure Safety and Perfect Results.



Nestle's new invention takes the guess out of permanent waving

NO greater step forward in hair science can be imagined than the NESTLE METER SCALE. It determines the character of your hair in advance of your perm—wave—and eliminates all guesswork.

Gone is the possibility of individual error, over-curling or under-curling. Gone is the era when all hair was put through the waving-machine as though all hair were alike.

Each head of hair is now waved permanently as if Nature, herself, had performed the duty.

As Revealing as the X-Ray

The Nestle Meter Scale discloses an amazing variety of hair qualities. It analyzes the individual characteristics of your hair—and your permanent wave is prescribed in advance from the Nestle Laboratory in New York.

From this examination and "prescription," the Nestle Permanent Waver in your own community will then wave your hair by the

Nestle Circuline Process

The Circuline Process of Permanent Waving carries out, "to the letter," the readings of the Nestle Meter Scale—so that each head of hair is waved according to its individual needs.

To have a perfect permanent wave is a reasonable expectation. With Circuline you will not be disappointed no matter what kind of hair you may have—whether it be normal, snow-white, black, blond, bleached or dyed—whether you want a tight, medium or loose wave.

Have Your Hair "Read" Before You Have It Waved

The Reading and Recommendation
Cost You Nothing

Just fill out the coupon below and send a small strand of your hair

(about as thick as the lead in any ordinary pencil and at least 5 inches long.) Do not send combings. Enclose \$1 deposit to cover cost of testing.

The Nestle Laboratories will then send you a card showing the result of your hair test. This card contains directions to your Permanent Waver, giving the exact Circuline lotion required for any type of wave you may want.

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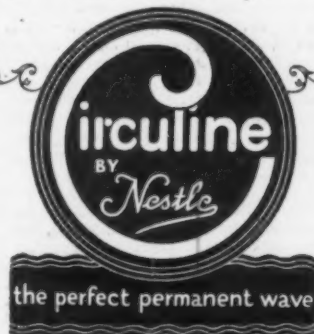
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Whether your hair is strong or weak, snow-white or black, bleached or dyed—no matter whether you've ever had a permanent or not—send for Mr. Nestle's new book on the Circuline Process. It is alive with helpful information on the care of the hair—material that has taken a lifetime

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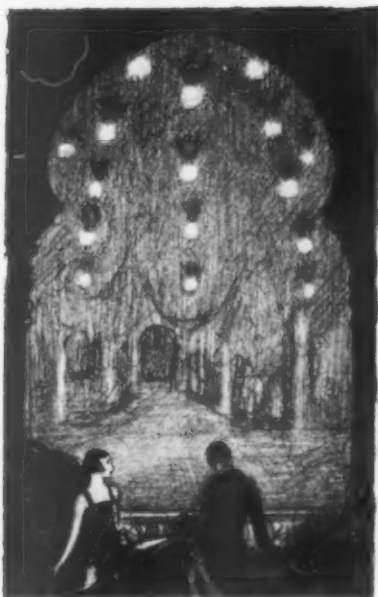
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*"We had lived
that hour
before!"*

"—and a strange feeling came over me that you and I—alone together—had lived that hour centuries ago in the lamp-starred silence of a vanished hall. Did you sense the mystery in the air about us? Did the same strange feeling come to you?"

FROM HER DIARY:

"It was the most romantic hour we ever spent together. The temple incense—that was it!"

FAIR women of the ancient East used, like a spell, the elusive fragrances of temple incense to make their beauty still more fascinating. Vantine's Temple Incense offers women of today the same strangely powerful secret, to surround themselves with the glamor of romance. In six delightful odors at drug and department stores.

What mysterious charm can incense give you?

*A sample of each fragrance
sent on receipt of ten cents.*

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc.

(Dept. 9) 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



The Moth and the White Lights

[Continued from page 82]

disappeared. I was looking at a million people and they were laughing and clapping their hands. I stood there for half a minute and then I ran—bang into the arms of Skeeter.

"Wot tha hell! Didn't I tell yuh yuh'd knock 'em dead!"

Then Maggie Maguire had her arms around me and she was laughing and crying both. I was thinking of Mother Mary Monaghan and Uncle Tim and wondering what they'd say. But if ever I was going on the stage I had to start. It was like a house falling down on me when I realized that I had been on the stage. That I had danced. That the cheering and clapping out there were for me. I buried my face against Maggie Maguire and began to cry.

Slowly it dawned on me that my dream had come true. I had had my chance and I had won. What was it Skeeter Kelly had said to me? That Danny was going to put me in the olio and send me on the road?

I WAS being pushed out where the bright lights were again. There was a whole row of people out there. But they were men and women. I was the littlest one in the line. And everybody in the theatre was laughing and cheering. Danny Hogan had an envelope and was holding it over the woman's head down at the end of the line. Everybody laughed again and Danny Hogan moved along to hold it over a man's head. There was more laughter. So it was all the way down the line and then Danny was holding the envelope over my head and it sounded like all the people in the world had started cheering at once. I had had my chance and had won. Maggie Maguire had her arms around me and was kissing me. Skeeter Kelly was jumping up and down like a monkey on a string.

And then I saw Uncle Tim.

Looking back I wonder how it all happened. My world then was bounded by a few city blocks. The only Broadway I knew was West Broadway, a dark, noisy street under the Sixth Avenue Elevated. The slip of a girl of sixteen who went out the next fall with Danny Hogan's show, went through a revolution in the theatre. Legs were limbs in those days, and they were covered with pink tights. These are my impressions as I see them now. I don't remember just what I thought about it all then. I knew I was bitter, and ashamed, and angry, by turn.

Especially when the Baptist mission lady came to the Monaghans and threatened to report them to the authorities and have me taken away from them if they dared to let me go with the show. I remember that Mother Mary Monaghan gave that mission lady a piece of her mind. And that same night when the minister from the mission came, Uncle Tim almost threw him out of the house. It was rather terrible in those days, I guess, to think of a girl of sixteen wearing tights and going out with a burlesque road-show. And look at Broadway now!

Barney Pressman was part-owner of Danny Hogan's show and Mrs. Pressman had charge of the wardrobe. She and Maggie Maguire took care of me. After the show, I'd go to a restaurant with Barney and Mrs. Pressman and we'd have supper. Then we'd go around to the theatrical boarding house and go to bed. It didn't make any difference whether it was Minneapolis or Chicago. That part of it was the same, day after day, week after week.

But in the mornings when I could go around and see places; or go down to the

theatre and try out new steps; that was when I wondered how it had all happened and when I thanked my stars for the luck I had had.

It was in the mornings that I missed Sullivan Street. I wondered what the other kids were doing. And I missed Skeeter Kelly. I knew that if it hadn't been for little Skeeter I would never have had my chance. At first I used to send him post cards from every city we played. Then, gradually, I stopped until I wasn't writing to him at all. So it went, until that first summer I came home.

Oh! but wasn't I glad to see Mother Mary Monaghan, and Uncle Tim, and Terry! How good it felt to be back home! After supper that night I slipped out half-expecting to find Skeeter at the steps waiting for me.

"Lo, Pansy!" It was Tony Giannelli, the boy who lived next door.

"Hello, Tony," I said and put out my hand to shake hands with him. Then before he had time to take it, I pulled it back again. I had drifted away from Sullivan Street. Like a shock the realization of it came to me. Even Tony looked at me sort of funny. Here I had come back home to Sullivan Street, but Sullivan Street wasn't Sullivan Street any more. Tony had put his hands in his pockets and with one foot was kicking at the steps.

"Where's Skeeter?" I asked.

"Over to th' fight. Skeeter's goin' t' be a fighter. Danny Hogan's trainin' him," Tony said.

"Well, if you see him, Tony, tell him I was asking for him," I said, and went back into the house.

I felt all hollow and empty inside. What in the world had happened? I could hear Mother Mary and Uncle Tim talking in the kitchen, so I slipped past and went out and sat on the back steps. There was wash hanging out in the yard. As far back as I could remember, there had been washing in the yard on Monday. But now, the washing swaying in the wind had a new significance. One of the weekly squabbles on the road was getting your laundry off and getting it back on time. Sullivan Street had no such troubles; Sullivan Street did its own washing. Mother Mary Monaghan had been over the tub all day. Tomorrow she would be ironing. Some of those clothes out there were Terry's; next week, some of them would be mine.

ON THE road you tied up your clothes and handed them over a counter, sometimes to a Chinaman, and at the end of the week you went and got them all ironed and neatly wrapped in crinkly paper. And you forgot that there had been steam and soapuds and an ironing board and what-not required to make the change. Sullivan Street never forgot such things. Maybe I didn't think of it just that way—I was seventeen—but that washing hanging out on the line made me feel that you got close to life on Sullivan Street. And, even now, every once in a while when the laundry goes out or comes home, I can see Mother Mary Monaghan's washing hanging on the line as I saw it that night. I couldn't quite figure out why—I can't even now—but Sullivan Street had suddenly become Sullivan Street once more, I belonged to it and I was glad.

It was the sound of voices in the hall that made me realize I had been crying. I sprang up and brushed the tears away just as Terry came to the door.

"Gee, Pansy, I been lookin' all over for yuh. What yuh hidin' out there for? Skeeter Kelly's come t' see yuh!"

[Turn to page 86]




Fine Pores Make Fine Skins

Will she "live happily ever after?"

RADIANT, starry eyed, she looks inquiringly to the future. Will her rosy dreams come true? Will he love her always? Will he be as proud of her five years hence?

Who can tell? It depends so much on her—on her tact, her loyalty, but most of all, her skill in retaining her vibrant, youthful loveliness. For it is only too true—love often fades as beauty fades.

Don't let happiness flit out of your hands. Whether you are a bride of the past or present—or one for future years—make up your mind now to be and *stay* as beautiful as *he* would have you. Make up your mind to keep your skin always fresh and youthful—always satiny-soft and fine-textured as that of the youngest bride. It's all a matter of proper care—care that will refine the pores and keep them normally invisible. For, as you know, *fine pores make fine skins*.

If you would learn the secret of a lovely complexion, learn to refine the pores

All beauty specialists will caution you against powdering over open pores. For the tiny particles of powder enter the little openings, clog and enlarge the pores and make the skin rough, coarse and unlovely.

That's why most beauty parlors finish their treatments with the application of ice to close the pores. Ice does the work all right, but it is a little too harsh for most skins and quite inconvenient to apply at home.

A new and better way—

Princess Pat Ice Astringent

Fortunately you no longer have to bother with chopping ice nor risk its harsh effect upon your skin. For Science has now pro-

vided a new and better way—Princess Pat Ice Astringent—a delightful, fresh, "freezy" cream that is really both *ice* and *finishing* cream combined—an astringent that has all the pore-refining and skin-firming qualities of ice without any of its disadvantages.

At the first touch of this magic cream you will feel a reviving, cooling sensation—a j-yous tingle that will flush your cheeks with new life and vigor and leave your face glowingly refreshed for hours. In a second this cream has disappeared and you have a splendid foundation for your make-up. Your pores are closed and you can powder without clogging and enlarging them; without causing that "flaky" effect which comes from powdering over open pores. Your make-up stays on longer and looks more natural; your complexion is protected against dust, wind and exposure; you have the lasting loveliness that comes only with a satiny-soft, fine-textured skin.

Keep your skin fresh and youthful this new way

Begin today to win and keep the beauty that all men adore. Get Princess Pat Ice Astringent at your favorite toilet goods counter and always apply a little before putting on your powder and rouge. You'll be rewarded with an added loveliness and charm you have never known before.

If you prefer to try this delightful Ice Astringent before purchasing, simply mail the coupon and a generous sample will be sent you without cost or obligation.



Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

This new Ice Astringent is the second "twin" of our famous Twin Cream Treatment—known everywhere as the ideal pore-refining method. It is a Princess Pat discovery and only Princess Pat can offer it to you. Do not confuse it with ordinary "astringent creams." There is no similarity. Princess Pat is the *one and only* Ice Astringent.

Free

So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, we take pleasure in sending you a free trial tube. Just mail the coupon.

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2700 South Wells Street, Chicago.

Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial tube of Princess Pat Ice Astringent.

Name.....

Street.....

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(Print name and address plainly)

Every preparation made by Princess Pat is made for a definite purpose. Each is guaranteed to achieve that end most effectively. If you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money.

**IT'S OFF
because IT'S OUT**

That is why ZIP is so popular today. It destroys the growth. It attacks the cause and eliminates it gently, quickly and safely, at the same time making your skin *adorable*. This action is totally unlike depilatories which merely remove surface hair. Use ZIP once on your face, underarms or body and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories, or electric treatments. Ideal for perfecting the hair line below the bob.

Bald Everywhere Moneyback Guarantee
Write for "Beauty's Greatest Secret" FREE
Very Special: Enclose 1c in stamps and I will send you also liberal samples of AB-SCENT (deodorant), Face Powder, and Mousse, Cleansing and Tissue Building Cream.
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**Destroy Your Superfluous
Hair & ROOTS
with**

ZIP

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT




Blonde Hair Kept Light By New Swedish Shampoo

Blonde hair is highly attractive but it has a tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is far from pleasing. But now every blonde can keep her hair beautifully light and sparkling *always*. Simply use Blondex, the new Swedish light hair shampoo. This not only corrects the natural tendency of blonde hair to darken—but actually brings back the true golden beauty to hair that has already darkened. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Fine for scalp. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

The Moth and the White Lights

[Continued from page 84]

And then, before I could go inside, some one had brushed past Terry, some one in long pants with a big, light, checkered cap pulled down over one ear. It was a full minute before I knew it was Skeeter.

"I ain't proud, Pansy, let's sit on the steps. Gee, kid, I'm glad t' see yuh!"

"Why, why, Skeeter!" I exclaimed.

"The kid himself," he laughed and caught both my arms in a grip that made me wince.

And as he sat down beside me, I knew that this wasn't the Skeeter Kelly I had played with before I went on the road. He hadn't grown very much, I could see that, there in the half-dark. But his voice, the way he spoke, the sureness he had of himself, told me that here was a Skeeter Kelly I didn't know.

"An' I had me first chance t'night, Pansy, an' I won. I guess a guy's got to win when his girl comes home!"

Suddenly, I remembered that day on Blecker Street when Skeeter had fought with Tony Giannelli. I hadn't realized that when Tony told me out front about Skeeter going to be a fighter that he meant prize fighting. The bartender in the saloon on the corner had been a prize fighter. He was so ugly I was afraid of him, with his twisted nose and one ear that looked like a dog had chewed it almost off. All I could think of was that Skeeter would look like that. It made me shudder.

"Yuh don't think I gotta swell head t' be tellin' yuh about it, Pansy?"

There was a pleading tone in his voice, just like the boy I had known before I went away.

"Why, no," I stammered. "I—I'm glad."

"Attagirl, Pansy. Yuh see, Tiny Sullivan slipped down in the dressin' room and hurt his ankle. An' Danny Hogan let me go on fer Sullivan. It was four rounds. The other guy was a Harlem smoke they calls the Yeller Kid. Believe you me, I got it good an' plenty. But I stands right up to him and takes it. That gets his goat, see? An' den in de final I gets through a snappy hook on de jaw, an' de nigger goes down, an' is rollin' over fer de count of five when de gong saves him. De ref'ree sticks my hand up de air an' dat means I won, see?"

All I could think of was the ugly bartender on the corner.

"But you—you didn't get hurt?"

"Naw! Just one of me lamps is kinda black. But yuh can't see it in the dark, can yuh? Dat's why I wanted t' sit out here on de steps. See?"

"I'm glad I can't see, Skeeter," I said.

"Attagirl, Pansy," he laughed taking my hand.

BUT I was thinking of the bartender on the corner.

It was five long years before I got to Broadway. I had plenty of chorus offers but I didn't want them. Luck had started me off with a specialty and I was superstitious. Everyone on the stage is, and to drop back into the crowd in the hope that I would be noticed and get a chance to break through was—well, it just wasn't done. From that first buck and wing I had grown into an eccentric dancer. For three years I stayed with Danny Hogan's show and then got a try-out in vaudeville. But vaudeville wasn't Broadway. Maggie Maguire was still in burlesque. I had hitched my dream to a new star. That "something to live for," of my father's was always in the back of my mind.

And so every summer saw me going the rounds of the managers and "doing my stuff." I was offered jobs, plenty of them, chorus jobs with a couple of lines and a specialty. So was every girl who had

experience, looks, and could dance well.

Shows were changing. The chorus girl was at last having her day. But she was still a chorus girl even if her specialty did add a considerable lump to the pay envelope.

And then a new dance came along. Like that debut of mine at the old Bowery Burlesque—it just happened. For five solid years I had been doing eccentric dancing; this new dance was just made for me. It was a cross between the fox-trot and the buck and wing—the Charleston. I closed in Savannah, where I first saw it, on a Saturday night. Monday morning, and I was back in little old New York with a portable Victrola, a dozen of the jazziest of jazz records and a place to practise. I did a Charleston marathon that lasted two weeks. Then I went looking for a manager. I was going to make Broadway—or go back to burlesque and stay there.

I HAVE omitted something. Sullivan Street really wasn't Sullivan Street any more and hadn't been for three years. A real estate syndicate had bought the whole block where we lived and the block opposite on MacDougal Street. All the old tenants had to move out. Both blocks were completely remodeled. The old fences in the yards where the wash used to hang were all torn down, and the whole space between the Sullivan Street houses and the MacDougal Street houses was made into a garden. The real estate people were doing things like that all over New York.

Mother Mary Monaghan and Uncle Tim left the old neighborhood and moved to the Bronx. And that was the last summer I saw of Skeeter Kelly. That was another thing that just happened. I wasn't Skeeter's girl any more. I wasn't anybody's girl. I didn't have time to be anybody's girl. Terry had graduated from high school and was a freshman at Columbia. He had a mind of his own, was working his way, and was going to be a lawyer. I forgot all about the fact that I had wanted him to be a doctor. I was just proud of him and I knew that if father were living he would be proud of him too.

Where was I? Going around to the managers with a portable Victrola and an armful of records. I don't know where I got the idea or where I got the nerve to put it over. And the man who named that machine "portable" ought to have to carry it around New York for a day at a time. It almost broke my arm.

I had danced in every manager's office there was—or almost everyone. I think I amused most of them. There was a novelty to it, a sort of one-ring circus. I was the music, the words, and everything. They thought I was good and said so. They offered me jobs—a specialty in the chorus. I packed up my portable Victrola and moved on. Visions of "back to burlesque" had begun to appear. Then it happened.

A fat little bald-headed man with a smile (you'd know him if I mentioned his name) gave me a card.

"He is the son of my old friend," he said as he gave me the card. "This is his first venture. Fraternity brothers of his, with money, are back of him. He's got a good idea and if it goes over he will have the fastest show in town—speed is the motto—everybody in the show will have to step and step fast. I—I may be wrong, but I think he *needs* you!" He emphasized "needs" and I couldn't believe my ears.

I took one look at the card, saw the name and address written on it and fled. I burst into that next office like a young

cyclone, only to stop dead the moment I entered the door. There were half a dozen men there, good-looking men, one of them had a flask and he turned with it poised in mid-air to see what the disturbance was.

Then he looked right at me and smiled. I could not help smiling back. Then he filled his glass.

"Boys, we'll drink to the fairy god-mother of *Step, Step, Step*, I think we've found her!"

Then they all laughed and drank. But with my back against the door I stood my ground. I had been made fun of for a week and by this time was getting used to it.

The first young fellow put down the flask (he couldn't have been more than twenty-seven or eight) and stepped toward me.

"My dear young lady," he said, just as though he were going through a part in a musical comedy. "We do not jest, my friends and I. We have a perfectly good show—that is, it would be a perfectly good show if we had a youthful lead who could step. Now if that's your line you might open your sample case."

"I'm the youthful lead you're looking for!" I said, expecting him to laugh right in my face and handed him the card.

AS HE took the card and looked at it, I saw him gape with astonishment.

"You—you," he stammered. "He—he sent you here!"

"He said he thought you *needed* me!" I answered.

In that moment my nerve came back to me. It was now or never. I just had to go over. Before that young man and his friends had time to know what was going on, I had opened my portable machine, put on the peppiest record I had, and was showing them a Charleston that would have made its home town in South Carolina turn green with envy.

Two weeks later, *Step, Step, Step*, (that, by the way, was not the real name of the show) opened in Stamford. It was the snappiest revue Stamford had seen that winter. The preliminary road-tour was cancelled, and the show descended on Broadway. And Pansy Malone wasn't in the chorus.

It was a rush opening. Several things had to be neglected. There was a chance to get a theatre at once, and if you know the theatrical situation in New York, you know that theatres are scarce. Half a hundred productions are always waiting to find a Broadway home when the season is at its height.

I didn't tell Mother Mary Monaghan or Uncle Tim. I didn't tell anybody. One of the reasons was, that I was still afraid that it was all a dream, that I'd wake up and find myself back in vaudeville on the Southern Enterprise Circuit where I had left off. There would be time enough to tell the world after the first night was over.

The house wasn't very big that opening night. The show hadn't been advertised. It was Stamford one night, and New York the next, with some of the scenery missing. But what that bunch of first nighters lacked in numbers, they made up in applause. The music was good, there was a small chorus, only twenty, but they were hand-picked; the young producer and his fraternity brothers had seen to that. And the show moved. It was *Step, Step, Step*, from start to finish. It lived up to its name.

And with the house applauding madly at the final ensemble, I made a dive for my dressing-room the minute the curtain went down. I wanted to dash home as fast as I could get there. At last I had arrived on Broadway! Mother Mary Mona-

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ghan, and Uncle Tim, and Terry, should be the first to know. I hadn't even told them I was in New York. I had been living in a hotel on Forty-eighth Street.

I opened my dressing-room to find it banked with flowers; there was a basket of pansies almost as big as I was. And then, Ted Nichols, (I'll call him that) and his crowd of rich young backers, bust in on me. There was going to be a party, a first-night party such as New York had never seen!

I pleaded that I had to go home. They wouldn't listen. I could go home later. Nichols said he would take me home. So I gave in. I had been in New York for more than a month without going home, so one more night wouldn't make any difference. The men were all in evening dress. I had only a *crêpe de chine* afternoon dress unless I went to the hotel.

"I'll go just as I am," I said, looking down at my daring and adorable dance frock.

"WE WOULDN'T let you go any other way," laughed Ted Nichols as he held my wrap for me and we were off.

All the way to the place where the party was going to be, and I hadn't the slightest idea where that was, my mind was a whirl of delight. Pansy Malone had arrived on Broadway. This was the first time in my life I had ever been invited to a first-night party—and this was my party. Is it any wonder my head was turned? I'm not trying to make excuses, but the thrill of it all had captured my senses. Like the moth and the flame; only the flame was Life; the moth was I!

Finally we arrived, and I saw that it was at one of those big houses on Fifth Avenue opposite Central Park. I climbed out of the big limousine to walk across the pavement and up the steps on a red carpet. Overhead was a canopy, the kind they have at balls and weddings. And this was my party! If only Sullivan Street, the Sullivan Street that was, could see me now!

And that house! The word "mansion" is the only one I know that would describe it. Marble stairways with intricate carved brass balustrades; crystal chandeliers that glittered like diamonds; and then the huge dining-room, where one long table was set in a half-circle with all the chairs facing toward the center where there was a dais like a stage. Up on a balcony hidden by palms, an orchestra was playing the most rollicking jazz I had ever heard. Before I even had time to take off my wrap, I was dancing with Ted Nichols.

"This is your night and mine, Pansy Malone," he said as he smiled down into my face.

"Your night and mine," I smiled back. "Oh, I've waited all my life for this night!"

The music stopped. Guests were coming into the big room and finding their places at the big semi-circular table. I had the place of honor, in the center, with Ted Nichols at my right and one of his young backer-friends at my left. My party was on, full swing.

I think there were stars from every night club in town. It was just one continual round of gayety. When it came my turn to do a number, I had to give them half a dozen encores before they would let me stop. Finally I went back to the table in a daze. The wine was beginning to go to my head and not only the red and white wine, that bubbled and sparkled so merrily as it was poured into the long-stemmed glasses, but the wine of Life. Everything that had ever happened, everything I had ever dreamed about, seemed to be centered in this one night.

"Your night and mine, Pansy Malone," Ted Nichols laughed as he made me touch his glass to mine.

"It's yours and mine!" I laughed back.

But my head swam and I couldn't see things quite clearly any more. There was another number going on. Men were on the stage putting up posts and ropes. Then a young god with flaming red hair came dancing out, naked except for short green tights. Then another one jumped through the ropes. He was dressed like the first only his tights were blue. Now a man in his shirt sleeves and white flannel pants was standing between them.

The big room had suddenly grown quiet. My head grew heavy. Everything looked blurred. I could hear some one calling but couldn't make out what he said. I started to slide down slowly in my chair. It would feel good to bury my head on my arms on the table. I could go to sleep right there.

"Skeeter Kelly!"

From somewhere the words came to me. It was the person I had heard calling. The whole room was suddenly in an uproar and then a bell rang. I tried to straighten up but couldn't. Why were they calling Skeeter Kelly? Why had he come to my party? Now the crowd was yelling again.

"Attaboy!—soak him, Skeeter!—"

It was Ted Nichols right along side of me who had yelled that time. I managed to sit up. The two nearly naked forms were dancing back and forth before my eyes. No, they were fighting. That thing the men had put up was a ring. And the young god with red hair was Skeeter Kelly! I swayed toward the table when I felt Ted Nichols' arm go around me and hold me up.

"Tired, baby? 'S all right," Ted was saying. "Las' act, baby. Snappy wind up—first party. Skeeter Kelly—bantam champ—frien' o' mine—"

Ted Nichols was drunk and I was a long way from being sober. I had just about enough sense to realize that, when the crowd went mad. Everybody had jumped up and I couldn't see what had happened. Had Skeeter been hurt?

As if to answer my fear he came bouncing through the crowd right at me. At least it looked that way until I saw he was looking at Nichols.

"Attaboy Skeeter—some li'l party—say Skeeter—meet fas'es li'l baby in town—some step-stepper—Pansy Malone—"

I don't know what it was, but the blurriness was gone from my eyes and I was looking right into Skeeter Kelly's. I saw him go white.

"Pansy, for the love of—"

"Hey—Skeeter!" Nichols yelled.

BUT Skeeter Kelly had gone. I couldn't move. I just sat there and stared dumbly straight ahead. I felt like somebody had hit me with a brick. Then my head started whirling again. The whole room was whirling.

I could feel Ted Nichols' arm about me. He was helping me to my feet. We were stumbling over chairs but I didn't care. All I wanted to do was to go to sleep, if my head would let me sleep.

"There baby—take it easy."

Ted had steered me to a couch. I sank into it all of a heap. It was in an alcove off the big room. I saw Ted get up and stagger across to let the portieres drop down.

"Light's hard on eyes, eh, baby!—Some li'l ol' firs' night party—'s all gone—now . . . 's my night—an' yours—"

I felt myself crushed in Ted's arms. I tried to push away but he held me tight.

"'S all ri', Pansy. 'S all gone . . . servan's . . . ev'rybody . . . jus' me an' you . . ." Then he laughed. "I guess we aren't so awful drunk as we look. What say, baby!"

That sobered me. So this was the end of my party. I had to think quickly. I let myself go limp in his arms. He must

have thought I had fainted for he sat up suddenly. I sprang away from the lounge but my foot caught in something and I fell.

"Oh, you would, would you!" he snarled. Then right in front of me there was a ripping tear. Down came the portieres and standing silhouetted against the light was Skeeter Kelly.

"You're a hell of a swell guy you are, ain't yuh? There's your lousy grand!"

I saw a roll of bills go hurtling into Ted Nichols' face.

"Come on, Pansy. Get your things. There's a cab outside. I couldn't believe you'd play his game, so I stuck around. I ought t' beat the hell out of him, only I wouldn't dirty my hands. I ain't no dive bouncer!"

I don't know how I found my wrap. Skeeter was helping me down the steps. There was a cab. We were in front of my hotel and Skeeter was holding the door open. Then Skeeter was gone and I was on my bed. Fifteen minutes before I had been on that lounge behind the portieres. God!

It was daylight when I got up to take my things off. I took a bath and got dressed again. There was no use trying to go to bed. I couldn't sleep. The way I felt it didn't matter much if I never slept again. *Step, Step, Step* and Pansy Malone had parted company. Broadway was a million miles away. What a joke! What if I hadn't tried to get away from Ted Nichols? Five solid years of trying, trying, trying and then—this.

What would Skeeter have thought if I hadn't tried to get away? And that "lousy grand." With a gasp I realized what a "grand" was. Skeeter Kelly had thrown a thousand dollars into Ted Nichols' face! Little Skeeter Kelly of Sullivan Street!

"Sure a man's a man if he's got something to live for!" Those words of my father's rang in my ears. Certainly Skeeter Kelly was a man. And I—over in the corner stood the portable Victrola—I was going to be a woman.

There was a knock at the door. It was Skeeter, and I knew what I had to say to him.

"Hello, Pansy," he grinned. "How's tricks?"

"Fine!" I said gaily. "I'm just going out to look for a job."

"Like hell! You're coming down to Father Moran's an' get married to me."

And that's just what I did. But not until I'd had a good cry and put some powder on my nose.

My Rich Fiancé

[Continued from page 23]

an eternity to me. For a week, while he was resting and getting the fever out of his blood, I paced the ship, beaming on Dad, smiling at Sandy and giving only a toss of the head to Second Mate Duggan. At night when Sandy and I stood alongside of the rail, looking out across the sea, I would ask him to be quiet, so that I might dream. And Sandy, not understanding, would stand beside me, saying not a word—puzzled.

The day I found out that he was Murray Saunders, the son of one of New York's wealthiest men, I went away back on the after-deck of the *Mohawk* and cried into the churning white waters. I didn't know what it was that separated us, but I knew that we came from different worlds and I was afraid, frightfully afraid, for the first time in my life.

But I was too much my father's daughter to be afraid for long. The world was mine! He was mine, my heart! *Everything* told me that he was eager to be out

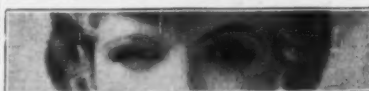


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and find me. What difference could dollars make to love?

Then one day, the day I hadn't expected it and my hair was all frowzy and I had on just 'any old dress', he was in the saloon when I went in to dinner. I wanted to turn about and run from him, but Dad was beckoning to me and I made my way over to his table. They all got to their feet and Dad introduced me.

That minute of chills and fever, hot and cold in turn! I found myself sitting beside him and could see his eyes as they smiled into mine. I could hear his voice talking to me; I could hear a strange, unnatural voice that I hardly recognized as my own answering him.

AND I poured evaporated milk into my drinking-water while Dad looked at me strangely, his eyes wide.

After dinner we went up on the deck and stretched ourselves out on two steamer-chairs and listened to the soothing swish of the sea along the ship's side. There were silences, too, when I didn't know what to say—when I didn't want to say anything, I was so happy. And I could feel Murray's eyes boring into my cheek, knowing that my face was crimson. As though he understood, he said:

"You know, I've been up in the interior for two years, altogether, a million it seems sometimes. And in all that time I've only seen a half-dozen white women. They—they seem almost like angels to me now."

"I guess they won't after you get used to them again," I said.

"Some of them will, or—or, one of them!"

I thought over that all night long! He seemed to have such a naive innocence that made me want to mother and protect him and tell him what to do and what not to do. Through every night his face was framed in the porthole of my cabin, and the ship's engines sang a little song I love, while the roll of the ship rocked me to sleep.

Night after night we sat on deck with the soft, cool breezes blowing down from the north. A gorgeous tropical moon seemed to throw some mysterious spell over us, as we sat silent, so happy and contented.

Murray told me strange tales of his family and his friends, people whose ways fascinated and appalled me. He spoke of hunting lodges and yachts as though they were the most usual things in the world. He told me that his father had financed all of his expeditions into South America and Africa, and he told me of the two books he had written on tropical wild life and insects.

One day he took me in his cabin and showed me several of the beautiful jungle butterflies he had got on his last expedition and in the showing our hands touched and flew apart as though we had grasped a charged wire. We looked into each others eyes quickly and laughed confused. Then I felt Murray's hand close over mine and I was trying to push him away from me—but not trying too hard.

His kisses, the first I had ever known, rained on my hair and face. My arms crept about his neck as though they had always meant to be there, and he kissed me with lips that had all the sweetness and tenderness in the world.

"I—I—I love you, Murray!" and my face went crimson.

"Oh, my sweet—I love you, too—always have!"

Then he kissed me again and I pushed him away, because I could scarcely breathe from the choking in my heart, and I felt as though my legs would sag beneath me. We stood there looking into each others eyes, our lips just a little parted, our eyes

wide at the wonder of it. Then I touched his cheek and his lips with the end of my fingers and ran out on the deck, my face burning, my heart singing. I wanted to throw my hands above my head and sing with joy. I raced into my cabin and threw myself on my bunk and sobbed until I was weak from the happiness of it all.

Then I heard Sandy's voice outside calling to me, and I got up and wiped away the traces of my tears as best I could and went out to him. When he saw my eyes his face clouded and his eyes narrowed into little slits of fire. "Little girl!" he said.

I looked at him and laughed, a happy laugh, and took his great arm and said, "No, Sandy. It's because I'm happy. Oh, Sandy, can you understand?"

Then his eyes flew wide and in a moment they were full of pain, like a dog that is being beaten. I could feel the muscles in his arm grow tense and then relax, and he threw back his head and laughed.

"I'm a mon who is glad if y'er happy, Miss Tobin!" As always when he was under a strain, Sandy lapsed into his Scotch accent.

"I knew you'd be glad, Sandy!" He patted my hand and went down across the deck, his head bent a little forward. Something told me he was going to Murray's cabin. But I wasn't afraid of that. Sandy MacKay was a man!

It was Second Mate Duggan who sneered and laughed and taunted without actually saying anything. I saw Murray's hands clench time and again when Duggan went by us on the boat deck and smiled a dirty, knowing little smile. Murray would look at him and then look at me in a puzzled, wondering way, until I wanted to shoot the Second in his tracks.

But he never said anything—until one day when Murray was passing him, he made a tantalizing remark. I never found out what it was. I was standing above them, leaning over the midships rail on the deck. I saw Murray whirl and strike out like the flash of a snake and the Second spat blood on the deck. The Second came at him swinging both fists and I cried out to Murray to run. He looked so frail and small, compared to the bulging Second, and the fever wasn't out of his blood.

In a half-minute the wind was whistling through their dry nostrils as they fought back and forth over the slippery deck. I called for Dad at the top of my lungs, for I had seen men fight before, and I had seen them carried away crippled for life.

AS THE crew began to collect about them, I heard Dad's voice bellowing on the bridge for the Second who was supposed to be on watch. I cried out to him again and he came running down the passageway from the bridge. I turned back just in time to see Murray lift the Second across the deck. I screamed out in fear, for the Second came up with a wooden club in his hand, his eyes mad with rage, snarling like a beast. With a roar he rushed, but his club never landed. Sandy came from some place and caught him almost in mid air with his two powerful hands. I saw the muscles stand out on Sandy's neck as he shook the Second like a dog shaking a rat. Then he dropped him to the deck and sent him spinning with a cuff on the ear.

Murray smiled and thanked Sandy as though one side of his face were not all bruised and bleeding, and there was joy in my heart that he was such a man. Just then Dad came bellowing by me and called,

"Mr. MacKay, what the hell does this mean?"

"Just a fight, sir."

"Who?" Dad's face was black with rage. "The Second made a remark to which Mr. Saunders took exception and crowned

him, sir." The crew snickered at that, because none of them had any love for the Second.

A little grin came over Dad's face, too, and he swung about, saying, "I'll leave you to attend to it, Mr. MacKay."

Without a smile Sandy said, "Yes, sir!" and went over beside the Second, lifted him to his feet and helped him to his cabin. What he did or what he said, no one knew, but after that day Second Mate Duggan was silent, if sullen.

When I told Dad about Murray he glowered and growled for a few minutes, but I stood my ground. He finally spoke.

"I don't see how a pampered kid like that could be worth a cuss; if you do, though, that's all that matters!" Then his face softened and he patted my hair. "But be careful, Marion; be sure." With a smile he led me into the chart room and pointed to a sign that his company had in the chart room of all their vessels: "Be sure you're right—then go ahead."

"I couldn't be any more sure, Daddy!"

"I'M WILLING, Marion—if he's honest about it, but—"

"Oh, Dad!" I couldn't believe what was in his mind.

Dad looked old then, old and tired, and I remembered that day so many years before when we had gone up beside Mother's grave. I pulled his face down and kissed his cheek, and he grinned and roared out through the doorway to a quartermaster.

For the last few days of our trip, Murray and I talked and talked of our future plans—expeditions to the four corners of the earth, getting specimens; wonderful dreams of days alone in the mountains where he could write. I told him that I would live his kind of a life, following him wherever he took me, helping him in every way I could in his work. But the tiniest doubt sprang up when I tried to recall even once that he had mentioned marriage.

And deep down in my heart I wondered whether he would still love me when he got back with his kind of people and compared me with them. The thought left me wide-eyed and afraid—if I ever lost him! Then I would close my eyes and shake my head from side to side, saying over and over, "No, no, no, no! God wouldn't ever take him away from me now. He is mine forever. He said so himself—'forever'."

When we docked at Philadelphia, Murray and his companions went ashore and took a train to New York. I was almost jealous of his eagerness to get away and see his family, then laughed at myself for a little simpleton. Who wouldn't be anxious to see the people they loved if they had been gone for two years?

He took me in his arms and crushed me so close to him that I could scarcely breathe. "Only three days, dearest," he said. "I'll come to the ship the day she docks and we'll go out to my house and I'll show you the sweetest mother in all the world!"

Between the time Murray left me in Philadelphia and my arrival in New York I experienced every emotion possible to a human being. Suppose his mother didn't like me, or his father, or his friends? Suppose—oh, I "supposed" every possible thing a dozen times and then started in at the beginning again.

I didn't know anything about the kind of clothes they wore and was frightened almost breathless at the prospect of staying at Murray's house. I went to Dad and he laughed at me and said, "Just be like yourself, Marion. And don't be afraid of them! You're just as good as they are, better probably if they're anything like you read about!"

Murray was on the pier when we docked

The Velvet Depths of Melting Eyes

pique the interest and haunt the memory because of their shadowy fringe of sweeping lashes.

Your eyes will reveal interesting depths and haunting tenderness, if you darken your lashes with WINX. Just touch them lightly with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle, and they at once appear much longer, darker and heavier. Your eyes have then the soulfulness of a screen star's.

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"Not a miracle Dear..... just Kissproof!"

"Yes but I don't yet quite understand!"

"Oh! of course you don't, Peggy old dear—you're like Jack. He couldn't understand why any woman wanted to be lovelier than nature made her. But after I used Kissproof . . . the thrill I got when he saw me, convinced me that Kissproof Rouge, Lipstick and Powder had wrought a radiant transformation. I was lovelier! My dream had come true! I fairly glowed with the joy of living. It was as simple as that!"

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Kissproof Compact Rouge, gorgeous, glowing with life and youth. As natural as your own blush. A ride in the glorious spring breeze, or under the evening lights amid blazing color, still finds this new, waterproof, compact rouge vivid and daintily adherent.

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(Check Shade of Powder)

Name

Address

in the North River. I forgot everything when I saw him standing there. What difference could anyone else make so long as he loved me? I was down the gang-plank and into his arms—the first one down—and the crew stood on deck and cheered. Murray turned crimson and didn't know whether to laugh or be mad. I waved a hand at them and they all burst out laughing, Murray with them.

Murray came on board while I packed my bag. When I handed it to him he looked at it rather dubiously as though to say, "Is that all there is?" And I—what woman can't do the same thing just instinctively?—said, "I've got to come in and do some shopping in a day or so. I haven't a thing to wear." He threw back his head and roared with laughter.

We walked out to the end of the pier and Murray motioned to a uniformed chauffeur sitting at the wheel of the largest automobile I had ever seen. He drew over beside us and Murray helped me to climb in. Inside were all sorts of little vanity cases and cigarette holders, mirrors and speaking tubes. I inspected each one with careful glee and exclaimed over them while Murray sat back smiling at me.

As we sped swiftly and smoothly across New York and over the bridge my apprehension grew in leaps and bounds. I suddenly realized that everything in Murray's home would be as smooth and flawless as his motor and its driver.

I moved over beside Murray and said, "You do love me, don't you, Murray?"

"More than anything in the world, dear."

"And nothing else matters? If—if, I don't have a lot of clothes, if I make mistakes at first, you'll still love me won't you, Murray?"

"As though that made any difference, sweetheart!"

"But it may when you see me with your other friends."

Murray took one of my hands in his and kissed a single finger. "That finger is worth more than all of them put together," he said, and I sat back in the seat content.

THE great white house seemed like some huge, ugly monster waiting to smother me. Half weeping, I said: "Oh, Murray, I am afraid!"

"Silly!" he laughed. "There is nothing to be afraid of. I've told Mother all about you, and she'll welcome you with open arms. She's real, Marion, and will be sweet to you for me if not for yourself. But I know she'll love you. You needn't care about the rest. They're just a bunch of half-wits, most of them, and they'll fall in and lope along with the pack." I didn't know what he meant then about the pack. But I know now!

It seemed a hundred thousand miles from the motor to the little group of people waiting on the motor portico to meet us. In a daze I singled out a white-haired woman with the sweetest smile in all the world and made my way toward her. The rest of the faces were just a blur. My clothes seemed to hang about me like burlap bags when I went up the steps, and my feet and hands seemed to be swinging like mighty pendulums.

I heard my own voice saying something as I bowed to the people before me, each pair of eyes sweeping over me, and through me, searching, merciless.

Then I found myself moving through a great, cool room and up some steps, while Mrs. Saunders talked to me, her arm about my shoulders. I could have got down on my knees to her then, because I knew that she understood.

She stayed with me for only a few minutes after giving me a few tactful in-

structions. And I wandered about the room like a child in a fairy castle, touching everything, even the dainty softness of the linen. Then I looked in the mirror at the cheap ill-fitting suit I had worn. The contrast was almost too much. I threw myself on the bed and cried for the first time since Murray first told me he loved me and for the third time since I was a child. I wanted my little cabin on Dad's boat more than anything else in the world.

I DIDN'T belong—that was all! Those girls with their half-veiled sneers and smiles gazing at me so insolently!

I got up and unlocked my bag. From down in the bottom I pulled out the only dress I had that I could possibly wear to dinner. How wonderful it had seemed to me when I bought it!

I couldn't face them in that. Tears came to my eyes again. I sat down in a straight-backed chair and held the thing before me again. I couldn't. There wasn't any use trying. A thousand thoughts flew threw my mind. What could I say?

Sobbing as though my heart would break, I made my decision. I didn't know what else to do. If Murray loved me, he would come for me and we could get married.

Softly opening the door, I peered out into the dimly lighted hallway. I knew if I could slip out onto the lawn the falling dusk would hide me and I could steal away.

I had taken only a few stealthy steps when I heard voices coming over a transom. I hesitated, afraid to pass. The voices became plainer and more distinct. "Isn't it terrible! Murray must still have a touch of the fever. I thought I would lose both eyes when I saw her step out of the motor—"

"And Murray thinks she's pure and undiluted—"

"Those clothes! But it won't last. She just happened to be the first thing he saw when he came out of the jungle and she grabbed him. He ought to have a guardian. Just wait until he wakes up!"

"She has probably been kept by every—" I couldn't stand any more. At first I wanted to keep on sneaking away—afraid. Then I remembered what Daddy had told me, and his fiery blood welled up until I nearly choked with rage. I dropped my bag where I stood and burst through the door, seeing red.

There were three of them lounging in the room with cigarettes dangling from their lips. Their eyes flew wide and their lips opened in astonishment when they saw me. I closed the door behind me and advanced across the room. They shrank away from me as I came toward them.

"You—you damned pussy cats!" I sobbed.

"My dear!" one of them gasped.

"My dear—hell!" I mimicked. I was "Red" Tobin's daughter now.

"I didn't want to come here in the first place. I was afraid—afraid that I'd run into a lot of so-called ladies with their claws all pointed to receive me. And you're worse than I thought you'd be. I was just on my way out, going to run away, when I heard you ladies talking about my virtue."

"Well, I'm going to stay right here—" and I went over to the dressing-table and brought my hand down twice so they'd be sure where I meant. "Wild horses couldn't drag me away. And I'll make you all like it whether you want to or not!"

"And you can all go to hell!" I grabbed at the door-knob. As my fingers touched it, it turned in my hand. The door swung open and Mrs. Saunders stood there, her eyes blazing.

[To Be Continued in the July Issue]

The Judas Kiss

[Continued from page 45]

dispassionate catalogue: thick brown hair, slightly curly; brown eyes, just a little sad; lips which were formed to do one thing surpassingly well; a pert little nose, sufficiently upturned to make it impudent; and skin which the advertisement writers undoubtedly meant as "the kind you love to touch."

"Wonderful!" murmured Robertson, thereby proving how futile adjectives may be.

The devotions were over and the girl had risen. For a moment she stood there, swaying unsteadily as she clutched the rail. Then she kissed the little crucifix in her hand and began to climb over.

"Damnation!" muttered Robertson.

The next instant he was gone from my side and was sprinting across the deck toward the girl. There was a little cry. . . then he had her in his arms, bearing her sobbing towards a nearby chair.

"You ought to be spanked," I heard him say; and it struck me even then as an odd way to address a young lady whom you have just seen for the very first time.

For the girl was a total stranger, although we were four days out of Papeete and the passenger list was small. I knew she had not eaten in the dining saloon, nor had she been present at any of the little social gatherings upon the boat-deck. It was as if she had dropped aboard from the skies, an ambassadress of heaven; and she certainly looked the part.

THE girl began to speak with just the slightest touch of an accent:

"Oh, monsieur, why did you do this so annoying deed? Perhaps you think it is easy to prepare for the death. And now,"—she fixed her eyes pathetically on his—"I cannot perhaps do it a second time."

"I should hope not," said Robertson; and then he grinned.

I believe I neglected to mention that young man's grin. It was the most disarming facial expression I have ever seen. Once, years before, I met a chap who had a grin somewhat like his. He was selling a fashion journal, and though there are no womenfolk in my household I took a two years' subscription!

The girl, who less than a minute before had been preparing her soul for another world, smiled in spite of herself. She looked so wistful then, with the tears still spangling her eyes! It was the sort of picture that one does not forget.

"Now, then," Robertson went on, "what in the world has this ship ever done to you that you want to leave it in such a sudden fashion? Ladies so lovely have no right to throw themselves into the ocean that way. It's only homely gals who wouldn't be missed that—"

"*Fi donc!* You amuse yourself of me, monsieur. I am the most miserable of creatures."

"You! But why?"

Instead of answering him, she burst into tears again, and lay there in the deck chair crying as though her heart had been broken beyond repair. I was feeling quite uncomfortable, but that young Robertson didn't seem at all dismayed. He took one of her slender little hands and began patting it in a soothing sort of way. He whispered something that I could not catch; but it must have been all right, for she looked up at him and smiled that wistful smile.

"Pardon, monsieur. I am not myself," she said softly. "It is the first time I could get out of my room. My uncle he is all covered with the blood and excitement. He forgot to lock the door."



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine. It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm.

"*Hija mia!*" he said. "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digame!* (tell me) *senorita*, what is your heart most desires?"

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"*Digame, Senorita!*" he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation which you have noted had taken place.

"Come Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossi-

ble had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Then the thought came to me I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. Now the golden opportunity is yours. You need no longer have to spend large sums of money in beauty shops, or endanger your hair by some "permanent wave," for this remarkable Spanish Curling fluid, called "Wave-Sta," will bring you beautifully curly hair in 20 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful a week or more.

Don't delay another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer now and always have the beautiful curly hair you want.

New Wavy Bob

"Wave-Sta" solves the curling and marcelling problem for bobbed heads. "Wave-Sta" will keep your hair beautifully curly for a week or more and protect it from the damage that constant exposure to artificial heat will bring. Read the details of this liberal trial offer below.



Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time we are offering a full-sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid) at a price that covers only the cost of compounding, advertising and selling, which we figured down to \$1.97. (Please remember that this is a special offer for new users only and we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.)

This offer may not be repeated. We urge that you take advantage of it at once. Remember, we take all the risk. If "Wave-Sta" doesn't make your hair beautifully curly, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines Street, Chicago
Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon.

CENTURY CHEMISTS Chicago, Ill.
Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St. Dept. 189

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of \$1.97, plus few cents postage. On delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose \$2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.

"That Has Real Style"

"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have real style!"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn right at home to plan and make stylish, becoming clothes and hats at great savings, or earn money as a dressmaker or milliner.

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Without obligating me in any way, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

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Would You Like to Earn Money in Your Spare Time
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If so, write us for the details of our money making plan.
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Saves Hose

Prevents them from wearing out and staining at the heel, and prevents shoes from rubbing or slipping at the heel!

The patented cup-shaped center, indicated by arrow, does it!



If your shoes slip or rub at the heel; if your hose wear out at the heel, and if their delicate color is always marred by stains at the heel—you need Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner.

Think of the greater comfort, economy and satisfaction that this means to you! Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner is made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Invisibly worn in the shoe, being made in colors to match shoe linings. Sold in shoe and department stores everywhere—30¢ per pair. Insist on getting the genuine with the cup-shaped center, and bearing Dr. Scholl's name. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

Dr. Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

"Your uncle! Blood!" Robertson glanced up at me and gasped. "And what is your uncle's name?"

"Monsieur Langelieri," she shuddered. "You have seen him?"

"Seen him, heard him, and felt him. In fact, I've done about everything but taste him. You say he had an accident?"

"It was a duel, monsieur. O dear God, how I hoped, when he said he would fight in the duel—how I prayed he would be killed!"

Robertson whistled.

"Your prayers," he murmured, "might have been answered if he hadn't been in such a hurry. Next time you should pray that he'd forget the way to run."

DEFTLY, then, with all the skill of an attorney questioning a witness, Robertson coaxed the story from that girl. It came in fragmentary pieces, without sequence or chronological order, upside down and turned around, a sadly dismembered tale of utmost woe. I give it to you here briefly, divested of all sobs, shudders and exclamations of grief:

Fleurebelle Langelieri was her name, and she had been an orphan these last two years. Bequeathed by the dying father to his brother in Papete, she had come in innocence and hope to that tiny port in the midst of the Southern Pacific. But her uncle was a beast. One day he had brought a profligate countryman to their house and paraded her before him. The stranger's eyes had glittered with desire, and the bargain had been struck. From her tempestuous recital there on the deck of that steaming ship, I gathered that he must have been the black sheep of some titled and wealthy family in France; a remittance man with a very fat remittance, although not fat enough just then fully to satisfy Langelieri. But sufficient money had now been raised, and they were on their way to meet that profligate in San Francisco. There she would be married; at least, that is what the girl had been led to believe.

"I said no, I will not marry with that so terrible *bête*," sobbed little Fleurebelle. "But my uncle is so fierce, messieurs—" for she had finally discovered my presence, too—"so fierce that I was afraid. I could not run away because always, since he has received that letter, I am locked up. Only tonight did he forget to take the key, and when he sees that I am gone—"

An expression of terror crossed that beautiful face, and Robertson looked up at me with sudden annoyance.

"Make my excuses to old Parker and the rest, will you, old man?" he asked me almost pleadingly.

It seemed manifest that I was only in the way; so I promptly left them with all the after-deck, to say nothing of the stars and a fairly presentable moon, to enjoy exclusively by themselves. Furthermore, the Lord had just sent a fresher breeze blowing over that equatorial Pacific. What more could that lucky Robertson desire?

Nothing, apparently. At 10:30 or thereabouts, a steward slithered in upon our jollifications and whispered in my ear that I was wanted in the captain's cabin. I remembered feeling irritated at this unusual summons, for Robertson had been altogether right about Bascom Parker. The old boy was a corker, once you managed to dynamite your way under his damned and dignified reserve, and he was proving himself a handsome host. In fact, the party showed indications of still being young.

I got to my feet and pounded on the table for silence.

"The master," I announced solemnly, and if there were any hiccoughs I do not remember them; "the master has sent, for

me. I think he wants me to steer the old boat or walk the plank or something."

There was a brave cheer from my shipmates, and the steward piloted me to the captain's cabin. Robertson, himself, rushed up to greet me when I entered. His face was eager; his eyes were bright; his mouth turned up in that irresistible grin.

"I want you to be my second, once again," he said, and then I saw the girl. What a creature! I didn't know that one pair of eyes could hold so much happiness all at once. Radiant is a poor adjective, but it's the best I can do. Fleurebelle defied all the adjectives that night.

Meanwhile the master was standing by, looking rather stern and quite determined. I could readily see why, because Papete is a regular port of call for ships of his line, and Langelieri undoubtedly was a man of some influence among the French officials in Tahiti.

"This is a rather unusual proceeding," the captain explained in a low tone, "but it's getting pretty serious when a girl makes up her mind to drop overboard. You understand that I have a perfect right to perform this ceremony on the high seas, even without her uncle's consent. She is of age and—you see, the consent is quite impossible. I know something of the man by reputation. He is a first class scoundrel."

"I shouldn't worry if I were you, captain," I told him, knowing full well that I would. "You can get any number of commendatory letters to the owners. There's Bascom Parker, for instance. Seems to me his approval would justify even murder."

The master smiled and took his place before the youthful couple. Behind them, as witnesses, stood the chief engineer and myself. He proved himself the better witness, however, for Robertson was the only one to precede him in that important matter of kissing the bride. I recall quite vividly that just as the captain pronounced them man and wife, six bells were struck up forward to indicate the hour. Eleven o'clock! They were Robertson's wedding bells.

Well, what had shown promise of being a boresome passage was turning out unusually enjoyable. We gay old knights of the smoking-room gave a wedding party in the dining saloon the following evening, with every passenger on the ship present except the unspeakable Langelieri. And "unspeakable" is an admirable word in this instance, for his jaw was so swollen that he could scarcely utter a syllable. Which is just as well, for what Uncle Anatole would say could not have sounded particularly like a blessing.

We discussed the case later as we sat out on the boat-deck. Everyone seemed very much pleased with himself. Bascom Parker had degenerated into a merry old wight under the spell of Robertson's swift romance. The old fellow became quite communicative concerning his affairs.

For instance, some one made a remark about the confidence man who was particularly known as "The Fox." He had recently created quite a stir in Australia and the islands of the Malay Archipelago. Most of your de luxe swindlers play the big-time circuit—New York, Chicago, Paris, London, Brussels—and they never think to step into the provinces for a lucrative tour far from the white lights' glitter. The Fox was different. He had tried the virgin borderland of East and West, and at least a million dollars had been plucked from the lambs within the last twelve months.

"It will come to more than a million," said old Parker, offering his cigar case around the circle. "I shouldn't be sur-

prised if it reached three hundred thousand pounds. I know whereof I speak, gentlemen, for three of The Fox's biggest victims were clients of my bank."

We were all quite impressed, and old Parker thoroughly enjoyed the mild sensation he had furnished. Without disclosing identities, he told us the story of those swindles. It was a diverting recital, for the banker knew details which had never become public. He laid before us the whole *modus operandi* of The Fox's sly methods, as revealed by the subsequent investigations. The ship's bell up forward had sounded the four double strokes of midnight, but still we sat there in the shadows and listened to old Parker.

He saved his last and most startling surprise for the end, just like a good showman or conjuror in magic. There were five of us—all old cronies now, after so many days at sea—but Parker scrutinized us every one, before giving up that final confidence. His sharp eyes, pushed out of the darkness as he thrust his face up to each of ours and peered questioningly an instant.

"This, of course, is strictly between us," he whispered. "I'm sure you will appreciate it, knowing him as you now do. It is this: our romantic young Sir Galahad, our happy bridegroom with the enchanted fists, has been retained to track The Fox to his lair. For the last two months he's been carrying on his investigations in Australia and even as far west as Batavia. The trail now leads to the United States, where—"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the pearl-buyer. "Indeed!" said Morgan.

That young Robertson, we learned now, was a special operative for a great detective agency with branches throughout the world. He had been sent from the home office in New York, for this matter seemed to demand particular attention. He was the man who had solved two internationally known cases of the last three years.

Well, there was no retiring after that for another hour, at least. We lit fresh cigars and plunged into the business at hand, throwing conversation right and left in an excited babble of speculation and recollection. The London solicitor had been in Calcutta when the Brighton pearls were found. Recital of the comment it caused at the club. Résumé of the entire case, followed by a trio with the Tracy Dalmont murder as its motif. The pearl-buyer, Morgan and myself, comprised the trio. I happened to have met the elder Dalmont's sister at a reception last year, and so the honors were easily mine. We reshaped that case from the first homicidal shot clear up to the polling of the jury, when one of the slayer's peers was so overcome that he could only nod his head to the clerk's stern query: "John Smith, was this and is this now your verdict?" Not a single highlight was overlooked.

THEN, having disposed of Robertson's past glories, we took up the present chase of The Fox. He was a clever reynard, extraordinarily well educated, and a linguist who handled at least three languages to perfection. When it came to leaving any documentary evidence of his guilt, he was diabolically elusive; but old Parker assured us that Robertson had collected more than sufficient to convict. The court case was complete—everything ready but The Fox, who must still be caught.

"That's a big order," I observed. "The world is large, and men don't require much to hide them. They say that this Fox escaped from an American penitentiary



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five or six years ago, but you see that he's still at large."

"What does the chap look like, like—anybody we know?" asked the London lawyer.

"Well, we know what he looked like when he had his prison photograph taken," old Parker replied. "Young Robertson showed me a copy. Really, he might easily have been mistaken for a Latin teacher, with his clean-shaven face and the precise little bald spot in the middle of his head. Only there were pouches under his eyes which chaste conjugations would hardly be likely to leave! That's the way he looked then, you understand; but since escaping from prison he has grown a handsome full beard which gives him a very distinguished appearance. At least, that was the status of his countenance a few months ago, when my three clients came under his attention."

Morgan then expressed the opinion that Robertson's marriage might favor The Fox. It seemed inconceivable that one so enamored of his bride could give much serious attention, for a while, to a swindler.

Then the watch sounded two bells and we started off to our staterooms.

We came into the track of the north-east trades the following day. The soft breeze blew upon our ship and made of the deck a snakeless, bugless Eden. Life became a sweet and languid song; and when we docked at Honolulu, that foul-mouthed reprobate of an uncle slunk ashore and took his baggage with him. He didn't so much as look at his lovely niece, let alone pronounce the belated blessing which his dead brother was in no condition to utter. The Frenchman's jaw, I noticed, was almost back to normal.

So we put to sea again without him; and by the time the pilot came up the ladder to steer us through the Golden Gate, Langeliers of Papeete was only a disgusting memory. The effect of his absence on Fleurebelle had become quite marked; the haunting anxiety left her handsome eyes and she was sparkling vivacity itself. Not until that morning when we stood on deck and saw the California coast lying dead ahead did a cloud come over her pretty face.

"That beast," she shuddered, looking up at Robertson; "he will be there, without doubt."

The bridegroom grinned over at me.

"Well, we still have our second with us. I can challenge him to a duel."

"Heaven forbid!" I murmured. "I still remember the headache occasioned by Bascom Parker's last dueling celebration."

AND then came the moment when the final spring-line had been winched taut and the dock hands rolled the landing stage into position. We swarmed ashore, eager for the sounds and dust and strife and limitless foothold of the land. The pier was in a flurry of confusion: a hundred persons crowding and shouting all at once; taxi men and porters darting earnestly about; kissing and laughter, hand shakes and tearful embraces.

Fleurebelle and Robertson were just ahead of me on the gang-plank. I made some remark, and the latter stopped to catch what I was saying. The next moment a bustling steward's boy got between him and his bride. It was just a step or two more to the dock, and she reached it before turning her head to see why his hand had left her arm.

"Beell," I heard her call, for his name was William.

Then the expectant bridegroom rushed up to greet her. He was eminently Parisian with his little pointed goatee and correct continental moustache. His hat in hand, his thick dark hair bared to the morning sunshine, he advanced with a smile which somehow looked no better than a leer.

"Ah, mademoiselle, vous êtes ravissante!" he gushed, so loud that I could easily overhear; and then he bent to kiss her hand.

His lips were just upon her fingers when Robertson pushed past and stood beside his bride. The young man's face was flushed, his eyes flashing, for you will recall the part that this fellow was to have played in her uncle's covetous scheme. Why, it amounted practically to buying her, like a pedigreed dog or a horse.

"Lay off that hand!" snapped Robertson. "Your face is dirty!"

At the same instant he thrust his fist under the man's chin and pushed it away from Fleurebelle's fingers. There was nothing gentle about that push, and the chin went up with a snap.

"Ugh!" Fleurebelle shuddered, shrinking behind her husband. "Make him go away, Beell dear."

Then Robertson began to laugh.

"By George, this is what I call a real pleasant surprise! Tell Mr. Parker that his Fox came down to meet me!"

Her High School Sweetheart

[Continued from page 80]

years" was Kent's ruthless answer, "she can wait a little longer." Then he grew peevish. "Besides, I'm coming back. You tell her that. Tell her I'm coming back."

That was my first painful duty after graduation—telling Lucy. And in all my life I think I've never had a harder thing to do. She met me at the train expecting Kent to be with me. There were signs of strain on her face. I guessed that Kent had not written and the fact worried her. Then she saw me alone.

"Where's Kent?" were the first frightened words.

I'd have given my right hand to spare her the pain of what was coming. Her pain has always been my pain. But there's nothing in the world that can spare Lucy—or me.

I tried to be gentle; I tried to be hopeful. I tried to make it appear that Kent was tired and just wanted a short vacation before he came back. But Lucy, little Lucy who loves so foolishly, has a prophetic wisdom that never seems to fail her. At

my first words pain flashed into her face so suddenly that it seemed as though she'd been stabbed.

"He's coming back, Lucy," I cried, trying to drive it away. "He said so. He said, 'Be sure and tell Lucy I'm coming back.' He'll come, Lucy. He'll come."

"Yes, he'll come," echoed Lucy, like a little child trying to learn a hard lesson. "He'll come."

But the pain stayed. And the waiting look crept into her eyes.

A year passed. We got occasional postals from Kent from the various ports of the world. Naples, Suez, Calcutta. The second year they were less frequent. Kent was wandering through the Orient. His last card came from Yokohama. "Guess I've seen about all of the world there is to see," it said. "I'll be making tracks for home pretty soon."

The words seemed to kindle a fire in Lucy.

"You see, he's coming," she cried. "I knew he would."

The third year passed without so much as a message from Kent, and the light died out of her eyes. The waiting look—that was always there.

The fourth year, the fifth year, went by. No one but Lucy ever expected to see Kent again.

"That wild Emmett boy," people said. "He's probably dead, or in jail. Wonder when Lucy'll be sensible and forget about him."

Even I gave up hope of ever seeing my brother again. The chances were strong that the people who said these things were right. But even if Kent were alive and at large, I was pretty sure he would not come back.

Another five years. We were starting on our thirties now. Ten years had been wasted. Ten of the best years of our lives gone while we had been waiting. Lucy's filled with a memory and a hope. Mine filled with a dream.

Perhaps I've been too serious about all this. I wasn't a victim of unrequited passion, staggering around under the burden of a broken heart. Nor was Lucy a plaster saint, with resignation and sweet sadness written on her brow. Not at all.

She lived with her father in their big old house, and presided over the rooms which she has made lovely, more graciously and charmingly than any matron in town. The rambling garden she has transformed into a spot of unbelievable beauty. She has developed her natural gift for music, and driving by in the twilight you can always hear her piano singing through the half-darkness.

And Lucy herself is still a creature of quick sudden smiles and flashing gaiety. Lucy among her flowers is like a happy girl of sixteen. Sometimes, when she is beside me at the wheel of my car, I wonder at the youngness and radiance of her.

But shining through the sparkle of her eyes there is always the waiting look. And sometimes, there is the hurt look of a bewildered child who cannot understand why it must be hurt. And her smile will cloud for a moment as though she had grown afraid to smile. As though she had put her trust in happiness and had been betrayed. As though she dared not believe in joy even for the moment lest it be snatched away from her. And sometimes when we mention Kent, there is a wild hope that springs into her face. All these things lie under the surface of Lucy's gaiety.

AS FOR me. Well, those years were mighty interesting ones for me.

Emmettsville has grown and Dad's practice, that's mine now, has grown with it. There have been cases that have taken me to other parts of the country, and now and then, there's a Supreme Court case that's like the breath of life to me. The whole thing has been fascinating from the first years when I had pretty much of a struggle to make a go of it, to the present time when success is certain but there's still plenty left to work for.

And besides my work, I've been free to keep up the friendships I made at college. I'm in New York every year for the opening of the opera. Last year I took a trip to Europe. I'm one of the directors of our country club—and one of its most ardent golfers. On the whole, life has been full and colorful. A pretty fair proposition!

But there's an emptiness . . .

There's a pang that comes when you see a woman looking into the eyes of her husband, or her lover, with a look that's only there for one man. There's the lonely feeling of knowing that there's no one to whom you come first. There's envy when you see some man surrounded by his kids, or just talking man to man fashion with his son.

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We're both so lonely at heart. We both dread an empty future. There's fear in Lucy's eyes when she looks at very old people, and there's a wistfulness when she stops to watch little children. And sometimes when she's with me there's a look that means, "Life's slipping by—and I'm tired of waiting. You've been so good to me and I could make you happy. Perhaps—"

Once even she said it.

We were sitting in Lucy's dim parlor that seems swimming with the rare old colors glimpsed in the background of Old Masters—and the colors somehow mingle with the faint, sweet, smell of dead roses.

Lucy spoke and her words dropped like tears into the quiet pool of silence in the room.

"Sometimes, Tommy, I have the feeling that Kent is dead," she said. "Otherwise, she looked at me pathetically. 'Otherwise, Tommy, we'd hear from him. Wouldn't we?'"

"It may be," I said slowly. But I did not share her certainty.

"I've thought of it often," she went on. "Because, if Kent were dead, things would be different. I wouldn't feel so bound."

I cried out at this in surprise and protest. "Bound! Lucy, Lucy. Surely you can't feel bound now—after all these years!"

"But I do," she said quietly. And I knew there could be no further argument.

Then she spoke again.

"Only—only—if Kent were dead—if he were never coming back." Her words trailed off.

"You'd marry me?"

"Yes, I'd marry you. If you wanted me." She looked at me a moment with a puzzled little question in her eyes, with a puzzled wondering smile on her lips. "Why do you want me, Tommy?"

"Why do you want Kent?" I asked.

And we laughed a little. It is something that we can laugh at love—Lucy and I.

Next day I left for New York. Lucy knew why. Before this we'd spoken of searching for Kent. I had no personal desire to ever see him again, yet I felt it my duty to find out if he needed help. But in the end Lucy had always protested.

"No," she'd say at the last moment. "When Kent needs us, he'll send for us. And it seems so like spying on him, like tracking down a criminal, to have detectives on his trail."

But now she was content to let me go.

I STARTED that search for Kent with a good many jumbled thoughts and emotions. Uppermost was the feeling I had fought these many years. I was bitter against him. I loved Lucy, and I didn't want to see him bring her any more suffering. And I wanted Lucy myself, on any terms, on any conditions.

Not very exalted sentiments with which to start search for a long lost brother.

But to go on with the story of that search. I had every detective agency in the country at work. I had all sorts of false clues, false hopes, false fears. In the end, Kent was not to be found. We followed a broken trail leading from Japan to south China. It was established that he had spent some time in India the year after he'd written that last postal. Then the East swallowed him up.

Lucy took all this very quietly.

"I didn't think there was much hope of finding him," she told me when, after a year of searching, we decided that further efforts would be wasted. "I've had the feeling more strongly lately that Kent is dead. I seem to feel it—here." She pressed her hand over her heart.

I could not be so positive. I felt that if Kent were dead we would have learned of it. But one thing I was sure of. Kent would not come back to Lucy. That gave me courage to remind her of the words she had spoken over a year ago.

"If Kent is dead," I asked, "do you still feel bound? Won't you marry me now, Lucy?"

"If Kent is dead—" mused Lucy. Something in her tone made me wild with hope. It seemed almost as though she had decided to end this long waiting. But then her expression changed. Alarm flashed into her face, into her voice.

"But we don't know for sure," she said. "Oh no, I couldn't. Not unless we had positive proof. No, Tommy, I couldn't!"

Her words rang with so final a tone that I made no further attempt to change her.

Lucy went back to her waiting again. But a little more wearily, I thought. And I still clung to my hope.

Then for a while after that I forgot Lucy, forgot Kent, forgot everything in an absorbingly interesting case that had come to me. It was the biggest thing I'd had to handle yet. Success would mean much. And I plunged into it.

Some detail of the defense called me to San Francisco. That meant a three-day trip across the continent, with a battle at the end. If, then, I got my witnesses lined up as I wanted them, the case would be won. All my thoughts, all my energies were bound up in this purpose.

I arrived in the western city, got things settled pretty satisfactorily, almost better than I had dared hope, and I was feeling greatly elated. Victory was almost certain.

I sent Lucy a jubilant telegram and prepared to take a few days' rest before I started back. And some strange whim, something I can never explain, prompted me to pack my things and move to a quieter hotel where I could get a room that looked out over the bay.

I entered the strange lobby, set down my bag to register at the desk, but before I could put pen to paper the clerk stopped me.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Markley," he said genially, reaching across the desk to shake hands. "We weren't expecting you back so soon."

I looked at him in surprise. It is not so strange to be mistaken for somebody else by a hotel clerk. But Markley had been my mother's maiden name. That seemed a little odd.

"Sorry, but you've made a mistake," I said, smiling and taking his outstretched hand. "My name's Emmett." I handed him a card.

He looked from me to the card, absolute bewilderment on his face.

"But—but—I'm sure I'm not mistaken," he stammered. "Why, I can't be mistaken!"

Just then the manager of the hotel, wondering perhaps at our confusion, came up.

"Mr. Markley," he cried when he saw me. "What brings you back so soon? We weren't expecting you for another six months."

"My name is Emmett," I said very distinctly.

Unbelief was written on both faces that stared at me.

And then I thought of Kent. This thing had happened many times in our younger days. We'd often laughed over such an incident. But there was nothing amusing about the present one.

I felt no relief, no gladness in finding trace of Kent, not even a great surprise. Only quick despair in realizing that with the aid of a few questions I could discover where Kent was—and then I must bring him back to Lucy. All other emo-

tions were drowned in this overwhelming one.

I asked the few questions slowly. And wearily. It is a bitter thing to have hope snatched suddenly from you.

"Why, Mr. Markley is a yearly visitor," explained the manager, still puzzled and ill at ease. "He comes over about once a year from Honolulu—his home, you know. He always brings Mrs. Markley with him."

Hope came flaming back. Kent was married—and Lucy was free!

That put heart in me to go on with the search. With the help of the hotel manager, it was easy to get information of Kent. "Mr. Markley" was well known in the Islands—though it is true that no one knew where he had come from, or what he had been before he married a wealthy Honolulu widow some three years ago, and had settled down.

There was no doubt in my mind that "Mr. Markley" was Kent. When I had made certain, I sent him a wire. I received in return a wire from his lawyer denying that his client, Horace Markley, had ever heard of Kent Emmett. It stated further that I was to address further communications directly to this lawyer, as he was handling the matter. It was curt and final. And it meant that Kent had cut himself off entirely from the old life—and Lucy.

I WONDERED briefly why he should do it in this way. Then I dismissed it from my mind. My head was too full of thoughts of Lucy and hopes of winning her. With Kent married, there was no reason why she should longer wait for him.

I was sorry, for I knew my news would hurt her. But it was not sincere sorrow. As always, I excused myself by saying that Kent could never make her happy. And I went home, determined to persuade her to be my wife and take over the business of making her happy, myself. In my first flush of hope and exultation, I did not even think of failure.

Incidentally, let me say, that on my way home, I stopped at Chicago where the case I have spoken of came to trial—and won. Even now, the winning of that case, the biggest one of my whole career, seems incidental and unimportant. It was just an interruption that kept me from getting back to Lucy.

I came upon her in her garden at twilight and we walked together up to the house into her cool dim parlor with its haunting fragrance of dead summer. And I realized then, as I should have realized before, that the news I had would not be easy to tell. We talked of the case that had just been won and Lucy was sweetly congratulatory. But, there was a remoteness about her that seemed to remove her far from me. Winning Lucy, even armed as I was with news of Kent's marriage, would be difficult.

And how was I to tell her what I had learned, so as to give her the least possible pain?

"Lucy," I said gently at last. "Do you remember you said that if Kent were dead—maybe—you'd marry me?"

She nodded. And looked at me a little strangely.

"But supposing he weren't dead," I persisted. "Is there anything, anything at all that would make you feel free? That would release you?"

I realized I was talking idiotically. But what could I say?

Lucy sighed and looked at me a little hopelessly.

"What could there be, Tommy?" she said after a little pause. Then she continued a bit more feelingly. There was a plea in her voice. "Can't you forget about me and

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marry somebody else? There isn't any use in both of us—just waiting."

"There isn't any use in either of us waiting," I burst out. And I almost burst out at the same time with the news I had. But something stopped me. Something warned me to be gentle in telling.

Lucy did not answer, so I went on.

"Kent won't come back. I'm sure of that—sure of it! And there are so many things besides death that might have happened to release you from your promise."

"What could there be?" she asked again.

"Kent might have married someone else." I ventured at last and watched closely for the effect of this remark on Lucy.

She only smiled a little—as though I'd said something childish and ridiculous.

"No," she said quietly, "Kent didn't marry—anyone else."

"How do you know, Lucy?" I cried, irritated by her manner. "How can you be sure? Suppose I have positive proof that he has."

This roused Lucy. Not to anger but to action. It was as if she wanted to settle this thing for all time, and then be left alone. She leaned forward in her chair and regarded me steadily. The dusk seemed to quiver with the tenseness of the moment.

"Because—Tommy—" she said, and her eyes widened almost as though she were afraid of the words she was about to speak. "Because Kent is already married. Kent is married to me."

I could say nothing! I felt as though I were drowning, as though the world were being swept away from me. But Lucy went on talking, her voice coming to me from far, far off.

"We were married that night we graduated from high school." She was still leaning forward, still speaking in a quick tense voice. "We drove over to the next county—and we were married. Afterward, Kent was afraid and made me promise to keep it a secret. I have, until now. You're the only person, Tommy, who'll ever know of it. Until Kent comes back."

Lucy leaned back, as though the travail

of giving up her secret had tired her. The secret she had kept so long! Her face was a white blur against the swimming colors of the room. On her breast was a red rose that was like a splash of blood. It rose and fell with her breathing.

I watched it rising and falling—rising and falling. And I was silent.

But I wasn't silent then, as I am now, because long tortured thought has convinced me that silence is best. I did not realize then, as I do now, that telling Lucy would vastly complicate the whole tragic, insoluble situation.

I did not want to be silent! I wanted to cry out that Kent would never come back to her. I wanted to cry out all the bitter things I had stored in my heart against him, to expose him to Lucy for the blackguard he was. But I could not bring more pain to Lucy who had known so much. And I did not speak.

LUCY'S voice came to me again through the twilight.

"Don't you remember, Tommy, the last time I ever saw him? It was at the station the day you went back to college. I told him I'd always be here waiting if he should need me. Don't you remember, Tommy?"

I nodded. An echo of that long ago scene seemed to reach me.

"Always," the voice of a young and radiant Lucy seemed to be calling across the chasm of years. "Always."

And I left her in the dim, cool parlor—waiting.

That is all there is to tell.

Life has gone on aimlessly enough, and will probably continue to do so.

Something decisive and final may happen that will settle things decisively and finally. But until it does, my story must have an incomplete and broken end.

For I can do nothing to end it. I can only go on keeping the terrible secret that has power to put my brother in prison and break Lucy's heart. I can only go on waiting with Lucy—and hoping.

And wondering a little about love.

Branded

[Continued from page 60]

on my arm. "Let it go. Let's get away from here." Her voice was dull, weary. "Talking only makes trouble." And then, as we rolled away: "You see? It's me. It's what I told you."

Her voice was freighted with reproach, and I was ready now to agree with her, that it was my work.

I told her then what I wanted to do for her. I had come back home, on the strength of my South American experience, as an executive in a big new firm in the export line, and it was in this organization that I would find her a position. It would be a good start with good prospects, a grip on new life and respectability, an assurance of every chance.

She considered for a while. "Two years ago," she said slowly, "I would have died rather than take anything from you. Yesterday I might have said the same thing. But tonight I feel terribly older—and tired, everything happening like this. If I'd met you in other moods, I—there's no telling what I'd have done. But, I'll take your chance."

She fitted quietly into the affairs of our firm, being given at my direction a clerical job that required application and industry. I saw that she was given a good salary—saw, too, that she was unmolested; encouraged, in fact. I talked to her now and then, made arrangements for a business course for her night hours, found her a

place in a sedate boarding-house. And all these things she accepted calmly, as if they were her due—as perhaps they were. I was ready to take that view.

She was a capable worker, so capable and quiet that one was likely to lose sight of her, particularly amid the bustle of organizing a new business house. And there was besides the business to engross me the captivating figure of Olivia Kelton.

Olivia was the daughter, the only child, of Andrew Kelton, the rich old man who was the financial support of our export company and its president. She was a spoiled, lovely doll of sharp patrician features, pouting mouth, and eyes that I learned could snap dark fire at the merest whisper contrary to her imperious will. Her wealth, her beauty, the glittering background into which I had plunged with my new connections, all went to my head. The wine of affluence, of the prospect of power, is intoxicating, and sometimes it makes fools of men.

I thought it was love, and I told Olivia so. She gathered me in as one more of her ardent flock, and found me the most adoring of all. She was, she told me—and I believe she meant it—overwhelmed, but she kept me dangling and eager. The business occupied my days, Olivia and her gay interests took my evenings, and between the two, there was no room in my life for anything else. And after weeks

of this, Rosemary Duke became little more than a figure.

I was aware of her presence every day, and my conscience, my sense of responsibility, were quieted by the thought that she was at work, apparently interested and contented. It was not until one day when she brought to my desk a file of correspondence from the auditor, and I saw her clearly for the first time in weeks, that I was struck by a change.

She was thinner, and her eyes were shadowed—not with the old shadows of weariness, but with the somberness of troubled mind and spirit. A deep violet, those troubled eyes seemed, and her mouth—"lips made for kisses," I remember was the descriptive phrase we wrote in the days when Rosemary Duke was the "woman in the case"—seemed drawn.

"You are not well!" I exclaimed, with an instant flash of the old pity. "Is there anything wrong?"

She eyed me dispassionately a moment. "There's nothing—" then she sank suddenly, weakly, into a chair. "Oh, there's a great deal wrong, I suppose, but what do you care?" said she, with a bitterness that stung.

I told her she was not fair in saying that. I did care. And I must have impressed her, because I drew from her an admission of discouragement, of loneliness. She had left the old crowd and its affairs, and she was without companionship. Suspicion hedged about her. Everywhere were snubs and coldness.

"And that woman—I think I told you once—the one who saved my life, actually—she wants me to go back—she's the sort—oh, you understand. She offers me—a relief from this solitude."

I was shocked. Once more the sense of guilt overwhelmed me, the feeling that I must do something.

"Wait," I urged desperately. "Please wait."

I arranged her transfer to be my private secretary, hoping thus to keep always at hand in case of her need. In this close contact I found her a capable worker, but aloof and cool. There was no more talk of her troubles, and as the days passed I was lulled again to a belief that everything was well with her.

THIS was selfishness. I was thinking only of myself and Olivia Kelton, that brown-eyed doll holding my life in her tiny hands. She had been taken by a whim to play the adoring daughter, and in that rôle drove to the plant every afternoon to escort her father home. She would flutter into my office with a melodious trilling, and I was spoiled for the rest of the day. It was like this one day when Rosemary and I sat together at my desk over a late mail.

"Ship ahoy!" Olivia's voice, from the door. I turned there eagerly, and caught the change in her expression as she beheld my new secretary for the first time. Rosemary's manner was perfect. She glanced an instant toward the door, then dropped her eyes to her work. I told her there would be nothing more, and she went into the outer office.

"Who's the beautiful stenog?" Olivia demanded.

"Miss Duke," I told her briefly. I didn't want to talk about anything or anybody except her, the real loveliness and daintiness of her, and how much I wanted her. I uttered all those things, as I had done over and over. She laughed and let me hold her hand.

But she remembered the sight of Rosemary Duke. I learned this two nights afterward when at a party she let fall a remark about the girl she had seen, a remark that might have passed as casual



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but for the sharp little laugh that accompanied it. Rem Thorpe and I were her audience. Rem laughed idly.

"So you've seen blue-eyed Rosic, the champ vamp?" said he. "The best in the world!"

I caught a gleam in the eyes of Olivia and felt a sort of discomfort along with a grievance at Rem's loose tongue. He had a name for starting trouble, the tactless fool!

And sure enough, my trouble began the next day. Old Andrew Kelton called me into his office, hemmed emptily a minute, then told me he didn't want to interfere in any of the details of—h'm—administration, but perhaps I would appreciate the information that had come to him concerning the—h'm—record of my new secretary, and understand that she was not exactly the—h'm—type desirable for the organization.

I was all at once in a quiver of eagerness to defend her, in a desperate need of saving her from this unexpected attack; and before I realized to what extent my eloquence had carried me, I was aware of an odd expression on the old man's face, a sort of uncertainty, amazement, and indignation at being opposed. It was hostile, and it nerved me to stick at my story, to tell him something of Rosemary Duke's human necessity, without disclosing my part in the public scandal of seven years ago, or the responsibility I felt.

When I had finished, he said stiffly: "I was not under the impression that we were operating a reform institution here."

"We're not." I was suddenly resentful, determined, for my pride's sake rather than hers, to save the girl from this new enemy. "It's a business office. But we can be human. I want to ask as a personal favor that Miss Duke remain undisturbed."

He regarded me ponderously. "A personal favor," he repeated with great deliberation. "Ah! Then there's no more to be said about it."

I LEFT him with a feeling between anger and the self-consciousness of shame. The old pharisee! It did not occur to me until hours afterward to wonder where he had obtained his information about Rosemary.

The question came suddenly as I looked up from some papers and saw her at a table across the office, her head lowered over her work, a heavy strand of dark hair straying against the sharply chiseled features. In an instant I felt a rage against the fate that had injured her.

She looked up, met my eyes, clung to them a moment while a strange breathlessness seized me, then dropped her eyes back to her work with an effect of studied indifference. It struck me that I had never had her understanding or friendliness. The feeling of humility and debt that I always experienced in her presence came then with overwhelming force; and this time there was with it a sort of hunger for sympathy. I was ready to fight for her; indeed, my encounter with old Kelton had been nothing less than a fight for her; and I wanted at least her acknowledgment. I had moved toward her, that appeal upon my tongue, when without warning the door opened to admit Olivia.

She entered with a regal loftiness. She was, for a bad omen, deadly quiet, with an odd, drawn, tightness at her lips, and eyes were bright. Instead of advancing directly toward me, she moved in a course that circled the chair in which Rosemary sat; and she passed so closely to the other girl that the dangling end of her rich fur brushed Rosemary's cheek and shoulder. I would swear the contact was deliberate,

a studied slight. I saw Rosemary jerk erect, her face flaming, then rise hurriedly and slip through the door to the outer office. Olivia stood before me.

"I've just come from my father," she announced. Usually she called Andrew Kelton "Dad." Before I could say a word she burst out in a voice that trembled: "He tells me you insist on keeping this—this creature."

I contrived to remain calm. "You mean Miss Duke? Yes, there are circumstances—"

Her short laugh interrupted. "Circumstances! You can't fool little me! Everybody knows her—"

"Olivia! Please!" I wanted to run. I was honestly afraid, being still infatuated, you see; and yet the conviction of my debt to Rosemary Duke was powerful. "I can't talk to you about it here. Later—"

"You'll talk to me now!"

The telephone rang, and I moved eagerly to answer. It was from a department head, wanting information. I drew out the conversation, but out of the corner of my eye I could see Olivia standing there immovable, implacable. With a sort of despair I turned back to her, beheld again the impending storm in her eyes and manner, settled myself against it—when luck intervened again. An office boy bustled in noisily with a memorandum, and while I read it he turned boldly to stare at Olivia. She made a little gesture of impatience, and then gave it up.

"Oh, well—you're going to the dance tonight?" she demanded. It was the night for the club's weekly dinner-dance. I nodded. "Come to the house at eight o'clock. I want to talk to you before Father and I leave."

With that she was gone. I sank into a chair, weakly, grateful for the respite, and wondering what I should do. First of all, there was an explanation, an apology, due Rosemary Duke. On the impulse I went into the outer office—and found it empty.

Rosemary's hat and coat were gone from the rack in the corner. A premonition of disaster seized me. It was late afternoon and my secretary might be expected to have gone home; but I knew she would not have gone so without announcement unless under extraordinary stress. At any rate, I must find her, I felt, to tell her not to regard Olivia's snub. It suddenly became a thing that could not wait.

Not for an hour was I able, however, to leave the office, so many odds and ends bobbed up that could not be left; but at last I was in a taxicab, telling the driver to make it snappy. At her boarding-house they said she had not been in. I sat in the dim parlor and waited. Other boarders drifted past from the front door, but no Rosemary. The odors of the evening meal thickened, and soon I could tell from the clatter in a room beyond that dinner was being laid; and then a gong called the household to the table, and there was a noisy gathering. But no Rosemary. The landlady came in with a worried look to tell me that she could not understand Miss Duke's being late, that Miss Duke was the one of all her people whose comings and goings generally could be depended upon.

A cold fear settled at my heart after more than an hour of this waiting. I remembered my glimpse of Rosemary's crimson face as she fled after Olivia's insult. I called the office, found that she had not returned, pictured everything evil—then thought of the girl's threat in that moment of discouragement sometime before, to go to "that woman" who had saved her life and imposed obligations.

Here was another puzzle—to find “that woman.” I had no idea even of her name; but on a desperate resort to Rem Thorpe I was lucky. My telephone call caught him as he was venturing forth to the dance, and that young man about town, as I had guessed, could tell me about her. Another taxi ride, this time into a neighborhood of new apartment houses, and I was pressing the bell at a card indicating that “Mrs. Smith” lived there.

I took a bold chance and told the maid who opened the door that I wanted to see Miss Rosemary. My heart leaped when the neat young negro, after a momentary pause and glance, stepped aside for me to enter. She was there! I found her, still in hat and coat, seated on a lounge in the living-room, talking to a portly elder woman of egregious bloneness. She gave a start at seeing me.

“I’ve come for you,” I said.

SHE sank back against the pillows, seeming to retreat. “I’m not going back,” she said.

“She’s not going back,” echoed the blonde woman loudly.

I held out my hand to the girl. “Everything is all right—Rosemary.”

“She’s not going back,” repeated the blonde woman.

“No,” said Rosemary. She gave a bitter laugh. “Oh, what’s the use? Your decent friends—I’m dirt under them. I’m what I am. You’ve had your fun at being a samaritan. I’m through being uplifted. Go away.”

“Go away,” said the older woman.

I turned to the latter. “Leave us alone a few minutes,” I said. “Then, if she’s still of a mind to stay, I’ll go without another word.”

She looked at Rosemary. The girl gave no sign. I took off my gloves and coat and Mrs. Smith, disconcerted, arose beligerently.

“You can talk to her,” she said, “but she’s going to stay.”

I talked to Rosemary for a half-hour. It was a discouraging task. She sat there staring stonily ahead, silent for the most part. I told her that I believed in her, that I wanted her back, that we would see this thing through together. I begged. I argued. I preached. And in the end I walked from that place with Rosemary at my side and the black scowl of Mrs. Smith behind us. We rode to her boarding house where I bade her good-night and dismissed the taxicab so that I might walk off my exultation beneath the stars. It was sometime afterward, nearly ten o’clock, that I remembered the dance engagement, and quite eleven when, properly freshened and duly arrayed, I reached the club.

The orchestra was playing a tango, and one of the first I saw in the maze of dancers was Olivia, with Rem Thorpe. They glided past the entrance where I was standing, rather conspicuous, and Olivia caught sight of me. She stiffened, missed a step, then stopped dancing altogether. Disengaging herself from Rem’s arms, she strode toward me, her eyes flashing, her childish mouth distorted with fury.

“I know where you’ve been—who you were with,” she said in a tensely quivering voice. Just beyond I perceived Rem Thorpe’s troubled face. Of course, I reflected, she knew. No doubt he had told her all the circumstances of my telephone call. I should have been wary of him as a gossip-monger.

“I never want you to speak to me again,” she went on, her suppressed voice rising in spite of herself to a little squeak. “You prefer that woman’s company to

mine—go back to her. You’ll have the chance.”

She flung herself away, clutched at Rem Thorpe, swept him into the tangle of dancers. I stood in an agony of indecision between my first infatuated impulse to run after her, to tell her that I loved her and nothing else mattered; and a calmer, new-born instinct that bade me be glad. That, I told myself, was the last of Olivia.

But it was not. A week later I sat beside Andrew Kelton, as secretary of our company, at its first stockholders’ meeting, reviewing the first six months of its career; and directly across sat Olivia, her smiling face turned everywhere except toward me. Her father had given her ten shares of stock, I knew, and it was her whim to be here. I tried to tell myself I didn’t care, but the fact was, that I was in torment.

The same kind of torment I had suffered in the week since the dance, a sense of hopelessness and loss that had been with me night and day. To this, had been added the knowledge of Andrew Kelton’s unfriendliness and disapproval. It was plain that Olivia had gone to her father with heaven only knew what sort of story, and for days I had been snubbed, badgered, and coldly endured whenever it became necessary in the course of routine to call upon me. Only my redoubled sense of obligation to protect Rosemary had kept me steadfast—I was thinking of her now, with a grim sort of pleasure in the suddenly awakened knowledge that she was actually more beautiful than Olivia, when I was aroused by the sharp command of Andrew Kelton for a paper from my file. I delivered it mechanically and sank back into my thoughts, to be aroused again, sometime later, by the voice of Andrew Kelton, making an announcement.

“I trust you will approve my action . . . in line with advanced business practices . . . Miss Olivia Kelton, my daughter, has been appointed assistant to the president . . . duties of personnel director . . . in charge of employment and welfare . . .”

A vague warning instinct stabbed at my consciousness. I was aware of Kelton’s rumbling voice . . . his daughter was qualified . . . courses in sociology . . . welfare experience . . . moral tone of organization . . . the new officer to have full powers . . .

They were after Rosemary Duke! She would be thrust out, and by Olivia! The ingenuity and completeness of that plan of revenge! I fancied I saw in a fleeting glance from Olivia a flash of triumph, and anger made me blind and sick. Somebody else was speaking, some dummy unctuously praising Andrew Kelton’s plan. Morals! Welfare! Hypocritical bunk! In the grip of a reckless impulse I broke in.

“I expect my personal office arrangements to continue entirely within my control.”

My eyes were on Olivia as I spoke. She flushed, then with narrowing eyes and tightened lips she gave back defiance for my glance. The hardness in that face of baby features fairly shocked me.

“There are to be absolutely no exceptions,” said Andrew Kelton coldly. “As a matter of fact, the plans for—h’m—readjustment of the personnel contemplate a definite—h’m—change within your office.”

So that was out! In hardness of face, in narrowed eyes, in bitter small features, father and daughter were grotesquely alike. I would have laughed, but for the sting of this public humiliation.

“Then,” I said, “you may all go to the devil.”



The crude picture at the left Mr. Shirley drew before taking the Federal Course. The picture above is one he made recently. It has a commercial value of \$50. Note the improvement. Read Mr. Shirley’s interesting letter below.

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As I walked from the room I was conscious of relief and vast satisfaction. I controlled an impulse to swagger a bit, to whistle. There's no exhilaration stronger than self-respect regained. Only in that moment, did I see how utterly I had been enslaved for months.

My office was empty. I remembered having sent Rosemary Duke on an errand, in anticipation of a lengthy meeting of stockholders. I sat at my desk some time, trying vainly to get my affairs in order, but gave up the task and wrote a brief cablegram to the house of my former connections in Buenos Aires, where I knew the old job was always waiting. A telephone call brought information that a liner left New York in two days, and I went to my room and in a sudden fever of enthusiasm began packing. I'd get away at once.

That was a big order, I found. I had settled myself in this place with the thought of staying, and the rooms were fairly littered. For more than an hour the job held me, and with only half my possessions stored, my trunk and bags were bulging and I was standing by hopelessly when the buzzer at my apartment door sounded. And there was Rosemary.

There was a new quality in those blue eyes that startled me. There was a sort of dewy softness about them, those eyes that had been always so coldly level and indifferent. There was a breathlessness in her air, and she seemed again the wondering, stricken girl of seven years before, as if all her self-reliance and hardness had been lost. My heart sank with fear for her, upon the realization that I must leave her defenseless. As I stared, she entered and looked about the littered room.

"And now," she said, "I've ruined you."

"Don't be silly," said I.

She looked at me a moment before she said: "Oh, they told me about everything. First, though, they fired me." She gave a twisted grimace of a smile. "I knew something was wrong. I asked about you,

and they insulted me. She did. Then she told me."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"And I'm glad," said she, "glad she told me, so that I know what to do. I've come to ask you to go back there. It's your big chance. Without me it will be all right—oh, didn't she say—couldn't I see—that I was the trouble, that she's a woman and wants you?"

"She's a cat and a fool," I said, "and you're wasting your breath."

"But I'm not worth it!" Her voice was almost a wail.

"You're worth—" Suddenly I was aware of a desperate eagerness to assure her of my good opinion, to tell her that there was nothing else in the world as important to me as her safety and happiness.

"I'm worth—nothing!" she cried. "I'm dirt! See, I've dragged you down!"

"You are now showing me fineness and unselfishness," I said. "You are piling up my debt to you."

"You never were in debt to me," she protested. "I've come to realize that. I was what I made myself to be. I—"

"Rosemary!" My heart leaped at what I saw. "You're crying! For God's sake, don't!"

"It's only shame," she said. "I've used your kindness and your decency. I told myself, I told you, I hated you, but I—I don't. I never have, since I met you at that party."

"Rosemary!" I knew then that I was going to fight the world, if necessary, to keep this new Rosemary Duke from the horrors her other self had known.

"And you'll go back to—them, to the office, won't you?" she begged. "You'll go—and forget me. Please, please, please!"

Her rising voice broke on a sob that stabbed me.

"No," I said. "No, my girl, I'll never forget you. I can't, you see, because you are going to Buenos Aires with me, and we're going to start over together."

And that's the way it was.

I Was Dick's Girl

[Continued from page 71]

my heart, Doctor. She almost seems like my own mother. I'd do anything in the world for Aunt Beth."

"We all would, and now we're going to get her well again," he said.

Ted Murdock insisted upon my getting some sleep, saying he would remain up with his mother until midnight. Then, if it was necessary he would awaken me to go on duty.

PERHAPS I dozed once or twice from sheer tiredness. For the most part, I lay in bed hoping that Ted would come in at twelve to call me. My hopes were not in vain. Through half-closed eyes I beheld him standing in the threshold of my door. He called me softly. But I pretended I was sound asleep. At last he tiptoed across the room and stood above me while my heart pounded madly. When his fingers touched my arm, tugging gently to awaken me, every pulse in my body began to throb.

I stirred toward him, unashamed then, of the feelings that urged me to do such a thing; unashamed that my shoulders and arms were exposed in the moonlight that poured through the windows.

"Ted—Ted—" I whispered, a new quality in my voice, as if it had suddenly welled up into my throat from unknown depths.

He bent down and touched my shoulders with the tips of his fingers as if afraid, but, I did not want him to be afraid then. I drew

his face down against mine until our lips met, then suddenly I pushed him from me and he tiptoed away.

Dick Gordon's ship was scheduled to dock at ten o'clock, next morning.

I was waiting at the end of the gangway when he limped ashore. He was thinner, and some of the boyishness was gone from his lean jaws. His eyes were older looking . . . then his thinness went away. His boyishness came back, and his eyes were those of youth again. For Dick's whole being seemed aglow with the smile wreathing his face at sight of me.

Tears burned in my eyes as he limped closer, tears which blurred the smile on my fiancé's face. Or, was it the inescapable memory of last night in another boy's arms that blurred this smile Dick had for me? I could not answer this question then, nor can I answer it after all these years. Because, at that moment there was such a struggle going on inside of me, my mind was hopelessly tangled.

"Alone!"

Dick took me in his arms, and half-lifted me to his lips. I know that I cried against his shoulder—the wounded one, swearing then that I would be strong enough to forget Ted and last night.

Dick kept his arms around me as the taxicab rushed through the streets. As long as he held me I felt brave and strong enough. But, when the cab stopped in

front of Aunt Beth's little white house, and I saw Ted Murdock through the door, my courage wavered, and I wondered what was in store for all of us.

"Dick—I forgot to tell you. The lady I'm boarding with is very ill. I've been nursing her. And—her son is here, too. He—was wounded at Chateau Thierry, and just came back—"

"What outfit was he in?" asked Dick as we walked up the path.

"I—I—don't know. I never thought to ask. Of course, I—I wouldn't have rushed you right out here only I'm sort of anxious about poor Aunt Beth—"

"Aunt Beth?" he questioned.

"She's, the lady I'm boarding with. Everybody calls her that."

TED MURDOCK was not in evidence when we entered the house. I looked for him in all the lower rooms, but he was not around.

Dick and I went out in the front yard and sat down on a bench in the September sunlight, our hands tightly clasped. The first touch of crimson in the maples made me know that summer was dying. And yet, only a few days before I had refused to believe that such was the case.

"You've missed me, haven't you, Alene?" whispered Dick.

His question made me start as if he had recalled me from some far place. Dick must have seen that he had startled me, for he looked at me queerly for an instant.

"Of course, Dick. I've missed you night and day," I said. And this was true in a sense—only, somehow, it didn't seem so true then.

I was late with my preparations for dinner that noon because I remained with Dick long past one o'clock. He followed me into the kitchen, limping around the place in his efforts to help me. There were little moments then, when I shut my eyes, and tried to hold them so with trembling hands. It hurt me too much to see Dick limping, and to know what was going on inside of my heart.

The meal was ready to serve when Ted came drifting in from the shadow of the pines. I introduced him to Dick with a voice that sounded unnatural to me. But, neither appeared to notice my voice and Ted seemed ill at ease. Dick was interested in his appraisal of the boy who still wore a uniform. I figured, then, that Ted was uncomfortable on account of being in the presence of a captain; and I tried to make him feel more at home by saying he and Dick should have a lot in common after their experiences at Chateau-Thierry.

"What outfit were you in?" asked Dick.

There was no answer immediately from Ted. He appeared to be trying to say something. But, his tongue seemed tied in his mouth. I felt very sorry for his embarrassment as he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"I was a—a—replacement, sir," he said, finally, his eyes on his shoes.

I gestured them into places at the table, strangely aware that an atmosphere of constraint had been created. Although I tried to give no tell-tale signs of my feelings at dinner, still, I'm afraid I showed more solicitude for Ted than I did for Dick. And, somehow, I became acutely conscious of the fact that Dick realized this. Time and time again I caught him glancing at me, and then at Ted with a strange light in his eyes—a light which made me know how much they had lost of youth.

I noticed, too, that Dick Gordon made many efforts to draw Ted into conversation about France and Chateau-Thierry, even asking him where he had been wounded.

"I got mine up on Sergy Plateau. You know how it was when we tried cleaning

out those machine-gun nests," went on Dick. "A Boche knifed me first, then high explosive ripped my shoulder. What was your's—machine-gun wounds?"

"Yes, sir, that's it," answered Ted continuing to eat, and keeping his eyes on his plate.

"Did you get yours below, or above Sergy Plateau?" asked Dick. I wished then that he would stop. It seemed almost like a cross-questioning process that was making Aunt Beth's son very uncomfortable.

"Beyond there," replied the boy.

Dick's forehead furrowed for a moment. "You said you went to the Second as a replacement, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's funny. We relieved them around Chateau-Thierry. Pushed on from there. The Second went out of the fight then. You're sure you got wounded beyond Sergy?" there was a hard ring in Dick's voice as he asked this question.

Before Ted made a reply, I made believe I heard a sound from his mother. "Maybe you had better run up, Ted, and see if she needs anything," I said anxiously.

He got up, his eyes filled with gratitude for the chance of exit I had afforded him. When he was out of the room I turned to Dick. "I've tried to get him to talk about his experiences, but he doesn't seem to want to say anything. There are so many boys like that now. Maybe, Dick, it would be a little easier on him if—"

"I—I—see. I'll not try to pry any war stuff loose from him then, Alene," he cut in. There was a queer note in his voice, and a queerer look in his eyes.

We finished the meal in a strained sort of silence. Ted Murdock came downstairs and said his mother was apparently resting well. Then he went out of the back-door without another word.

The impulse to follow him mastered me as he disappeared. I half-ran toward the door, pulled it ajar, and stood there staring after him, the yearning of my heart reflected in my eyes. When I turned back from the sight of Ted disappearing into the pines, I gasped involuntarily.

Dick Gordon had followed me, and was standing only a few feet away. There was a stricken look on his face. He was biting his lips. His hands were shaking.

"Alene, I've got to report at the hospital camp now—"

"You'll come right back when you can, Dick?" I begged, rushing to him in alarm. He took my outstretched hands and held them for a moment. Then he brushed them up to his lips, murmuring something I could not understand.

"When will you be back, Dick?" I asked. I did not want to be alone. I was afraid of myself—and Ted Murdock.

"In an hour, Alene," he said, releasing my hands.

I went to Aunt Beth's room immediately. The little old lady was not sleeping as Ted thought. She was unconscious. I could tell that in a moment.

Doctor Palmer's office-girl promised to send him out as quickly as she could locate him. I had hardly put the phone down when I heard a loud rap at the front door. A big, heavy man with a hard face, and dressed in dark clothes and a black derby was there. He gave me a swift, searching appraisal before saying anything.

"Does Mrs. Elizabeth Murdock live here?" he demanded gruffly.

"Yes," I replied, inexplicably on the defensive.

"You're her daughter, I suppose."

"I am Miss Sanderson. I board here. Mrs. Murdock is very, very ill. What is your business with her?"

"It ain't exactly with her, Miss," he

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answered rather impudently. "It's with her son. I'm a detective from Philadelphia." With these words, the man pulled his coat lapel back and a badge flashed in my face. "We've been tracking a young fellow wanted in a big hold-up that took place six months ago, and we've got reason to believe pretty strongly that the man we want is Mrs. Murdock's son. If it is, he'll have a pretty ugly bullet scar under his left shoulder. The bandit that escaped got potted by the police, but managed to get away—"

"There must be some terrible mistake," I interrupted, my knees beginning to tremble violently.

"What d'yuh mean mistake? That's an old gag."

"A man can't be in two places at one time can he?" I demanded fencing for time to think.

"Alibi stuff, eh? Well, what's the alibi?" "Mrs. Murdock's son has been in France in the army for more than a year. He just came back, wounded, this week—"

"Been to France, fighting, eh? Got his army papers with him?"

"I suppose so. He's not here right now. I—I—"

I was desperate now, and a feeling that I was floundering in my efforts to shield Ted, and his mother, swept over me. "I don't think, however, you'll need much more proof of his identity, and his service, than his own company commander could furnish you with in person—"

"His captain!" ejaculated the detective. "Do you mean his captain's around?"

"I do. They came back from France together, both of them having been wounded at Chateau Thierry. Captain Gordon will be here shortly with Ted Murdock. They're at a hospital now. If you come back in an hour you can see them both and convince yourself—"

"I'll be back, Miss. If Captain Gordon furnishes such an alibi for the boy, I'll fade out."

"Come back in an hour," I said, closing the door upon him.

What my thoughts were as I waited for Doctor Palmer I will not attempt to describe. They were too jumbled, too fearfully and forebodingly incoherent to be called thoughts. For my mind rushed from one mad conclusion to another. I was almost beside myself when he came.

One look at Aunt Beth, and he shook his head. "It's happened. That clot's enlarged in spite of everything. I've got to revive her by a hypodermic and we can't dare allow her to lose consciousness again. We'll have to keep her awake. I better send for a trained nurse to do the professional work. You'll have your hands full keeping her from any kind of a shock—anything sudden would be fatal now—"

The nurse came shortly. She was followed by Dick Gordon. There were only two more persons to come. Ted, who had disappeared into the woods, and the detective from Philadelphia.

"Dick, come into the kitchen with me a moment," I said when he had hung up his cap. Behind a closed door I told him about the detective . . . about Aunt Beth's desperate condition.

"Dick, you've got to save him for Aunt Beth's sake—"

"Alene, that fellow's a darned faker," he interrupted, his voice like a piece of steel that cut into me. "He's never been to France—never been wounded. The officer's right. He's his man, and he got his wound from a policeman's bullet, robbing somebody! He ought to get what's coming to him! The dirty coward and cad, hiding behind a uniform that men with clean hands and hearts have gone out in and died for their country! He ought to

be—"

"Dick!" I implored, snatching at his gesturing hands. "It will kill his mother. She believes—Oh! she believes in him! If you only knew her, Dick. Poor Aunt Beth—"

"His mother! Aunt Beth! Alene. You've forced me to say what I'm going to. God knows it kills me to do it. But—it's—it's not so much Aunt Beth you want him saved for. It's—yourself, Alene—"

"Oh!" I sobbed, feeling that Dick had lashed me across the mouth.

"That's it. I've only been here a few hours, but I've known it since I saw you look at him. A woman's a fool who believes she can hide her feelings from a man that's seen the things I've seen. Good God! It's terrible! You love him enough to dare ask me to shield him with lies—lies of the ugliest kind—"

"Save him, Dick, for God's sake. Tell the man Ted was with you in France," was all I could say.

My fiancé's look was a knife-thrust straight through my heart. The twitching of his wounded shoulder—the agitation of his lips—the hurt in his eyes—these were more knives that stabbed me then, and stab me now as I remember.

"You demand this, knowing I love you enough to do anything that will give you happiness—in spite of what it does to me?"

"Save him, Dick!" I begged, swaying unsteadily, my eyes blinded with tears of torture. "I—I—do love him."

"All right," he said just as there was a knock at the front door. Dick wheeled about and strode away to keep a promise I had exacted from him against his strongest will.

Ted Murdock was coming toward me across the kitchen floor. His lips began to move—

I SILENCED him with a gesture. "We were wondering where you were. Captain Gordon's here," I managed to say, then went into the hall. Ted followed. Dick turned upon him in a voice that was calm and smooth.

"Murdock," he said, "I want you to go with me. Get your cap, please, and come."

The world was veiled in dusk when Dick returned. We met alone in the dim hallway. Dick broke the silence:

"Alene, there was only one way for me to square my conscience after what I did. He's the man all right. I've squared myself the only way I could. I bought him civilian clothes, took him to camp, and made him enlist in the army. He'll have to do his bit now. He'll be better for it—"

"Oh! Dick—Dick!" I sobbed. "God forgive me for what I've made you do. But, if—if—you knew Aunt Beth you'd understand . . . but—Dick, I—I love you—my sweetheart—I—"

"Alene," his voice seemed to lilt, "Alene! My God! Only an hour ago you asked me to shield Murdock because you loved him! It was in your eyes—"

"Dick," my arms drew him close to me, "I didn't really love him at all. It was only sympathy I felt for him."

"But, you said you loved him, Alene." "Don't you understand, sweetheart? I—had to save his mother. There was only one way then. I knew you loved me enough to save him if—I told you I loved him just—"

"Alene!" he cried into my face, his own arms tightening until he drew me off the ground and high against his wounded shoulder where I pressed kisses and tears.

"I love you, Dick. I'll love only you, forever," I whispered.

"I'd begun to wish I'd been killed over there, honey. But, now—oh! God! I want to live and live and live, Alene."

The Law of the Sawdust

[Continued from page 39]

such circumstances there might have been a panic and—

But the press of the assembling throng, the necessity for me to keep an all-seeing eye upon everything throughout the lot, drove away unpleasant thoughts for the time being. Catching the eye of the lot superintendent, who grinned from behind a "hot dog" sandwich while he strove to bring order out of the line struggling before the big ticket window, I signaled for him to pass the word to open the tents.

The order was obeyed pronto. And, within minutes, a band appeared before the side-show tent and brought a crowd from all directions, when it began the afternoon's festivities with a blaring burst of jazz, which made up in noise for any lack of melody. One by one, the "pullers" scrambled to the narrow platform fronting the gaudy banners, an Albino in clashing red and green, a listless snake twined about her waist and neck; a cowboy from New York's East Side, twirling his "dancing lariat"; a gaudily bedecked half-dozen con shouters and a tattooed man. Daddy Gamelli, his shining knives beneath his arm, fanning himself with his red bandanna, trailed last.

At sight of him, my mind went back to the recent quarrel with a jolt—a jolt which forced me to realize that it was a long way from being a closed incident; and to the train of circumstances which had led up to the outburst.

And, as I leaned against a taut tent-rope, dully glimpsing the maneuvers of the side-show folk, only partly sensing the tumult made by the jabbering onlookers and the brassy notes from the band, thoughts of the past moved through my brain like a mental panorama.

Lida's mother had been the best circus equestrienne in all Europe in her day. But, until she had married Clive Cavelli, as famous as a flying rings performer as she was as a bareback rider, she had not been to America. Lida was born soon after they reached this side, under a tent, with a Barnum show which was making short road jumps by wagon through Illinois.

From that day on she had been a circus "baby," for Clive had been killed in a fall when she was but a year old. And her mother, true to the ethics of her calling, had trained the child to be a performer, that she might be able to earn her own way when her remaining protector would be forced by injury or age to retire from the sawdust.

The two had joined my show nearly six years back, and had been with me ever since. Daddy Gamelli, who had trouped with the mother in Europe when she was a child, had urged me to engage them. And, from the day they came under my canvas, he had constituted himself the special adviser and protector of Lida. The Cavelli connection with the show proved most profitable for me; for both had won unusual favor with circus audiences. But it had proved unfortunate for them.

The mother, after two seasons with us, had fallen in love with and married Big Tony. Why, I never could guess. He was surly, had been in difficulties with more than one woman, and was generally disliked by show people. I had kept him only because he was a trainer way above the average, and his act was flashy and always went big. Perhaps his fearlessness in the cages, his ability to make the great beasts jump to do his will at the crack of his whip had created an admiration which had blinded her to his failings. Immediately following the wedding he had

legally adopted Lida as his daughter, thereby gaining for himself the right to act for her and dictate her contracts until she became of age.

Then, less than twelve months back, she had died, worn out with her never ending struggles with Tony. However, before the end came, she had sent for Daddy Gamelli and me and obtained our pledges to protect Lida, shield her from her step-father's temper until she would be legally free to leave him.

For a long time, Tony treated Lida with a kindness foreign to his nature. In fact, he was too good. And, gradually, as I watched them, noted his look whenever his ward, just budding into beautiful womanhood, was near him, I began to suspect that his evil mind was planning another wedding—and with Lida as the bride.

Then the first storm broke. There long had existed a close friendship between the girl and Larry Gailing. And, with her mother gone, and hating Tony, she had turned to the youthful acrobat for sympathy and comfort. I guessed what was going on. Daddy Gamelli's gossip to me confirmed it. Tony realized it. And from that moment on, the girl's life had been a torment—despite all my warnings to the trainer not to molest her—culminating in the afternoon's clash.

I pulled myself from my troubled day dream as the band, with a final crash of drum and cymbals, swung into the tent behind old Daddy. Determined to spend the night trying to figure out some way to avert the threatening tragedy, I made for the Big-Top, which must be my field of operations until the afternoon's performance was concluded.

Everything was proceeding with its customary orderliness. The seats were filling rapidly. The wide-flung flutter of fans, the raucous cries of the popcorn and candy butchers, and the happy laughter of the children, all combined to form the proper background for a circus matinee.

Stepping into the canvassed runway between the big tent and the dressing quarters, I tossed aside my hat and pulled on a long black coat with a white collar sewed inside; a mere bluff at "dressing up," but a sufficient regalia to identify me as master of ceremonies.

FINALLY my watch registered two o'clock. I blew a whistle sharply. For a few hours, at least, I'd have something besides worries to occupy my thoughts.

The band broke into a rollicking march. Headed by a half-dozen lumbering elephants in gay accouterments, the big opening procession swung through the runway and began its march around the wide outer track which encircled the rings. There was snap in the steps of the marchers and dancing girls, the men sat their horses with dignity, the women from atop the chariots and wagons, smiled, bowed and waved to the children.

It was a gala, joyous parade. That is, with two exceptions. I noted these particularly as it moved by a second time and divided into groups which swung off into the several rings for the grand finale tableau. Tony, driving four white horses hitched to a light wagon, which preceded his caged lions, was a picture of scowling ferociousness, his heavy brows drawn down over eyes which fairly burned. And Larry, usually the most care-free and smiling of the outriders, looked little less out of the picture than the trainer. For his lids were narrowed to mere slits and his mouth and chin were set in firm, hard

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lines that boded ill for scowling Tony. Only Daddy Gamelli appeared to have shaken off all traces of the afternoon's unpleasantness. Stalking ahead of the clowns, he danced, pirouetted and flip-flapped, now and then darting from the line to shake hands with and pat the heads of the small boys in the lower seats, who shrieked approval.

Lida was not in the procession, for her bar act was among those which opened the performance. Knowing, if she had recovered sufficiently to go on, she would be in the entryway, I hurried there. And there she was, all right, radiantly pretty, from the mass of fluffed hair which crowned her head to her satin-shod little feet, temporarily pushed into clumsy clogs. She smiled and held out a tiny hand in greeting when I stooped to make whispered inquiry as to how she felt. And, at the same time, her cape slipped, revealing two ugly welts across her shoulder, which Mother Hudson had but illy concealed with grease paint.

But she was game, a real trouper through and through. And she went through her act without a slip, though I knew every movement must have hurt her. Upon her disappearance down the runway, I looked about for Daddy. In a hideously grotesque costume he came bounding toward me, bringing gales of laughter from both children and grown-ups by his frantic acrobatics. They could not know how old he was, but I did. And I noted he was trying to do things which I had not seen him attempt in years. My guess was, that, despite my first sizing up, he had not recovered from the shock of the quarrel and was fighting to down his nervousness by forcing his physical side to the limit.

His antics fascinated me. For I was really sorry for him; regretful that anything had occurred to make his tasks harder. Then Larry swung by, his act finished. It would be another hour before he would be on again. Plenty of time in which he and Tony might again clash—if they met. I followed him, determined to keep the two under close surveillance during the remainder of the afternoon, even to the neglect of my Big-Top duties.

BUT, when he turned into the entry, I noted Big Tony, but half dressed for his turn, moving from a side-flap of the dressing tent toward the menagerie. So I switched to his trail and came to his elbow when he paused before the cages containing the lions. They still were ugly and growled when they caught sight of him. And one, old Bill, the leader of the half-dozen powerful beasts, reached a paw through the bars and struck angrily in his direction.

"They're pretty nervous, Tony," I said, trying to keep any note of authority from my voice. "Maybe you'd better put them through only the simpler tricks this afternoon."

He looked at me with eyes still hostile. "I'll run my own act, if you please, Toller. And they'll do what I want them to do or by—"

He broke off with a snarl and his hands doubled themselves into great, ugly fists. I turned from him toward the main tent. But, as I glanced back across my shoulder, I saw him moving from cage to cage, glowering at his charges as though he would cow them by his ugly looks.

When I again came abreast of the runway, Daddy was shambling out. If he had been nervous before, he surely was doubly so now. For, before making his customary rush into the sawdust, he paused and tensed himself, as if setting his tired old muscles for the hour of fun-making still before him. And I also noted that he had

been careless in his dressing. Instead of carrying his big crimson umbrella open, as a background for his chalk-white head, it was closed and tied near the handle with a bit of string. And, instead of wearing two gloves, one hand was bare. Only extreme agitation would have caused him to make this latter slip. For these were his particular pride, made of rubber, with fingers which he stretched and snapped before the boys' faces, always getting a laugh.

I turned away to glimpse the rings. Acts were following one another in rapid succession. Everything was moving with a smoothness which, any time when I was less upset, would have brought a grin of pleasure.

Then came the moment for the big feature act.

"Antonio Ricardo, the world's greatest trainer, will enter a cage of ferocious lions, recently brought from the jungles of Africa, and compel them to obey his will in a series of startling and most dangerous feats."

I caught every word as the frock-coated announcer bellowed it through a megaphone from his post before the reserved seats.

Instantly, a hush of excited expectancy gripped the great audience. All performers left the rings, for no counter attraction was permitted when Tony performed. And a corps of helpers, bearing heavy sections of crossed steel bars, rushed into the center arena and, with quick, sure hands, put together the gigantic cage in which the animals were to be put through their paces.

I reached the point just as the wagons were wheeled up, and each in turn was emptied of its snarling load, the lions being forced into the cage by the prods of the helpers. Tony arrived at the same time, a long black cape draping his hulking frame from the gilded enaulettes upon the shoulders of his scarlet jacket almost to the soles of the shiny top-boots into which his white satin breeches had been tucked. But a scowl still held his features, and the muscles of his face twitched nervously.

And, confirming my suspicion that he anticipated more difficulty than usual with his charges, he permitted his cape to slip to the ground while his hands moved to his hips and he jerked at the revolvers belted there, to note that the holster flaps were buttoned back so he could reach them instantly in an emergency.

The weapon on the right, I knew, was loaded with blanks, which he fired when he desired to frighten the animals. The other contained ball cartridges, to which he would resort only if compelled to cripple or kill a lion which might become ugly and threaten his life.

The next instant, his bull-whip swinging and snapping viciously, he leaped into the cage through a tiny door which a keeper jerked open just long enough to permit the move, then slammed shut with a crash.

With a flourish, Tony drove the beasts before him, then stepped to the center, bowing right and left to the applauding onlookers, while the band added to the din with a fanfare and a crash of drums.

For a few moments things moved smoothly, the animals obeying the orders emphasized with the crack of the whip, rushing from side to side, forming in line, rolling over and leaping across sticks thrust through the bars by Tony's helpers. But, to my experienced eye, they appeared clumsy and uncertain in their movements, growling most of the time, cuffing each other as they came together and one or two turning upon the keeper with snarls and bared teeth.

But he was atop and around them with almost lightning agility, crashing the loaded handle of his whip upon the head of any which showed signs of rebellion.

At last came the crowning feat of the act. Helpers loosened tiny metal platforms until they hung suspended about half-way up and fastened to the bars, some eight feet from the ground. They were six in number and Tony's task was to make his lions leap up and hold places upon these while he saluted and made his exit to a triumphant blare from the brass.

But, from the very outset of this effort, there was trouble. Time after time he got two or three lions to their platforms, only to have them leap down, snarling and striking at him when he turned to make the others climb. Those in the seats held their breaths, thinking it all part of the act. We of the circus held ours, but for a different reason. We knew Tony was facing a mighty dangerous situation.

I motioned to the helpers to get ready with the steel rods and forks, while the man at the exit door crouched, ready to swing it wide the instant the trainer gave the signal.

However, Tony, his face crimson with rage, would not give way. He dashed among the swirling brutes, striking right and left with all the fury of his great strength.

Then, suddenly, he slipped. And, though he was up again in a flash, he found himself surrounded by the snapping brood. Forcing an opening with vicious blows from his whip, he leaped to a corner and snatched up a wooden chair, always there to be used as a shield in just such emergencies.

But, as he tried again to advance, his whip circling wickedly, the chair held before his face and chest, Old Bill, his jaws stretched wide, leaped upon him and smashed the shield to kindling with one blow of his great paw.

I caught the gasps of fear from all about me, and yelled to the men to reach through the bars and beat down the animals. But my eyes never left Tony. Hurling himself to one side, he whipped out a revolver, and, as the massive lion again made for him, ripping off a sleeve of the scarlet coat with a glancing cuff of his claws, fired the five blanks almost into the animal's eyes.

But the lion was raging mad, too angry to be more than momentarily startled by the flashes. Whirling, he struck Tony a blow which sent him toppling among the other beasts, then set himself for a spring. I saw the trainer stagger to his feet, holding to the bars. His other revolver came out with a jerk. Lower and lower Old Bill crouched upon his belly, setting to hurl himself upon the man like a catapult.

Tony aimed, his arm steady, and fired—once, twice, five times. But the crouching lion never quivered. Not a bullet reached him.

"Quick, Tony, the door, the door," I shrieked. He probably never even heard me, though the keeper pulled it open.

For, almost coincident with the last flash, Old Bill went hurling through the air, striking Tony full, the two going down in a heap. As the man, crying and cursing, turned to fight himself loose, the lion shot out a paw which caught him across the back of the neck and sprawled him into an inert heap.

Only half-sensing the pandemonium which broke on every side, I yelled to my ring bosses to quiet the people. Then I turned back to the cage, where a dozen men were beating the animals into submission with long steel poles. Old Bill, his

head rolling, roar upon roar coming from his wide open mouth, crouched across the body of Tony.

But not for long. Fire was touched to torches of oil-soaked waste fastened to poles. And he backed away from his prey when these were plunged, burning and smoking, into his face. A section of the cage was immediately unfastened and Tony's form was pulled out and rushed through a tent flap into the open air.

I was glad to note the crowd, which my assistants had kept from stampeding, had suddenly become still. And, as I followed after the men bearing Tony, I ordered those near me to get the lions into their cages and back to the menagerie quickly, and then carry on the remainder of the show at top speed.

When I came from under the canvas, the show's doctor, who had been kneeling over the stricken man, arose and turned. "He's dead, Mr. Toller!" he said. "His neck is broken."

HOWEVER, learning the dread truth, sent a quick calm over me. I realized I was the one in command and that further trouble could be averted only if I held my nerve.

"Here, you," I said to the men clustered close. "Take Tony over to my tent and let nobody in until I come. You, Doctor, go back inside. Find the announcer and have him tell the audience that the trainer was only knocked senseless. That everything's all right now, and the show will go on, today and tonight."

While I tarried to make certain all of my orders were being carried out, one of the keepers came from the tent and gave me Tony's revolvers, which he had recovered from the cage. Automatically I took them and thrust them into my trousers pockets. Then I turned and made for my quarters. My mind was working fast, trying to solve the puzzle of the slip which had cost the trainer his life.

Obviously, both revolvers must have contained blanks. Otherwise, even though his aim had been poor and the bullets had gone wild, we would have noted where some of them struck. I couldn't understand it, unless Tony, in a mad fury because of being opposed by everyone, had been so upset that he had made a mistake in loading the weapons.

Then, with jolting force, a suspicion flashed through my mind; a suspicion ugly and terrifying. Had some one—after Tony had loaded his revolvers—tampered with them? I tried to banish the thought, but it would not down. And I recollected that I had seen the man, when but partly dressed, in the menagerie. The guns were in his quarters at the time. And Larry, who, with others, used the adjoining dressing booth—I had seen him heading in that direction, when Tony was absent. Could he—

Gritting my teeth and clenching my hands in an effort to conceal any outward show of the agitation which suddenly had turned me cold all over, I quickened my pace.

The men who had borne the trainer's body were leaving my tent when I reached it. Hap Lee, standing guard, jerked his head meaningly toward its interior. "Don't let anyone cor.e in until I give the word," I rasped; then dropped the flap behind me.

A moment I paused, bracing myself for the task ahead. For it was up to me to solve the riddle, if I could. To determine who—but, first I must examine the weapons. Turning, so that my back was toward the blanket-covered mass lying in the corner, I dropped upon a trunk and

Old at 28 Young at 42



What Annette Kellermann

Did For Me

By Mrs. G. Z. S.

WHEN I married, I was a robust healthy active girl. The bloom of the rose was in my cheeks, the sparkle of the stars was in my eyes, and the spring of buoyant youth was in my step.

I enjoyed life to the fullest. My health was superb. Headaches, colds, indigestion, nervousness were unknown to me. Then gradually, so gradually that I did not notice it, my youth began to desert me. Children came, and left me weaker. As my cares grew greater, aches and pains began to bother me. Then came tiny wrinkles and extra weight. My figure became "dumpy." I became irritable with my children and my husband.

My entire physical condition, in a few years, became that of an ageing woman. Though I was seldom really sick enough to call a physician, yet I was always so tired, so worn out. I had to give up nearly all my social activities, because I was too weary to exert myself.

My poor physical condition was reflected in my appearance. My face was drawn and haggard. My eyes became dull and sickly-looking. My complexion was "pasty" and colorless.

For 14 years—from 28 to 42—I had allowed myself to grow old. Then I discovered that it was only lack of knowledge which had robbed me, which had made me a crabbed, nagging, complaining, suffering, nervous, ailing woman. It was through Annette Kellermann, the "world's most perfectly formed woman." Few women know that as a child Miss Kellermann was an invalid, puny, ailing, compelled to wear iron braces on her feet. Yet she transformed herself into the gloriously healthy and lovely woman she is today. I wanted to find out her secret and wrote her. In response, I received a charming personal letter, and far more important, a copy of Miss Kellermann's book, "The Body Beautiful."

To that little book, I can truthfully say, I owe the beginning of the wonderful health and exuberance of spirit that is mine today. It opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do. I learned that every woman—unless she has a serious organic derangement—can live a life as vigorous and strong and free from pain as a man's.

Today, I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. I look fifteen years younger. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, my body is slender and graceful as a girl's. I dance again as I used to. I play tennis again as I used to. I am gloriously happy with my husband as I used to be. Yet I am 42 years of age.

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drew forth the guns to examine them.

However, before I could make another move, there came a sound of voices just without; Hap's raised in protest, another's whose tone was sharply preemptory. Immediately the flap was raised and dropped, and Claxton's sheriff, Joe Parker, whom I had known for years, was before me, his eyes sharp and searching, his mouth twisting into a knowing grin as he noted the revolvers I held.

"One of my men who was at the show sent for me. I've got some line-up on how your trainer was killed. Those are his guns, I take it?"

I NODDED. Somehow I sensed that this man had guessed something of what I suspected. And, not knowing how much of a battle I might have to wage; who, if anyone, I might have to shield until investigation uncovered the truth, I struggled to retain full calm before speaking.

"Good," he said, crossing over and sitting beside me. "Let's have a look at them."

I passed over the weapons, thirty-eight calibre long-barrels, of the type usually carried by cowboys. He snapped open one and caught in his hand the five shells ejected.

"Blanks," he said laconically, holding them out for my inspection.

Picking one up, I saw he was right, and nodded. Then he dumped the shells from the second gun.

"More blanks." His tone was harsh, and his lids narrowed as he looked at me straight. My suspicions were coming true with a vengeance. But, playing for more time, I picked one up and studied it carefully.

"Yes," I said, "these also are blanks."

"Isn't it customary,"—he placed the shells and the revolvers upon the trunk between us—"for a trainer to have one of his weapons loaded with ball, to be used in just such an emergency as happened this afternoon?"

"Yes. One is loaded with blanks to frighten the animals. The other with ball, to kill any which becomes dangerously vicious."

"This man always loaded his own guns? The girl of his never did it for him?"

"No. He always loaded them himself."

"And, if I understand correct, it's a rule among trainers to do this before each performance. Their lives may depend upon their ammunition. And they are not likely to become careless, unless—"

"I am certain Tony loaded his guns as you say," I interrupted.

"Now, Toller." He placed a confiding hand upon my knee, but his tone was hard and compelling. "You and I have been friends for a long time. I want you to come clean with me. There was a row here this afternoon, before the show, in the animal tent. And this trainer was mixed up in it. Tell me about it—and don't skip any details."

The time for the show-down had come. Realizing that half-truths might get me into difficulties later, I told every incident concerning the clash, how the trainer had lashed his step-daughter and the reason. Of Larry's threats. Even how I had bowled over seventy-year old Daddy Gamelli, who had attempted a feeble attack armed with one of his juggling knives.

"Does this Gailing dress anywhere near Tony's quarters?" Parker inquired, when I had concluded.

"Yes. Their compartments are side by side. Larry dresses with two other performers; Tony alone."

He nodded significantly. "Was there any time this afternoon, before the trainer

went into the arena, when he was absent from his quarters, but Gailing was in his?"

I hesitated an instant, then, "Yes. Larry went to change his costume while Tony was in the menagerie tent looking over his lions, maybe fifteen minutes before his act went on."

"Send for this lad—and have the girl, come, too."

I gave the necessary order to Hap, adding that he was to keep everyone else from the vicinity of my tent. Then, for five long minutes—an eternity it seemed—we waited, seated side by side, my thoughts in a turmoil because of the fearful plight in which Larry was placed; Parker's, possibly, centered upon the revolvers which he kept turning over.

Both were still in costume when they entered; Larry in the jockey rig in which he had ridden in the hippodrome races; Lida, a cape pulled about her, wearing the low cut gown in which she drove a small chariot in the finale. Their faces indicated they had learned Tony was dead. But, after a darting glance at the form in the corner, they turned and faced us. The girl was white-faced, wide-eyed and trembling. The boy, was flushed but cool; his look seeming to indicate that he was curious because of the summons.

Introductions over, Parker immediately began the grilling, his first question to Larry.

"Where were you when the trainer was killed?"

"I was standing near the runway. I had finished dressing and was waiting for the races. They come soon after the cage act."

"And you?" to Lida.

"I was in the women's dressing tent, resting. I was ready and waiting my call."

Parker again turned to the boy.

"Tony dressed next to you. Was there any time this afternoon when he was away from his compartment, but you were in yours?"

"I don't know, for certain. Maybe. But I thought I heard him moving about whenever I was inside."

"Now listen, and answer carefully. Fifteen minutes before the trainer went into the cage he was in the menagerie tent. You were seen to go to your dressing room at that particular time—"

"But I don't understand," the lad interrupted. "Tell me what your trying to get at and I'll tell you anything you want to know."

"I'll tell you in good time. Just answer my questions. Were you in your dressing room then?"

"No."

Parker's look indicated he had been expecting that reply. "Where were you?"

For an instant Larry looked at Lida, then, "I was out on the lot. Talking to some one. When I got to my quarters, to slip into this suit—which takes only a minute—I heard Tony in the next compartment."

"With whom were you talking?"

Again Larry looked toward Lida.

"Please, Mr. Parker, let me tell," she said. "He was with me. He had given me a signal in the big tent—one which we often used—to meet him behind the canvas wagons, near my dressing room."

"Do you mind telling me what you were talking about?"

"No. Though it doesn't make much difference—now. You, of course, know all about our trouble with—Tony—today. I couldn't stand the abuse, the beatings, any longer. I was determined to leave him. Larry and I were together but a few minutes. But we arranged to slip away during the excitement of taking down the show tonight and taking a train for Chi-

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cago. There we were to get married. I'll be eighteen in a few more months. Then we could have come back to Mr. Toller and Tony couldn't have interfered."

Parker's face was a study during her statement. Mingled doubt and amazement was there. "Did anyone see you two by the wagons?"

The girl and boy looked at each other, then shook their heads.

"No," said Larry. "We purposely kept out of sight; for fear some one would tell Tony and he'd suspect something."

"You two have been together, talked a great deal since the killing, haven't you?"

The youth's face flamed. "You mean we arranged for Lida to tell what she did? That's a lie. Now I want to know what you're getting at."

Parker's face again relapsed into poker nothingness. "Tell me, son, when you were in your dressing-room changing to this costume, were there any performers with you? Or were you alone?"

"No one else was there."
"That's all—for now," Parker arose. "You two go back to the big tent and wait in the reserved seats until I send for you. Don't talk to anyone else—about anything. Understand?"

Both were too bewildered to reply. But as Lida turned and reached out to grasp Larry's arm, the cape slipped from her shoulder, exposing the great, ugly welts. Parker stepped over, lifted the cape with an unsteady hand, then bent close and examined the injuries.

"Did he—the trainer—is that where he struck you with the whip?"

The girl nodded, her eyes filling with sudden tears. And again she drew the cape to her throat.

"I'm sorry, little girl, mighty sorry. You can go now."

When the sheriff turned and faced me, his lips were pressed together in a narrow line, his eyes seemed like tiny points of white-hot steel. His was the same kind of a look I had seen in Larry's face when he threatened to kill Tony.

For a moment he stood silent, moving one foot in a circle and tracing a pattern in the dirt. "Too bad the lion didn't do the job without outside help, the—" he shrugged. "Now, Toller, I'm going out to look things over and check up. My men have kept everybody out of the men's dressing quarters till I could examine them."

"But, Parker," I interrupted; "you believe Lida's story. Surely you don't think that boy would do such a thing. And what would have been the need—if they were going away?"

His eyes met mine level. "If they could prove their story—but they can't. At least the part that they were going to elope to-night. Things look mighty bad for Gailing, mighty bad. I'm sorry for him, and the girl—in particular. I hope I can find some one they didn't see, but who saw them together by the wagons. But even that wouldn't account for all of Gailing's time in those fifteen minutes. He was in the dressing-room and alone. It wouldn't have taken him long to have slipped into the next compartment, taken the ball cartridges from Tony's revolver and substituted those he could have taken from the box of blanks. I've got to get at this."

I don't know how long he was gone. It probably was less than an hour.

He tossed his hat aside, dropped to a trunk and motioned me to one facing him. "Toller," there was a quaver in his voice. "Gailing didn't turn the trick!"

"You mean—you're going—to forget anything you've learned?"

"Part of it, yes. But first I'm going to tell you the whole truth. Your word

Ever Take An Internal Bath?

By T. A. Ballantyne


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that what I say will never be repeated."

I couldn't speak, but I made a gesture of assent.

"Listen, then. Tony loaded one of his revolvers with blanks, the other with ball, put them in the holsters and laid his belt aside till he was ready to enter the ring. While he was in the menagerie some one slipped into his quarters, took out and kept the ball cartridges and substituted blanks. And that somebody was one so thoroughly familiar with circus life that he recognized the lions were in a bad humor, might attack the keeper. Some one who wanted the trainer to be defenseless when that happened—wanted him killed."

"And—you know who it was?" I stammered.

"Yes. And I also know he was nervous and shook. He dropped something beneath Tony's dressing-table. In his excitement he didn't notice it; went away leaving a clue which would lead directly to him. Do you recognize this?" From his pocket he drew a long, white, rubber glove, one with fingers which could be stretched out and would snap back.

For an instant my head went dizzy, my eyes blurred. Did I know the glove? I would have recognized it in a thousand. And like a flash something came back to me. Daddy had been in the dressing-tents while Tony was in the menagerie. I had seen him come up the runway; wearing only one of the gloves.

"You needn't answer," Parker's voice was low and even. Evidently he had been watching closely and had caught some tell-tale change in my features. "I suspected the kind of a performer who would be wearing such a glove. One of my men remembered seeing a similar one upon an old clown during the performance. I went to that clown's quarters; examined all his belongings, particularly those he had worn

in the afternoon. And, in a big, red umbrella, which was rolled up and tied at the top with a string, I found something he had put there—a good place of concealment for the time being—until he could throw them away. Here they are." Again he thrust a hand into his pocket, and when it came forth, five ball cartridges lay in the palm.

I studied them for a full minute, fighting to steady my nerves. Then, "And have you got to take him, that old man?"

He shook his head. "Toller, for once in my life I'm going to have a case of bad memory. I may be the Sheriff, but I'm also a father. You take the glove and slip it back into the old fellow's trunk. He may wonder how it got there; but he won't ask questions. I'll keep these cartridges as—a remembrance. And you can tell that boy and girl that they are free to do as they please, to come and go as they choose. But, if you'll slip over to my office with them tonight, I'll marry them, if they want me to."

IN THE next few hours I followed Parker's instructions, had Tony's body removed to an undertaker's in Claxton and wired the trainer's relatives in New York of the tragedy, asking them to forward instructions.

My watch indicated half-past seven. Within minutes the side-show pullers would appear for the free show. Entering the menagerie tent and pushing around a lemonade and pop-corn stand, I came upon Daddy Gamelli. He looked up and nodded. In his tired, old eyes there was something which suggested unusual fatigue. Then he resumed his work of polishing, with a red bandanna, one of the long-bladed knives he soon would be using in his juggling act before the side-show tent.

Her Golden Enemy

[Continued from page 77]

single dark blot. I pressed my hands together in a frenzy of agony.

I brushed the stinging tears from my eyes. As I looked, the shadows vanished and I saw them clearly etched against the evening sky. I walked slowly toward another sand dune, keeping out of their sight. How I longed to tear those proud slim hands away from my husband's arms! It was agony I cannot describe to crouch there as I did, unable to command my muscles.

It seemed that they stood like this for an hour before I caught the sound of their voices. A counter breeze was blowing from the north, and it swept their words into my ears like so many daggers:

"You shouldn't have come. Folks are talking . . . she's bound to find out—"

"What if she does? There are only two more days of this. That is, if your weather predictions are correct, as I believe they will be," cut in the woman. Her voice was soft and throbby like Hawaiian music.

I understood in a numb sort of way that Landry Thorndyke was dictating her wishes to John—and she was the kind that got what she wanted.

"There ain't no use hurting her till it's necessary," was John's answer that struck me like a blow. I could hardly smother the moan his words wrung from my lips. So, he was eventually going to do something to hurt me terribly! Ah! If John had only half-realized how swordlike his pity and sympathy thrust themselves through my agonized consciousness. He didn't want to hurt me until he had to!

"John," her voice had changed. It was

again soft and seductive. Even in my misery I could understand how that voice had swayed my husband—stolen him! I felt hopeless at the sound of her voice. Despair gnawed at my soul as I strained forward to catch the rest of her words. "I—I don't think you really wanted to see me today. Sometimes I am almost certain that you do not feel as you say you do. If—if that's the case, I shall never let you see—"

"It's not true," blurted John, his voice booming like the sea against Drum Island. "Don't say it again, Lan. You know I care—I've got to care like hell to do what I'm planning—"

The surf seemed suddenly to roar like a fury in my ears. I did not hear the rest of that sentence. The only thing above the roaring in my ears that I could hear was the echo of the word "Lan." My John had called the woman from Surf, "Lan." That hurt me more than if he had called her "sweetheart." It meant that John had found a love-name for this Golden Woman whom I now wanted to kill—"Lan . . . Lan . . . Lan . . . Lan . . ." the word echoed through me, sounding high above the rush of water.

My strength suddenly seemed to be returning. I half-arose from my knees. I would have rushed out upon them then if John had not said something that again struck me down like a blow:

"I'm more positive than ever we'll get that blow day after tomorrow. Just about the turn of tide at night. It'll run heavy. Northeasters always do down here this time of year. There ain't no doubt but my

smack'll be washed ashore along here as evidence I was lost—"

"John! Think what that means! You'll be free then—for me. Free to run to another world! With you as captain of the *Seagull*, no one will suspect the truth about us. Oh! John, it's heavenly in the Mediterranean now... Under those eastern stars and moons, just you and I, and the sea, and... freedom!" Her voice was like a love-song in the falling night.

"I'm mighty glad I figured to scuttle my smack. I guess I'm kind of soft about such things. But—well, it'd just have preyed on me if I'd run off and hurt her that way. Her believing me lost in the storm makes it easier all 'round. She'll fret terrible over my being lost. But, not as much as if I'd run off—"

"John," whispered the Golden Lady.

I saw her arms steal up around his neck, and he bent his face down. I looked away before they kissed; I couldn't have stood that. The next time I glanced up my husband was wading out into shallow Sound water with the Golden Lady in his strong arms. The dark swallowed them. I guessed what was happening. John had carried her out to the speed-boat. Suddenly there was a roar like summer thunder in the air. Then the sound of a swift craft swishing through choppy water.

It was a miracle, my getting home before John; but, I had to. Dad must be fended off from saying anything to John. My husband must not know that I knew everything. Already a plan had forced itself upon my dazed mind. It was a daring thing. But, somehow, intuition told me it was my only chance. I could not fight the Golden Enemy with her own weapons. I would have to force her to fight me with my own.

"I'll do it," I sobbed as the cottage loomed through the night.

Dad was fuming. I managed, without telling him my own plans, to make him promise silence for two days, saying that everything would come out all right then. John came in a few moments later, asking in his blunt way about supper.

After the meal, we all sat on the porch and watched the moon climb out of the sea like a great orange ball. From the corner of my eyes, I spied on my husband. Time and time again, I saw his sharp, weather-eyes range the north, and focus dreamily upon the lights of Surf that gleamed through the darkness.

"Going to get a blow in about forty-eight hours now," said Dad later, speaking like a man in conversation with himself.

"Northeast," was John's short, sure answer.

"Yep," returned Dad, never taking his eyes off the sea.

The pain in my breast brought tears to my eyes. But I brushed them away, and turned my gaze upon the lights of Surf Island, anger, fear, and hurt rioting through my body and soul.

Tide turned with the fall of the second night following my ugly discovery of John's and Landry Thorndyke's elopement plans. It flowed in from a calm sea that was being barely ruffled by a tiny breeze from the land, murmuring through the Sound to the lee of Surf Island. There it gently rocked the Golden Lady's beautiful *Seagull* as she rode gracefully at anchor, her lights twinkling like the stars that were shining down from fair skies.

Born and bred in the ways of wind and water, I knew that the calm and fair skies were doomed to death in an impending violence. Anybody who can read the weather would have sensed this. Storm was in the very air. I couldn't hear it, or see it, but I could feel it charging toward the coast from out of the northeast, a black jury hidden only for the present by a

treacherous horizon in the distance.

I shoved off in my row-boat, pulling in the easy fashion of a seaman for the yacht of my enemy—the woman to whom I was soon going to show my hand in her game of homebreking. My plan was to steal aboard, stowaway in a life-boat until the *Seagull* picked John up according to pre-arranged plan, and then confront her. I would make her let my man alone!

As I stroked away, I felt my power of arms and body, confident that this strength would not desert me in our hour of reckoning. For the past two days I had lived in a state of emotional suppression, because I had not dared let John dream of what was in my heart and mind. Now, as the time for action approached, and my nerve improved, I knew that only the shock of discovery had been responsible for my weakness on the beach at North End.

The wind changed when I was within hailing distance of the *Seagull*, strengthening as it blew across Surf Island from the sea. It was the beginning. The storm was nearing our coast. Its first breath was whipping over the horizon! I shipped my oars, allowing the flood-tide to drift me past the yacht which now lay broadside to me on account of the change and rise of wind.

Figures in white hurried here and there over her decks, and I saw two men on the navigation bridge. The Golden Lady's crew was getting ready to heave anchor, and drive into the threatening blow. Taking up one oar, I maneuvered aft of the *Seagull*, and dared to pull under the lee of her stern. It was no easy job to swing myself aboard with the crew getting her all set.

The rigging and a canvas weather-shelter astern cast helpful shadows. When no one was in sight for the moment, I snapped back the tarpaulin from a life-boat on the port side, and stowed away in the boat.

The moment the *Seagull* rounded Surf Island and headed for the open sea, the wind struck us with a rush. It was no longer a stiff breeze, but a gale! My man John's predictions of northeast weather were coming true—as they always did. Suddenly my thoughts rushed to John.

He had left Drum that noon on his smack, the *Stormbird*, saying he wanted to stretch some new canvas and catch blue-fish. I had watched him closely while he said these things, my heart breaking with the bitter knowledge that he was lying to me for another woman. And yet, I had never loved John more in all my life than I did when he kissed me good-by—that lie still on his lips—and swaggered off down the shingle to his smack.

IT WAS my woman's love still burning in my heart for him that made me suddenly afraid of the menace of the coming storm. Suppose in trying to reach the *Seagull* in a small boat from his scuttled smack, the wind trapped him, and the sea sucked him down to death? I began to pray for John, as women pray for their men who go down to the sea in ships. It was then, most of all, that I seemed able to believe John's heart and eyes had only been blinded by the Golden Woman's glamor—glamor that was not true and lasting, like the love seafaring men give to women.

"God save him from the sea tonight... Save him for me—for our child that we've always prayed for—"

"We're in for it, Larsen," boomed a voice at my side, cutting my prayer short, and making me sort of draw into myself as if to shrink away from the voice.

"It bane funny as hell, starting out in northeast blow. No cap'n... new crew—well, we bane lash down everything aft if not it jump overboard in the blow,"



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a bonfire in my heart at the sight of my man sending a sailor to the last place in the last boat. If the sea is in your blood, if you understand something of the code it breeds, then you will know something of what I felt in that grim moment.

There was sudden commotion in the first boat. The Golden Woman from Surf seemed to be begging John to do something. The searchlight flashing on her terrorized, pleading face revealed the truth. Landry Thorndyke was trying to make my man be false to the traditions of the sea; trying to make him overload the boat by saving himself. She flung her arms out desperately in an effort to reach him.

John stood there like a sturdy stick of timber, swaying only with the motion of the tortured ship, and shook his head. Again, there was a bonfire burning in my bosom. Thrill and exaltation swept me above the fear of disaster and peril. It seemed everything to know and realize that although Landry Thorndyke could steal my husband from me, she could not make him unfaithful to codes that Seastroms had lived by for generations. This was a proof John had not been seduced away from the things of the sea by a woman's eyes and voice.

As the first boat, and the Golden Woman dropped out of sight, and my husband strained over the plunging rails with ropes, I wondered if his man's heart would understand what had happened—what positive proof a moment of peril had brought to my woman's heart? Landry Thorndyke, seeker of her own desires and pleasures, had not loved my John enough to stay with him until the last... to take the chance with him that love would make me take.

I clung to the sill until he backed away from the rail, his searchlight playing on a scene of foam-patched sea tossing a small boat around like a cockle-shell. Then, sure he could not send me away with the others, I struggled to the deck and faced him. There was only time enough for me to see by his light that John looked like a man who suddenly sees a ghost. Then the light crashed into the deck, and the storm smothered us like a howling force of darkness.

The next thing I knew we were swaying against each other and his arms were around me, holding me from the tearing strength of the wind. He lifted me clear of the deck and staggered into the salon. There he put me down on a wall seat: "Stay here, Florian," he bellowed; "I'll make—raft—"

"Don't leave me, John," I pleaded. But, again the wind and roar of the surf against Orange Island smothered my outcry. John used his strength, freeing himself from my grasp, and with a last command to remain in the salon, zigzagged away from me.

When he came back the menace of the breakers seemed, just beyond the railing of the poor *Seagull*. John half-carried, half-dragged me astern where the sea was just beginning to break over the after-deck. How he launched the emergency raft with me lashed to it; how John, clinging to the end of a rope, dragged himself aboard as the seas pitched the raft up and down, was a miracle I can't explain.

Great seas rushed at us like frothing giants through the blackness... swept over us... half-submerged us... drove us into heavier seas... beat us down like great watery fists. When John cut the ropes that lashed me to the raft, and told me to jump, I would have gone down unless he had managed to hold me up. A breaker crashed over us. Down we went together, striking something hard.

It was grating beach-sand. Another wave struck us, driving us, flinging us

shoreward into the shallows. I tried to stand up. But a force in the surf seemed to suck me down into darkness and din.

The surf was roaring in my ears when I opened my eyes to the grey, ghostly light that filled a strange room. Vaguely, I remembered my last conscious moment just before the sea had sucked me down toward the grating sand. John must have caught me in time, and saved me.

I turned over. Suddenly my hands touched something that began to move uneasily—something that was alive like myself. A premonition that was both unnerving and uncanny swept over me, rousing my aching body to a sitting position. A mass of golden hair lay damp and straight against the other pillow.

In that moment everything of the past rushed through my dazed mind. All these recurrent memories were like so many knives digging into an open wound. For I remembered what had taken place between John and the Golden Woman...

My hands shot out toward that mass of damp golden hair. I would have jerked it out by the roots... I would have loosened upon Landry Thorndyke all of the hate of my body and soul for her. But, the door suddenly opened, and John stood there like a ghost of the sea in his gleaming black oils, his handsome face haggard in the ashen light. He hesitated only for a second. I guess he knew what my hands were planning to do.

"Don't," he pleaded, grasping my arms with a strength that was not ungentle. I struggled ineffectively for a moment. Then my strength died down before what was the most crushing knowledge of all my twenty-two years. My husband was defending the Golden Woman. He did not want me to hurt her. He—he must still love her.

"John, you—you still love her?" I sobbed, certain that I would burst unless I knew the truth one way or the other.

A sudden movement of the woman in the bed at my side answered me for the time being. She shot up into a sitting position like mine, her eyes blazing with a hard sort of fire.

"YES, he still loves me. He—will always love me. Who—are you to ask him such a question?" she demanded, her voice like a rapier.

"I am his wife," I said, wishing John would let my hands go.

Landry Thorndyke turned upon my man: "Tell her that you love me, John. Tell her what we planned—"

"I know everything," I said. "Know he was going to run away with you. Know you stole him from me. I heard it all on the beach at North End—"

"Florian!"

"I came to fight for you, John," I returned unashamed, "There's always been one reason why I'd fight for you. I love you, John... But, there's another now... I"—my voice faltered here for a second but I managed to go on—"I'm going to have a baby—"

"Bah!" cut in my enemy, "that's what every woman says when she tries to get a man back that doesn't love—"

"Florian! We're—you're going to—oh! Florian!" John's voice was no longer blunt, but filled with husky tenderness. "I'm so glad..." his hands gripped my arms tighter, drawing me toward him, "because—because I found out the truth in the storm when she was willing to leave me on the *Seagull*. It proved everything. She didn't love me enough, and I knew then I didn't love her. I was blinded, Florian—blind—" he cried, his face pressing against my own. "You stayed aboard to go down with me. You—you loved me enough to share death—"



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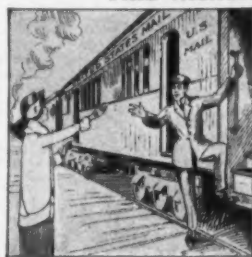
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Two in a Car

[Continued from page 41]

hard just to think of it. Certainly, it was the thing I wanted to do. And now I was committed to it. I had to do it.

The result was that I had a nervous time of it for two or three days. The teachers must have found me distracted. You know how it is, when you have to look forward to making a speech at a banquet, which my father once said was the most trying thing in the world to do (though I think I know better). It is something like looking forward to a championship running race, or going to ask the boss for a raise. Well, I kept thinking of this thing, waiting for my chance to come, telling myself that I had plenty of nerve, wanting to do it, and yet dreading to do it.

Mother noticed that something was wrong.

"Is everything all right at school, Wally?" she asked, the third morning. "You look worried."

"No, I'm all right," I assured her.

"I'll bet I know, Mom, said my sister, Laura, laughing in that brutal way that sisters and brothers have. "It's a girl. He's love-sick. He's stuck on Molly Clark—yah—yah—yah!"

"SAY—you shut up, you!" I yelled at her, hurt and angry. And then she laughed harder than ever. I was ready to pitch my coffee at her when Mother touched my arm.

"No, no, Wally," she said. "It's all right, if that's all it is. I thought you might be worried about something."

"Oh, no," I replied, like a cheerful liar.

That afternoon the suspense was ended, for my chance came. I happened out on the sidewalk at about the same time as Molly. There were two other girls with her, but they could easily pair off by themselves. Molly had her books under one arm, and as the wind nearly blew her hat off she reached up to fasten it more securely. She could not manage it with the free hand alone, and in trying to use the other she spilled a couple of her books on the ground. Very gallantly I jumped to pick up the books, put some loose papers back into them, neatly, and then waited to get her hat and hair straightened out. Then she thanked me and smiled, and reached out for the books.

"That's all right," I said. "I'll carry them for you." And I stepped up alongside.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to trouble you."

"No trouble. I'd like to."

We had not gone three steps before we heard from the audience, of course. Sleepy was out there, watching to see if I made good the dare. And the others. And they all began to guy me.

"Oh, you, Professor!"

"Atta boy, Professor."

"Why, Professor, I'm surprised!"

And more of the same. They were merciless. Molly, surprised, turned and looked at them indignantly, wondering why all the fuss. Then she must have seen me blushing, and comprehended that it was all because I was so shy, for she accepted the situation, perhaps a little amused. After all, it was flattering to her, in a way. For my part, I could not back down now. I went through it, grim and determined, and walked down the street—with her.

The years passed. I pretended to forget all about the incident. Molly apparently forgot. But I did not pursue her with my attentions. During the next three years of our school work I stole quick glances at her, but I was careful not to be caught staring at her. I even pretended indifference. And yet, she was always in my

thoughts when it came to showing off at anything in our school work, as, for instance, in athletics.

I had the usual natural interest in athletics, but also I wanted to make an impression upon her. That thought helped to keep me at my training with such remarkable perseverance that I made up for my natural deficiencies through pure thoroughness of preparation.

I was lanky and loose-hung, not a natural all-round athlete like Billy Bailey. Even in his freshman year, Billy took third in the running broad jump, in the county meet of three high schools. I did not compete this first year. The second year I trained for the mile, hoping that endurance would carry me through. But I trained as schoolboys usually train. Our physical training teacher was good at games, but knew nothing about track. Billy Bailey wasn't satisfied with winning the broad jump, but he wanted to show how smart he was by going in the mile as well. He just hung behind my heels all the way, while I fought the wind, and then on the home stretch he shot out with a strong spring and left me behind. After the games I saw him riding home with Molly Clark. My case was hopeless.

Just as I was leaving the grounds I heard a pleasant voice in my ear, saying, "Well, Buddy, better luck next time." I turned and faced the stranger, a well set-up man of some thirty-odd years. I shook my head.

"I watched you run that race," he continued. "You didn't manage it right. Running takes generalship. You have a naturally good action."

"Do you think I can make a runner?" I interrupted.

"I know it. Wait until the crowd is gone, and I'll show you a few points."

And so this total stranger, who was a travelling salesman, in town for only a day or two, but who had once been a great college athlete, showed me some things about arm action and running stride, and told me how to train. He said that high school boys always overdid their training for a short period, but did not do enough running the year round. I promised that I would start at once to train for the races of the following year.

I mention this partly because it has reference to that quality of persistence, of which I have spoken—the supreme quality, as my father said. I practiced running three times a week the whole year round, for the next two years. I did it more or less secretly. I would ride out to the County Fair Grounds on my bicycle, and run one, two or three miles, according to my schedule. In the spring I bought a stop watch, and I would let Sleepy Sam ride out with and time me in some trial runs. My health improved; I gained weight; I became as tough as a panther. Running a mile was nothing to me now.

In the county meet, Bailey again determined to run in the mile. He was told that I was well trained, but his self-confidence led him to discount my chances. None of them, except Sam, knew what I could do. And this time we had a new track; the School Board had built a school athletic field, with a cinder path of five laps to the mile.

Billy Bailey started the day by winning the running broad jump. They then advised him to save himself for the pole vault, which came after the mile, but he wanted to win all three, and especially to beat me again. Of course, I knew just what I could do. This time he would have

no chance to save his strength for that final burst of sprinting. I started out at my own gait. Some jumped ahead of me at the start, but in half a lap they began to drop back, while I kept on in my long, even, swinging stride. Bailey, however, would not be left behind. He was surprised at the pace I held, but he fought it out with me for nearly two laps, and then he, too, fell back, tired, with little, short steps, while I kept gaining on the field.

"That's the way, Professor," I heard them calling to me. And Sleepy Sam ran nearly half the race with me, alongside the track, encouraging me to make a record. But I went on at my own pace. I swung around the third lap, and then the fourth, running like a smooth machine, and then my nearest competitor was nearly a third of a lap behind. As I started on the fifth and last lap, I saw Billy Bailey around the turn, on the back stretch. I had gained more than half a lap on him. But he would not quit, and I'll give him credit for sticking. However, I now conceived the wild idea of gaining a whole lap on him—the man who had beaten me the year before. So I swung around the circle at increased speed, reaching out with each stride, getting more swing into my arms, bounding over the track. When I finished the back stretch Billy was nearing the home stretch, but running feebly and tired. Could I catch him? He saw me coming, and the crowd seemed to know what was in my mind. Everybody began to yell. But now I, too, was beginning to feel the strain. I had run a hard race. Yet, I had condition—that greatest factor. And there was Billy, struggling along. Could I lap him? He must be almost dead, now. I put all my strength into each stride. I carefully drew a deep breath with each two strides, in rhythm, my lungs working like bellows. I pounded along, closing the distance between us.

And how the crowd yelled! I don't wonder that the folks never forgot that race.

"Come on, Professor!"—"Lap him, Professor!"—"Atta boy, Profess!" I guess everybody must have been yelling.

And now I suppose it will sound silly for me to pretend that I saw Molly in all that cheering crowd. In a race like that, one usually doesn't see any one individual, except a competitor on the track. And yet, I did see Molly distinctly, as I came pounding down the home stretch, though she was the only one I did see. She had run out on the track a little in front of the others, and she was shouting, too, and waving her arms. Afterwards it occurred to me that she might have been urging Billy, but at the time it certainly seemed that she was rooting for me. And I did my best. To reach the tape I still had to go almost twice as far as Bailey. I did not think it could be done, but if not, it would not be for lack of trying. And then he weakened just a little. With a few steps more to go, and nothing to save myself for now, I clenched my hands tightly and threw all the strength I could gather into those few strides. Yes, my strength was still there, though my legs ached. I had that wonderful background of conditioning. My persistence in training had done the work. In the last two strides I threw myself in front of him and beat him to the tape by nearly a yard. I had beaten him by a whole lap and a yard. The time, 4:31 1-5, was 'extraordinary for a high school runner.

Naturally, I pretended to be very modest about it. And I thought I had made an impression on Molly. I kept on training, and the next year I went to a States meet and won the interscholastic mile. But I never again had the thrill of this first

victory. It stands out above everything.

It was in our last year in high school, when we were preparing for a little class play, that I came more closely in contact with Molly, for one scene called for a dialogue between us, needing considerable rehearsing. I arranged to go to her home one evening so that we could perfect ourselves in this scene. She was friendly enough.

"I suppose you are going to win the mile race again this year, Professor?" Even she called me by my nickname, as a matter of course.

"Maybe. I hope so," I said.

"It was wonderful how you ran last year."

It was the first time she had ever mentioned it.

"Oh, it was just training."

"Well, that's the way you do things."

"Yep, I'm a stickler," I said. I wondered if she might get the significance of that, as applied to her. But it was a silly hope. Then, on an impulse, I asked her a question.

"I want to ask you something, Molly."

"Well, what?" she said coyly.

"In that race last year, when you were cheering, were you rooting for Billy Bailey—or for me?"

She turned like a flash and gave me a close look. And then she smiled and shut her lips tight and shook her head.

"Which?" I asked again.

"That's a personal question," she said. "You certainly couldn't expect me to answer a question like that."

"Why not?"

"I can't even answer that. If I told you why not, it would be answering the other. You're silly, Professor."

That was all I could get out of her on that. I puzzled over it often. In my own mind I supplied all possible answers, in my favor and in Billy's favor, but the thing remained a mystery.

It is true that I was "slow," socially speaking, and so at a disadvantage. It was my confounded shyness. Billy Bailey was not shy. He was a good dancer, and he was popular with the girls on that account, or at least he seemed popular. Sometimes he would go with other girls, and then he would go with Molly. I envied him.

Each year the high school juniors gave a dance to the seniors, usually just after school closed, all the alumni being invited, too.

"WHO you going to take to the Junior Prom, Professor?" asked Sam Boland, one day.

"Oh, I don't know, Sleepy. My sister, maybe."

"Why don't you take Molly?"

"Because I don't dance."

"Why don't you learn to dance, Wally. You're too slow."

"You're not any too fast, yourself, Sleepy," I said.

"Oh, I'm learning to dance."

I thought it over for two days, and decided it would do no harm to ask, and that the best way would be to write Molly a note. I told her that I was going to learn how to dance. But she wrote a note thanking me politely, and saying that she was sorry but she had already promised some one else. Of course, the some one else turned out to be Bailey. Anyway, I did not even try to learn to dance. When the time came one of the boys took my sister, and I went all alone, and was a perfect wall-flower all evening, watching Molly dance more than half of the evening with Billy. He was a good Marathon dancer, if not a distance runner. Molly smiled at me once or twice. Sleepy Sam danced about three times, none too well,



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but most of the evening sat with me, against the wall, talking about bicycles, fishing and airplanes, the two of us immensely bored, but pretending to be enjoying it all.

And that's the way things went. Having completed high school, I secured a job with the Metropolitan Book and Stationery Co., one of the best stores in town, and I soon made myself useful there. I read a great deal, and came to know a great deal about books. The name, "Professor," stuck to me and seemed to fit me better than ever, because of my association with books that I sold. Soon I specialized in selling the new books, and arranged with *The Gazette*, our local paper, to write book reviews. This helped to sell a lot of them, and the boss raised my salary several times. He wanted me to stick with the business—there was a future for me. By this time I was now identified with the book store, was asked to make selections of the new books for the public library, and all that.

Molly meanwhile had taken up stenography, and had a job with a real estate man. Once in a while she would come into the store, but it seemed that her chief interest in me was in the fact that I knew so much about the books. I was still shy, especially where she was concerned, but meeting people in the store had given me more assurance than I had had in my school days.

"Why don't you learn to dance and get into the swim, Professor?" said Molly one day, in the store.

"Why, I'd do that little thing, if I thought you'd dance with me," I said.

"Aren't you funny? Anyone would dance with you, if you knew how to dance."

"Well, I'm going to learn."

"I'll bet you're earning lots of money."

"Oh, not bad. I'm saving some."

"Why don't you get a nice little car, and go out and have some good times, like the rest of them?" she asked.

And just at that moment I began to think about it. I knew she thought I was slow. I never took any of the girls out riding, never danced—oh, what a poke I was! Billy Bailey used a big car belonging to his father, who had about three of them, open and closed.

That evening I surprised my sister Laura by asking if it was hard to learn to dance. She read my mind.

"Why don't you ask Molly to teach you?" she said. But a moment later she went and put a record on the phonograph, pushed back a couple of chairs, and said, "Here." And so I had my first lesson in dancing.

One evening I had a bright idea. I called Molly on the phone and told her that I had a most interesting new book that she would like, and that I could run over with it, if she would be home. She said she would be delighted. After that I would call every once in a while, giving her books just as some one else would give her boxes of candy.

One evening I told her I was learning to dance. She expressed surprise.

"Why, how come, Professor?"

Then I felt quite bold, for once. "Oh, I'm doing it on your account."

"Oh, you flatter me," she said. "But why go to all that trouble on my account?"

"Well, you know, I am earning a nice living now. And I'm saving money."

"But what has that got to do with learning to dance?"

"Why, they've both got a lot to do with my interest in you," I said.

"Wally Price!" It was the first time she had called me Wally. "What are you talking about?"

"Do you remember the day—that first day that I walked home from school with you?" I said and I felt my cheeks crimson.

"Oh, wasn't that silly?" She laughed.

"Silly? Not to me," I said stubbornly. "I felt just the same way about you all these years, Molly."

"Well, I am surprised. The very idea of you getting mushy, Professor." There, she was calling me Professor again. It was no use.

"Why not?"

"Forget it, Professor," she said.

"Molly, I won't forget it. I'm always going to keep on feeling just that way about it."

She was looking down, twisting her handkerchief in her hands. She started to smile.

"Well, I'll say this for you, Professor—you've got your nerve."

"And I'll say this for myself, Molly—I'm a sticker."

"I wonder if it's going to rain," she said. "I hope you won't get wet, going home."

I took the hint. "Will you be home Friday evening?" I asked.

"Are you going to get mushy again?"

Then I thought she was making fun of me. "Perhaps I had better not come again," I said.

"Oh, perhaps not," she said, a touch of color rising in her face.

"Good night," I said, and grabbed up my hat in my fist.

I did not call again. I did not give her any more books. But I had a lonesome, painful time of it. It was several weeks before she came into the book store, and then she acted as if nothing had happened, asking what was good in the new books. She had lots of time to read in the office where she worked. Then I relented.

"I've got a good one you ought to read. I've a copy of it home that I'd like to bring around to you some evening."

"What is it?"

THEN I had to lay a copy of it before her. She opened it, glanced through it, then reached into her bag and pulled out two dollars.

"Please let me bring it to you," I said.

"Why should you?" she asked. "Besides, Professor, you ought to be saving your money."

I bit my lip, at the taunt, but I wrote out a sales-slip and wrapped up the book.

Meantime I went on learning to dance, taking my sister out quite a lot and hoping to become expert enough to feel at home dancing with other girls. One evening we met Molly and Billy Bailey down at the Grand Avenue Inn, at the corner of Main Street. Billy, playing the gentleman, asked Laura to dance.

"And this is my turn," I said to Molly. She hesitated, perhaps just to tease me.

"Don't you remember? I learned to dance just on your account," I said.

"Oh, in that case," she said, and went out on the floor with me. I was embarrassed and awkward. I must have made a mess of it, and I suppose I blushed.

"Well, Professor, that's doing pretty well—for you," she said.

"Well, then that's settled," I said. "How about the next Junior Prom?"

"That's along ways off."

"You promise?"

"Oh, all right."

"Well, I want to get that date fixed. And maybe I can practice with you somehow in the meantime."

"And you'll have time to improve your dancing, Wally."

That might have hurt, except that she called me by my name. I could have

kissed her for the way she said it. It was about this time that my old friend, Sam Boland, bought a motorcycle, and he went crazy about it. Finally he got me on the thing, and I went crazy about it. And then I went out and bought the finest motorcycle in the world, with an extra seat on behind—but no side-car; I wanted to ride solo. Then I dolled myself up with a leather coat, leather helmet, goggles, riding breeches, puttees, gloves, and all, until I looked like an aviator or something. Then, on a Saturday afternoon, I went roaring up to the front of Molly's house. She happened to be out in front, but did not recognize me until I lifted the goggles.

"Why, Professor—of all things!" "It's built for two," I said. "Get into your knickers and come on."

"What, me?" "Say, Molly, once you get the thrill of this thing, you'll never want to ride in a car again."

"You mean, take a ride on that, and I'll never ride in a car again—only in a hearse."

"No, you won't be satisfied with any pokey car."

But just as I spoke a car pulled up behind me. It was Billy Bailey, in his father's big touring car, with the top down, and looking quite sporty.

"Well, look at the dare-devil," said Billy, pretending to be delighted. Then he turned to Molly. "How about it, Molly?"

She dashed into the house for her coat, and I showed Billy the gear-shifting, the clutch action, the throttle and other points. He seemed interested, until Molly came out and climbed into his car.

"Don't break your neck, Professor," said Billy.

"I'll buy some flowers for you, Wally," said Molly.

I let them start out first, then followed them. They breezed out onto a nice country road. When Billy stepped on the gas and moved up to about fifty miles an hour, I turned the throttle and went shooting past them like a comet. In a half a minute I had lost them. It was just a flourish—what they call a magnificent gesture—for her benefit.

Now, you would think that by this time I would have been discouraged, especially since it was now said that Billy and Molly were engaged. But I would not give up until I actually heard them say "I do," in front of the pipe organ, and even then I might be found biding my time until the divorce came off. So one day I went around again to tempt Molly onto the motorcycle.

"What have you got against me, Professor, in trying to get me on that thing?"

"Nothing; but I was wondering if you still think I'm so slow?"

"Not any more," she said. "Wait until I get my knickers on."

Well, she liked it. Then she was crazy about it. We took several trips. And once I practically proposed to her again, but she turned me down when she saw it coming, before I quite got to the point.

Soon the time was drawing near for the Junior Prom. I had Molly's promise to let me take her to that. I reminded her of it.

And then I bought my car, a neat little roadster, of a first class make, and learned to drive it. I planned to surprise her with it on the evening of the dance. But there were two or three circumstances, just prior to that dance, that had their influence upon the curious turn of events that transpired that night.

For one thing, the boss came to me explaining a plan of reorganization of the company, to include a wholesale business covering about half of the state. He knew

I had ideas. He wanted to promote me. But he wanted me to make a written report, including an analysis of the book business and my recommendations. So I plunged into it. There was a lot of hard work in it. For three nights I stayed up late, working on it until something like three in the morning. But I did not mind that, for I wanted to get it off my hands, so that on Friday, the date of the Junior Prom, I would be free for my big night. What was three or four nights of shortened sleep? Well, I could sleep all day Sunday.

But meanwhile, it also happened that Molly had a strenuous week of it. She went to the commencement and class-day exercises. She had a birthday party at her house on Wednesday, to which I was invited, but which I could not attend for reasons that I explained to her. And then on Thursday evening, Billy Bailey insisted on taking her out to a road-house dance, purely for the reason that he was to be deprived of the privilege of taking her to the Junior Prom. Then he ran out of gas, coming back, so that she reached home after three o'clock. Friday night would have been a good time for both Molly and myself to have remained at our respective homes and gone to bed early, in all prudence. But we alumni could not forego the Junior Prom. That would never do, even though we were both in a state in which we could almost have gone to sleep standing up.

YET the excitement of the evening, the music, the dancing, the crowd, the gaiety, all were so stimulating that we forgot any such thing as the need for sleep. Truly, it was a great night!

To start with, Molly was surprised and delighted when she saw the roadster.

She called me Wally several times that evening. Billy finally showed up, unabashed, doubtless feeling that he had the inside track anyway, and that he could afford to patronize me just a little. He danced with Molly several times, but it was my innings, since I was to take her home.

I think the psychology of my having the new car had something to do with her friendly manner toward me. We started for home at nearly three o'clock, and when I helped her on with her wrap she did not seem to mind the fact that I squeezed it gently around her shoulders. And that, at this particular moment, did not seem to be particularly bold even for one Wallace (Professor) Price.

Again she said the roadster was lovely. I had the top down, and it was quite spooky.

"Oh, let's ride around a little, before we go home."

"Just what I was thinking," I said.

And so, still forgetting the need for sleep, we cruised about the county for an hour and a half. Finally there were red streaks in the sky, to the east, and we turned in that direction to go home. As we came to the top of a hill the signs of dawn were so beautiful that I stopped the car, so we could look. Dropping the wheel, I stretched, and then put my right arm along the back of the seat, behind her.

"Isn't that glorious, Wally?" she said, softly.

"Isn't it beautiful, Molly?" I said. "And yet, I know something even more beautiful."

"Oh, no, what could be more beautiful than that?"

"The loveliness of a girl, like you. Molly," I said, and my right hand slipped forward to her shoulder.

I suppose no girl would be altogether

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indifferent to a sentiment like that. Molly turned her head to look up into my eyes. Dear God, she was more lovely than the sunrise! Her upturned lips were irresistible, and on an impulse I kissed her. It was the first time I had ever done so. And then I kissed her again.

Then she shook herself loose. "No, no," she said. "It's time that we should be home."

So I started the car and we moved on.

Now, driving a car is stimulating; it makes one wakeful. And, sleep or no sleep, for the past few nights, I was entranced with what had occurred. As we approached home my thoughts turned to my business prospects, and I wanted to tell Molly about the reorganization of the company and my future part in it. So I started in about the possibilities for an enlarged wholesale business, and about the report that I had been working on. I was just in the midst of this when we arrived in front of her home and I stopped the car, somewhat absent-mindedly, almost in the middle of the road. She was interested, and just then she asked me one or two questions about the chances of my being a partner, in future. I said the boss had hinted at something like that, and a lot depended upon my report. I was quite enthusiastic, because I had studied the book end of the business, and then I went on to explain how I had analyzed the sales of books in recent years, pointing to the most profitable lines to follow in the future. From that I went on to talk about the recommendations in my report. I thought she yawned, and then she relaxed and nestled closer, leaning against me. I put my right arm behind her, to make it more comfortable.

And then I yawned, too. You see, yawning is contagious. But I wanted to finish telling her all about it. Particularly I wanted to tell her about what the Boss had said, the last thing that afternoon. He said, the Boss—well now, just what was it he said? Oh—he said, er, that—well, anyway, he just remarked—er—it didn't matter much, but it showed—er—

You will understand that the grey of the morning had arrived. The dawn was breaking. But now, somehow, the glory of the sunrise began to grow. Everything seemed so very, very bright. And now I was driving along the top of the hill again, where we had stopped to look at the sky. But the car moved so slowly. It hardly moved at all. Molly was clinging to me. And some one behind was trying to pass us; but this party was also hardly able to progress. The car behind was honking its horn, loudly. Indeed, the honking was growing louder. Perhaps they would run into us. I tried to accelerate. I stepped on the gas, but my little roadster seemed paralyzed. Oh, so slow we moved. What could I do about it? Why didn't they slow down, instead of keeping up that terrible honking. It must be Billy Bailey in the car back there—ah, that is it. I have Molly, and he is after us. On my motorcycle we could get away from him. But in this paralyzed little car—dear me—that incessant honking!

Honk — honk — honk — honk — honk.
HONK—HONK—HONK—HONK—

And then suddenly I opened my eyes. And in the same moment Molly was wide awake.

The honking of the automobile horn was real enough, for it kept on sounding in our ears.

And just then a gale of laughter almost smothered the sound of the horn. I blinked and stared around. And then I felt a lurch at my side. Molly, who had

been leaning against me, with her head on my shoulder, sat upright with a gasp. The two of us sat there for a moment, stupefied, wondering, while half the town laughed.

I looked at the little clock on the dashboard of the car. The hour was seven-thirty. I looked up. The sun, high in the sky, was shining into my face. I looked around the street—thirty or forty people, perhaps a hundred, all looking—all laughing—all enjoying the richest joke the town had ever known.

"Oh, my God!"

It was Molly's exclamation, at my side. And then with a mad scramble, and with a face flushed as red as the sunrise that we had been enjoying, she somehow got the door of the car open, pitched herself out and raced furiously up the walk to the house, dashed up on the porch and flung herself through the door, just as her mother opened it. For Mother Clark, startled by the sound of the honking horn, had gone to the window just in time to see the two of us sitting there sound asleep, Molly's head on my shoulder, my cheek upon her head. Then she had seen our sudden rude awakening, our amazement, and Molly's mad dash for shelter. Of course it had to be an open car, with the top down, at that, for the full theatrical effect.

And was I paralyzed? Almost. I could only say, "Well, well—well, well—well, well—" And they told me afterward that I said it over and over again, and that it kept them laughing.

I don't know how I got home and finally reached the privacy of my own room. But then I tried to think it all over. Such an extraordinary, unbelievable thing! Me—Wallace Price—Professor! And yet there was somehow a thrill in it. Was I sorry? No.

But how about Molly? There was dismay in the thought. Would she ever forgive me?

Just then there was a knock at my door. I started, nervously.

"Oh you, Professor—are you there?"

It was Sam Boland's voice.

"Come in, Sleepy."

He walked in with his right arm stretched forward.

"Congratulations, Professor!"

"Where do you get that stuff, Sam? I'm ready to shoot myself."

"Oh, but you don't know the best part of it yet, Professor."

"You mean, the worst of it."

"No—best of it. Do you know that about the first person who came along and saw you was—guess who?"

"Her father."

"No, your old friend and dearest enemy, Billy Bailey."

"What—Bailey?"

"None other—and that's why this is the best part of it. Don't you see?"

"But what will I say to Molly?" I asked.

"Why, you boob, just follow up your advantage."

"My advantage?"

"Say, Professor, in this town you two are almost married, right now."

"Oh, my God!"

"Why not call her up? Wait, I'll ring her." And Sleepy went down into the hall, to call her number.

"Hello, Molly! Sam Boland talking. Say, Molly, the Professor wants—what? Oh, well, you can talk to me, can't you? Tell him what? Ah, now, Molly, I wouldn't say that—oh, wait a moment—hello, hello. Hello—"

"What did she tell you to tell me?" I asked, when Sam came up.

"Tell him I hate him."

"I knew it."

"You can order that car now, Jim. I've been turning my spare time into money. Here's the check we needed!"



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"Now, wait a moment, Profess. It means she is not indifferent. I'd go around there, right now."

Something told me that he was right. I drove around there shortly after having some breakfast.

Molly's mother opened the door, with the suggestion of a twinkle in her eye.

"Wally—I certainly was surprised."

"Not half as much as I. Is she—?"

"You wait in the library. I'll send her."

A minute later Molly marched into the room, with her head up, defiant, like a tragedy queen or something. I was standing by the window, and when she saw me she stopped short.

"Oh, you!" she said.

"Whom did you expect to see?"

"Mother said it was Billy."

"That's too bad," I said. "But perhaps she thought you wouldn't come if you knew it was I."

"I wouldn't."

"And suppose it had been Billy."

"Oh, I'm through with him, too."

"You know that he came along here—"

"Not only that; he has been saying things all over town."

"As for me?"

"I hate you."

"That's encouraging."

"Oh, it's terrible. How will I ever get over it?"

Whereupon I brightened up. "That's just the point. You and I will never get over it."

"That's the awful part of it."

"Oh, not so awful, Molly—if only—"

"If what? What can we do?"

"Gosh, there's only one thing to do—after what's happened."

"No, no. I hate you. I'm through with you."

"Don't you see, Molly, you will never be through with me, now?"

"Well, why don't you apologize—or something? Aren't you sorry?"

"Why, it won't be bad at all, if we make the proper public announcement, right now."

"No."

"You think about it, Molly. I'll come back a little later. I'm going to look up Billy Bailey, now."

At this she came back to normalcy—almost. "What are you going to do—with him?"

"Nothing—except just poke him on the nose, and change one or two of his eyes to a darker color—that's all. Then I'll come back." And I reached for my hat.

"But you're not going out to fight."

"No, not unless I can find him." But at this she stood between me and the door.

"What, you are afraid I might hurt him?"

That was a poser. For a moment she didn't answer. "You don't want me to hurt him?" I asked again. "In that case you can depend upon it that I will almost kill him. I'll teach him to say things about you." And I started for the door.

"You shall not go and fight on my account," she said pushing me back.

"Say, who's giving me orders?"

"Well, who has a better right to give you orders?"

"Oh, so that's it? Molly!" And without saying another word I had my arms around her. And this time there was no gallery. After I kissed her three or four times she broke loose. But she only shut the library door, and then came back to me.

"Molly, why have you always refused to marry me?"

"Why, I never have. You have never asked me."

"Gosh—that's right!"

"You haven't even now!"

"Holy smoke! Will you?"

"Oh, I've got to, now."

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The Salamander

[Continued from page 55]

without bath, \$2.50—\$2.00. None cheaper. Half frightened to death, I finally got across Seventh Avenue and went in the one that looked the least prepossessing. I put my name on the register and asked timidly for a two-dollar room. The clerk smiled into my eyes and ran a calculating eye from my hat to my shoes and beckoned a bell-boy.

In my room I threw myself on the bed and cried again, cried until I had drained the last tear from my heart. Then I sat up and counted my money. Twenty-eight dollars that I had scrimped for months to save and the change from the ten dollars father had given me to get a taxicab to the boat.

But when I divided the cost of my room for a day into the total and found that it would take nearly all of it for just a room for a couple of weeks, it didn't seem like so much. I resolved to find a cheaper place the very next day.

I found a room in a boarding-house on West Forty-fifth Street, a little room not any larger or any nicer than the one I had at Mrs. Barlow's.

IN A couple of days I got acquainted with the landlady's daughter, a girl about my own age and size, but her knowledge of life seemed unlimited to me. I wondered if I would ever talk and look as she did after I had been in New York for a while. She laughed openly at what she called my "hick" ideas. I told her of my ambition to become a great violinist and go on the stage.

"Well take it from me," she said caustically, "you've got about as much chance as a race horse with a broken leg."

With almost pity she asked, "You don't suppose that all the baby-faced dolls you see on the stage got there on their own do you?"

"Didn't they?" My eyes were wide. "You win, dearie," she exploded. "What's the use of tryin' to wise up a Dumb Dora like you? Find out for yourself what makes the wheels go round on West Side, dearie!" She walked out of the room with a withering glance in my direction.

The next day I took my violin and went to the office of a theatrical manager whose sign I had seen painted in gold letters on his window. I took a seat on a bench in an outer office and prepared to wait my turn. The room was filled with every kind and shape of girl. Most of them talked in a loud tone about "Johns" and "Jacks" and how clever they were, until I wanted to slip out the door again.

Then a girl about my own age seated herself beside me. She looked at me curiously several times and finally asked if I were trying for the chorus.

"No-o-o; I'm not trying for anything in particular. I've never done any stage work at all. I—I thought perhaps I could get something playing my violin," I explained.

The girl's eyes almost popped out of her head and she looked at me for a moment as though she thought I was crazy.

"Do you mean to tell me you carted that violin in here to get a job?" she asked incredulously.

I nodded my head.

"Listen, dearie," she said, "tie a stone around that violin and throw it in the Hudson, then go over to see Merton, the musical show man." She lifted my dress and looked at my legs while I colored with embarrassment. "You got a lot of natural color and a knockout leg 'n ankle. If your form is as good, he'll take you on in a minute for poses. Can you dance?"

"No!" I was shocked just at the idea!

"Well, that won't make any difference. Listen, you meet me downstairs about two o'clock and I'll take you over. If I'm not cock-eyed he'll fall for you."

I took my violin home and put it carefully away in a corner of my room. Then I went and got some lunch.

At two o'clock I was downstairs in the same building waiting for her. It was two-thirty before she arrived, explaining that she had been held up at luncheon. On the way to the place we were going, she asked me a million questions about myself and I told her the truth.

She said her name was Mary Grey, and it was several months before I knew that it was really Susan Karanovitch!

At the theatrical office she introduced me to a man named Merton, who appraised me from head to foot like a man looks at a race-horse.

"Take her in my office and have her take some of her things off," he said. Mary took hold of my arm and dragged me into the next room.

"He likes you, kid," she said. "Peel off your dress and let him see if you'll do for posing. You won't have to do any dancing."

I stood there aghast, my face crimson. Strip! Anger flushed into my cheeks and I started to go out the door. Mary grabbed at my arm and her eyes spit fire.

"Now listen, kid. If you wanta get anywhere in this game, you gotta show 'em what you've got! He isn't going to bite you! I'll be here all the time and he knows where the lid goes on as far as I'm concerned!"

Thoughts flashed through my mind in rapid succession: Mrs. Barlow... father... the six dollars left in my purse. Then I began to slip off my dress, bending my head so that Mary couldn't see the fright in my eyes.

In a moment Mr. Merton came in and walked around me while I stood like a lump of shame. He even touched me and I cringed as though he held a red hot rod in his hand. Then he laughed and gave me a pat on the shoulder.

"I'm not going to hurt you, girlie!" he said. Then he turned to Mary. "Want to come in my new chorus, Mary?"

She looked at him for a moment with her eyes narrowed. "What's it going to get me and what do I have to pay, Mr. Merton?" she asked.

"Fifty a week and no strings," he laughed.

"Sold!" she said.

"All right. Both of you come around tomorrow at ten for rehearsal. Thanks for bringing her over, Mary," and he went out of the room.

A few minutes later when Mary told me that I would probably get about thirty-five or forty dollars a week I nearly fainted. There wasn't that much money in all the world!

On the way down in the elevator she asked me where I lived and I told her. After a moment she said, "I've got an apartment up on Fifty-sixth Street. The girl who has been living with me went on the road last week. Want to come up and live with me? It won't cost you any more than your room. You may think I'm not very particular, asking you so soon after I know you, but I've been running around this village long enough to know a person who won't run off with my clothes when I'm out."

I hesitated, but she urged me to come up and look at it. The moment she opened the door I was convinced that it was the only possible place I could ever live. How

wonderful it seemed to me with its cozy little lamps and a tiny kitchen filled with white boxes and gay, dainty little touches.

The day I moved in with Mary I seemed to be transplanted from one world to another. My whole life changed the instant I entered the door. Her friends came tramping in at all hours of the day and night, always laughing and shouting as though life was one grand, wonderful joy. I began to enter into their life.

At rehearsals the girls helped me in every way that they could, and before long I could do all of the steps of the chorus. But my own act was to pose in the center of a group of girls, wearing a sort of raggedy smock that didn't leave much to the imagination. Mr. Merton let me wear a mask because he said it would add enchantment, and I was glad because I could never have stood there without one.

I was changing my whole attitude toward life and right and wrong without realizing it, myself. Things that seemed perfectly all right to me now were things that I would have thought utterly impossible a few weeks before. Gradually and wholly, I slipped into their way of living, becoming a part of the gay, gilded night-life of Broadway.

In a year I was one of them, and during the first time Mary and I were out of work she taught me the tricks of the Broadway "salamander,"—how to get by without paying the price!

When we had no money we practiced a hundred different little tricks to get money from the fools who cluttered about us. The candy, flowers, pet dogs and trinkets men gave us we took to the various shops in our neighborhood and turned into money.

We would learn the name of some rare old book that was worth a hundred dollars and take some devoted admirer with more money than brains to a book shop where we were sure they carried old editions. He would buy it for us and we would go into ecstasies of joy over having it for our very, very own.

The next morning would find us in another shop disposing of it.

When men took us to dinner parties at night, invariably one or the other of us had to make a long distance telephone call. When the attendant from the switchboard came to tell us that they had our party there would be a quick search for money. Of course, we never had any and our escorts would offer a bill. They never got back the change and the telephone call consisted of a conversation with a hotel switchboard operator or another girl to carry out the deceit.

And of course, we often pricked a little hole in a pair of silk stockings that started a "run." The other one would discover it and then there wouldn't be another single step made until one of the men got another pair. Only it always happened that we would find some new color that would send us into squeals of rapture and a dozen pairs would be purchased—at his expense.

Nearly all of the restaurants and night clubs gave us a percentage of the check that our hosts paid and we were always ordering the thing that cost the most money for that reason.

But I soon found that a "sucker" was a "sucker" just so long. Then he wanted to be paid for his gifts. So we had to keep meeting new boys and men to keep our list fresh as the old ones passed on. I didn't realize then that I didn't have a friend in the world, not a single person to whom I could turn if I got into serious trouble.

Then one night I met a young fellow of twenty-seven. I'll never forget the way my heart seemed to stand still when he looked into my eyes and smiled. I could feel my eyes widen; my lips parted a

little, while I stood perfectly still, saying not a word. When I was talking to him, everything in the room seemed to be so much more beautiful than it had before.

In the next few weeks Mary warned me to "take it easy." She told me he didn't have a cent in the world and as sure as I fell in love with him I would be raising howling brats on a tumble-down farm in the "sticks."

A lot I would have cared what I was doing so long as I had him!

I began to refuse invitations from other men, waiting for him to call me on the telephone. The things I was doing before made me blush with shame when I thought of Larry. Mary began to get angry at me and said we would both be sleeping in the park if I didn't soon get some sense in my head.

Then, one night Larry asked me if I wouldn't give up Broadway and become his wife. Just like that, without any warning before hand, and I had always believed that when a woman got ready to make a man propose she could do it. Maybe I unconsciously made him, but it took me off my feet, left me all tangled up and falling over his feet as we danced.

Back at the table he said, "Dearest, you must get out of this life. It will get more and more under your skin, just gradually, so that you won't notice at first. But after a while, nothing will be too bad for you and it's a short road then. Oh, darling, don't you understand? I know you're good and fine and really hate such a life—why, I even hate to think of your living with Mary. She's, she's—"

That frightened me and I asked him if he would take me home. I wanted to think. What did he think about me? I wasn't any better than Mary. We lived the same sort of a life in the same despicable way.

In the taxi I snuggled up close into his arms, while he told me the most beautiful things I had ever heard, like a little boy talking to his mother, sweetly and kindly.

I buried my face in his hands, and then almost before I knew it I pushed him away from me and began to pour out my whole story in his ears.

WHEN we drew up before my apartment he stepped out and paid the driver. We went up in the elevator without a word. I dug my key out of my handbag and opened the door. I walked down the hallway and switched on the light. Then I turned into the living-room, thinking Larry was following me.

The banging of the apartment door started me. I switched on the bridge lamp and waited, afraid to look into his eyes. After a moment I called, "Larry."

There was no answer. I stood for a moment unable to move. Then I ran into the hallway. It was empty. I ran to the door as the elevator clanged shut. I could just see the car passing downward when I put my head out in the hall. I called once. Then I turned back and half-staggered into the bedroom.

Mary found me sprawled out on the floor when she came in.

Those terrible days and nights of the next few weeks! I drank until it seemed it would kill me—anything to drive away the thoughts of Larry and the feel of his lips touching mine. I played the game with Mary, more recklessly than we had ever played it before.

If there had only been some way back to Mrs. Barlow's then, I think I would have taken it. But I seemed to be headed down a road that never curved backward.

I was so alone and so afraid!

Then one night I joined a party of Mary's friends. Among them was a man of about forty-five with steel grey eyes and a charming smile. He attached him-



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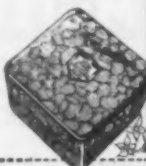
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self to me and persisted in saying nice things to me all evening, although I told him with my eyes that I knew he was giving me the same old "line."

I waited, expecting any minute that he would begin to carry his suggestions just a little farther, testing, groping his way. But when the night was over, he left me at the apartment door and asked if he might call me on the phone very soon.

Just another means of approach I decided, and dismissed him from my mind. But in a few days he phoned and asked me to have tea with him. I almost refused, because I was blue and wanted to be alone. But the softness of his voice and his kind insistence made me change my mind.

Another two hours of sweet things, nicely said, and not a word that I could take exception to. I began to study him. The grey at his temples attracted me. His name, an old New York one, attracted me. The kindness of his smile and voice fascinated me.

In another two weeks I began to believe that there was a gentleman in the world after all. I used little tricks to test him, but he never took advantage of them. We were just friends and he was making love to me like the Prince Charming of my dreams had made love.

I finally decided that he was my way out. I began to reciprocate his attentions and do things to make him really love me.

Mary and all of my friends almost had the shock from which they never recovered when I telegraphed that we had been married and were on our honeymoon.

For just three days I was the happiest girl that ever lived. He showered every attention upon me. Oh, God, it was so perfect, so wonderful. I could have grovelled at his feet in my gratitude for taking me out of the life I had been living. What a man he was I thought, compared to Larry!

Then like a flash he changed. Like a snake sheds its old skin, he became suspicious, jealous and bitter, complaining of my youth and beauty. He kept me cooped up in the rooms at the hotel where we were stopping. He would not allow me to buy a thing unless I had first consulted him. He refused to take me back to New York, ever.

I found out that his family had cast him off entirely, sending him just enough money each month to live up to his station. And each month after paying our bare living expenses he took the rest and went away for a few days, returning only when it was gone.

I begged and pleaded and implored him to be the person I had learned to care for in those few short weeks before we were married. He laughed at me and told me I had set my trap for him, thinking he had lots of money. I told him he lied, that I had married him because he painted beautiful pictures of a place in the country, a real home with children and grass and trees.

For a year he tortured me like a fiend. I wanted to run away from him, a million miles away, but I was afraid. I had run away once before! I had lost my whole perspective and didn't know what to do or what not to do.

One time when he came back from one of his absences he had a diamond brooch in his pocket. The most beautiful I had ever seen. He took it out of its little chamois bag and let it lie in his hand, glittering before my eyes.

"That will be yours some time, Julie!"

I asked him if I could wear it just for an evening, and he put it away in the chamois bag and laughed in my face again.

Two years of hell, terrible, fiendish years, while he broke my spirit and trampled it under his feet. Then he was taken

ill, so ill that his doctors came to me with sympathy in their voices and said there was no hope.

A nurse awakened me one night and said very softly, "You had better come in. He is very bad."

I got up and followed her into his bedroom. In the dim light I could see his puffed eyes peering out at me like twin points of light. His face was pasty with large, ragged, brown spots dotting it. I knelt beside him and laid his hand against my cheek as I thought of those few sweet days, priceless days he had given me. And at the same time a feeling of loathing surged through me at his cruelty.

He closed his eyes in a moment without saying a word.

It all frightened me terribly—the stillness and the strangeness. The nurse helped me back to my bedroom, and I lay there tossing for the rest of the night, my whole life whirling in a dizzy circle before me. Now I had to begin over again. Things would be different and I must be so careful. There wouldn't be any money. His people wouldn't give me any, and I wouldn't take it if they did.

But there would be the diamond brooch. He had said that it would be worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars. That would be enough. I would go away, a million miles away, and live quietly, hoping I would never see another man.

His family paid all of his outstanding obligations and sent me a polite little note of condolence. That was all, and I was glad. His lawyer turned the keys to his safe deposit box over to me, and I went to get the brooch.

BESIDE the brooch there were just a few certificates of worthless stock and a letter addressed to me. First, I took the brooch from the chamois bag and case, and held it up under the electric light. How beautiful it was as it nestled in my hand!

Well, I had earned it! For two years, degrading, terrible years that were stamped on my soul through eternity. As I remembered in that instant I almost hated him, and then a surge of happiness and kindness toward him as I realized that he had saved this for me. He had been good in his way or he would have sold it and used the money before he died.

A tear ran down my cheek as I tore open his letter. His scrawled, boyish handwriting spread out across the page:

Dear Julie:

Like a hand from the grave, isn't it? That's what I meant it to be!

I thought you were everything that was good and fine in the world when I married you. You seemed to be the one thing in the world that I had ever known that was truly fine. I worshipped you, Julie!

The third day after we were married, I ran into Larry Cousens, quite by accident. I hadn't seen him in several years, and he told me of his love affair with you before he knew that I had married you. I don't think I have to tell you anything more—just that will explain why I acted as I did. I tried, but I couldn't get his words out of my mind.

This is a rather terrible way to get revenge—leaving you this piece of paste when you expected a small fortune. But it is as pure as the thing you gave me, so we are even!

Again, good-by,

FREDERICK

I dropped the brooch and stood staring at it as though its shimmering lights were the eyes of a snake that hypnotized me. Even I, the "salamander," paid in the end!

Silver Slippers

[Continued from page 49]

thoughts of good times died down. It was nothing but back-breaking sweeping, dusting, bending, and bed-making all the time.

By noon I had taken care of eight rooms, and hadn't seen anything like a man except one sour-faced old fellow who got mad because we disturbed him in the midst of reading a book. At lunch I saw Sade and told her the job wasn't what it was cracked up to be. She said I had to be patient:

"Don't let that get your goat, honey. Maybe Valentino himself'll blow in town and take a suite on the fourth floor. If not, some roaming Romeo'll show up soon . . . Bye, Anne, and don't break your back sweeping. There's much better ways! Dancin' a tango with a sheik, fr'instance . . . S'long."

But nothing happened all that long afternoon. If there was any thrill or temptation in being in a hotel, it must have left town the night before!

I had changed to my own clothes and was getting ready to leave with Sade when the housekeeper asked me for my bunch of keys. I had clean forgotten them! Somewhere in one of my rooms. But, which one? I rushed up to the floor and started looking. Not in the first four rooms. I turned the door knob of the fifth and started right in. Two steps and I stopped dead in my tracks at the sound of a voice.

"Just a minute!" it said, and then I let out a little scream. A big man was standing right in front of my eyes, dressed only in his B.V.D.'s.

I slammed the door behind me and ran down the hall. For the time being, I could not remember what I had come for. The keys! The housekeeper! Sade! She was waiting. I approached another room. This time I knocked. A pleasant voice told me to come.

The man who opened the door was tall, young, and good-looking.

"Hello!" he said in a surprised sort of way, and then asked if I wouldn't come in.

"I—I'm just the maid, sir, I—"

"The maid?" he repeated, looking me up and down. I felt fire in my cheeks and at my temples as he did this.

"Yes, sir," I stammered, realizing for the first time that he didn't have on any top shirt. My cheeks felt as they were going to burn up now.

"Oh, well, you don't look like one. That's a cinch!"

"My keys—they are on your bureau. I left them by mistake. May I get them, please?"

The man must have been taking a drink. There was a bottle of whiskey, some glasses and cracked ice on the bureau near my keys. He saw me notice these things. "I was just having a highball. Like one?" he asked, starting to pour out a drink.

I guess I was too embarrassed to say no. I gulped it down, feeling that the flames had suddenly leaped out of my cheeks.

Then, almost snatching the keys, I gave him a scared sort of smile and ran out of the room.

Sade said I looked as if I had seen a ghost.

When I told her my experience with the first man, she laughed:

"I'll say you saw a ghost—in the flesh!"

Then she laughed again, saying I smelled like a drink. "Did Valentino show up?" she asked, lifting her eyebrows wisely. I told her about the young man.

"There's a start for you, Anne. Bet that bird'll neglect his real business tomorrow mornin' waitin' to mix you another highball."

That night in bed, I wondered if the young man would be at the hotel in the morning. I found myself hoping he would. I liked to remember his voice and smile. Somehow he seemed something like the kind of fellow I was always seeing in my dreams. That was the one and only big difference in Sade and me. I used to enjoy dreaming about being in love with a fellow; Sade never did. She said dreaming was a lot of bunk. Once when I told her how I thought of finding a sweetheart, she almost blew up:

"CAN that dreamy stuff, honey. It's next to bein' asleep and bein' dead. We're a long time asleep—but a darn sight longer dead. Dreamin' about a man won't get you far nowadays."

The young man was not at the hotel next day. He had checked out. I was kind of disappointed, but at lunch Sade told me to bear up, because there'd be more sheiks on the fourth floor.

Late that afternoon I went to one room where there were a lot of men's voices. The bed hadn't been made up in that room. All the men's voices answered my rap. They were playing cards, four of them. And drinking. The fellow that belonged in the room told me to go ahead and make the bed up. While I was doing it they kept making all kinds of fresh remarks. One said the brand of stockings he sold would look mighty swell on me. I was trembling all over when he got up and took a box off a desk. He pushed three pairs of silk stockings at me, saying I must try on one for size and he'd give me three pairs of the number that fit. I stood there holding the soft, beautiful things, not knowing just what to do. How could I try them on in front of those fresh men? Still—a voice whispered that I had become a maid to find fun, thrill, and get some pretty duds. Had I been kidding myself?

"Turn your back and try 'em, if you're bashful. We promise not to peek . . . Here, better let me lock the door. Somebody might crash in—"

I sat in a chair with my back turned to them and put on the first pair. They fit perfectly. I couldn't help but admire the way my legs looked in them . . . When I looked up I saw that I had put them on in front of a mirror, and that the four men had seen me do it by looking into that mirror when I made this discovery. But, what was the use of getting sore? I turned around and raised my uniform skirt a little bit.

"Higher—" shouted one fellow.

"Give my stockings a chance to sell themselves—" said the hosiery salesman.

"I told you what they'd do to her props—"

"Got a date tonight, kid?" asked the fellow who belonged in the room. "These birds're leaving town at six. Can't we frame up a little party?"

I said yes, but I didn't mean it. I was only anxious to get out. Sade said it was bad business to stay in a room where there were more than one man. They made too much noise, she said.

The next room I took care of that afternoon was occupied by a young bridal couple. They were both out as I made it up. The closet was full of beautiful, brand new clothes. Such gorgeous dresses!



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— negligees — underwear — and beautiful nightgowns. I had never seen the like of them in Gayfers' windows, or any other Mobile windows. I couldn't keep my hands off the silk. When I touched and caressed those filmy, little lacy things my fingers felt as if they were being scorched by a flame that spread all through me until it brought a strange kind of hurt to my heart. It was longing for something that I had never had, and might never have—beautiful silk things.

My first temptation to take something that did not belong to me came as I stood in that closet of fragrant silk. It was temptation aroused not only by my natural desire for pretty clothes, but by the lure of one orchid underthing more gorgeous than all the rest. Twice I started to crush the sheer little thing into a ball of loveliness and sneak away. The bride would never miss it among all her beautiful things! The very thought of its silken softness against my flesh gave me the sort of happy dizziness that I had felt after my first drink in the hotel room.

Steps in the hall frightened me, fortunately. I shut the door against all of that golden, blue, green, pink and orange temptation, and finished my job.

MY FIRST real temptation had come and gone. I wondered what the next would be. It came swiftly, the next morning, to be exact. It was the one that led to others, and to the strange ending of my story as you shall see.

I knocked at Suite 44 about eleven o'clock with an armful of towels. The occupant had been ringing very excitedly for some, and as the housekeeper was sick and away that morning the service hadn't been any too snappy. The voice that answered me from the suite was too brisk for a down-South voice. It sort of sounded like what I thought was a New York voice.

The man inside was a tall, slim fellow, who wore very fashionable and beautiful clothes. He was very dark, and there was something about the way he looked at me that half-frightened me. His eyes were following me as I passed into the bathroom. He was about forty years old. Much older than my idea of somebody to have a good time with, but I guess it was because he looked so wise and snappy that I kind of fell for the idea of wanting him to say something. He did very shortly. In fact, when I started out of his bathroom he was standing in the door studying me with those fascinating black eyes. Honest, he looked just like an actor then!

"How long have you been a maid?" he asked, smiling. What a smile he had! Sort of mysterious. Nothing like that of the boy who'd given me a drink the day before.

I told him the truth. He nodded as if he had known already.

"You'd never be one in New York—not with that 'size-sixteen' figure of yours, and that French-girl face. They'd have you showing the line in any Seventh Avenue dress-house. Come here; I want to show you something," he said. I followed him, mystified by what he had just said.

The tall man went up to two big trunks in his living-room. He opened the first one, and I gasped at sight of the beautiful colors. Dresses! There must have been twenty! He opened the other. Again more beautiful colors. Pink; green; shiny black; flesh-white; blue; every kind was there in that display of dainty underwear! I couldn't stop myself from halfway reaching out toward those trunks. The man saw this in a flash.

"Class to these lines, eh? The dresses are my steady. I carry the understuff as a side-line."

"They're beautiful!" I managed to say,

my eyes glued to those colors. They charmed me!

There was silence for a few seconds—until I could control myself. I then made a move to go. The man put up his hands. "Wait a second. I'm showing these lines to a Mobile buyer and boss here at four. I always get a girl to model these things—wear 'em—that I've been using for several seasons. But, you look more like the girls these fellows sell to. The line on you would make a bigger hit. Frenchy, ain't you?" he asked.

I nodded. My head was going around in a whirl. Did he mean that I was to wear all those pretty things?

"Here—slip in there and try this dress on," he said, handing a blue silk one to me. I took it like a person whose feet had left the ground. I sort of floated into the next room and slipped into it—an evening dress! The mirror fascinated me by my image in that dress. I had never dreamed I was that good-looking. I was still floating on air when I went back to the man.

"I knew it," he said, clapping his hands. "You got all them high-hat Creoles in New Orleans faded in that dress... Look! Walk like this—like me—" and he began walking around the room as if he were an actress. I tried to imitate him. Being a good dancer, when I got the chance, it wasn't hard to imitate him. He said I was to walk that way when I showed the line, meaning all the clothes.

"I—don't think I can do it—" I stammered. "If I got caught!"

"Say, a girl like you could get away with murder! You'll do it. They say a Jew is a tight-wad. But, I'll make you think different. Tell you what, I'll give you two bucks—and—that blue dress you got on. It's the last time I'll want to show it on this trip. Just a little out of style—about a month gone in New York. But, it's O. K. here. 'Course I couldn't get away with it over in New Orleans, my next hop. Wise babies over there! How about it?" he asked, knowing his offer had won me.

The housekeeper was home sick. I decided to take the chance for that dress—and a thrill. Then I thought of Sade. Gee! She'd look swell in the black dress I saw, a size eighteen. I told him about Sade. He screwed up his face.

"She'll look like a million dollars in that black. Sade's got a figure like—"

"About size eighteen, eh? All right! Bring her along. But she only gets a buck. There's only three eighteen dresses in the line! And, blow in about fifteen minutes to four. Want you to practice up, and I'll treat to a highball. Give you more pep. What's your name, kid?"

"Anne," I said.

"Anne—and Sade! Two models I brought down from Atlanta to show my line. That's my story. You're from Atlanta. Get me, kid?"

"Yes, Mr.—"

"Mr. Greenbaum—Sam Greenbaum himself!" he said with a smile and a wave of his right hand that flashed two big diamonds. "Oh! Shoes. You kids'll need shoes—evening shoes. Here's ten bucks. Five apiece—silver shoes or gold—" he caught me in his arms and kissed me as I reached for the bill. Whatever kind of perfume he had on his handkerchief kind of intoxicated me for the minute. I kissed him back, then broke away and rushed out of the place feeling on fire.

You know Sade! Well, when she saw those trunks full of clothes I thought she'd swallow them, they looked so good to her. And when she took a drink of Scotch and started walking around in that black eighteen! No actress had anything on Sade. But, for some reason, Mr. Greenbaum seemed to like me best and he stood watch-

ing her, his arm around me; his hands squeezing mine every few minutes until he sent us in the next room and told us to be ready to wear the dresses he called for. We took our maid outfits and hid them in a closet. Then we dressed up in some of that beautiful silken underwear, silk stockings and silver slippers. I felt sort of wicked, walking around in that bedroom without a top dress on, but Sade said that was foolish.

"I told you this was the way to have fun, honey. What the dickens if we do get caught! We're havin' a thrill, ain't we?" she demanded. Sade had taken two drinks to my one!

The other men came shortly. They all talked, and had quite a few drinks. Then Mr. Greenbaum called for me in the blue dress. I slipped it on and floated into the room. The buyer and the boss actually clapped. Mr. Greenbaum was smiling from ear to ear and rubbing his hands as he told them I was his model from Atlanta. The buyer asked my name, saying he wished he could get away with the same stuff in Mobile as he did in New York. I believe they ordered some dresses from every model we showed. The boss even tried to date Sade up, saying he'd get one of his cars and meet her at eight that night on a dark street. And, believe me, Sade said yes. She knew the old bird was Mr. Abe — owner of a store almost as big as Gayfers!

"Now for the underwear line, girls," said Mr. Greenbaum, coming into the bedroom before we had a chance to do more than step out of the last two dresses. I covered my face like a girl will. But through my fingers I saw Sade standing there like a chorus girl on the stage. She sure had nerve! Mr. Greenbaum poured us out two drinks, then told us to show the underwear. Sade went in first, wearing a black lace teddy bear.

"Three dozen of those, Mr. Greenbaum," cried old Abe, clapping. "Absolutely we could sell a million if that Sade wore it in the front windows!"

I went out in an orchid combination, my legs trembling under me at the way Mr. Greenbaum kept looking at me and making motions with his eyes. . . . It was five-thirty before we were through. Mr. Greenbaum told me we had a date that night to go somewhere and have some fun. I said "All right," but I was scared to death. Sade took my dress home for me. I was afraid Louie might see it! He wasn't home, however.

I met Mr. Greenbaum at eight o'clock in Bienville Square. We got into a car he had hired and started driving toward Bayou la Batrie. It was a beautiful night. Nice cool air, and the sky was full of dancing stars. It seemed to be more crowded with stars after we got out on the country road. Mr. Greenbaum put his arms around me and said I was to call him Sam.

"I GOT to hop to New Orleans tomorrow morning, sweetie. Ordinarily, I hit straight back to Broadway. But, I'm coming back day after tomorrow to see you. Hold the night open for me, will you?"

Being with a man like Mr. Green—I mean Sam—fascinated me. I liked to hear him talk about New York, and liked the way he made me kiss him; liked the effect his drinks gave me. I said I would see him the next Monday night.

We stopped at an open-air dance place way down the Bay. Sam danced snappy, and I had a wonderful time. He was mighty nice all the time, and when I said I ought to be going home we started right off. One more drink was all we had. But, it was plenty for me. The car seemed to be going a hundred miles an hour, and I



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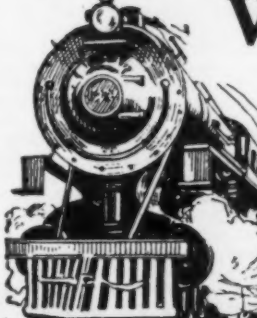


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really clung to him. He kissed me lots of times. I guess the drink made me let him do that, although it did give me some kind of a new thrill.

When he let me out, three blocks from home, I was dizzy, and my very fingertips were burning like my face. Louie hadn't come in, and I sneaked to bed, glad he hadn't caught me.

Sade had news for me in the morning. A car had driven up to her the night before, but without any Mr. Abe—in it. The chauffeur said Mr.—had been taken ill. She knew the old fellow had gone home, seen his wife, and got cold feet.

"I TOLD the chauffeur I'd found out Abe was married, and I wouldn't have gone out with a married man, even with a chap-eron! Anne, the driver asked me how about going out with him. Gee! He was a good-looking fellow. From Chicago, he said. I went, and believe me, honey, we had a time. . . . Tonight he's got a friend he wants you to meet who's got a little car of his own. We'll have a big time, honey!" she said.

The chauffeur's friend was a chap from Chicago, too. He had just come to Mobile, and opened a little electrical shop. The minute I saw him I fell in love with him. He was all my dream-sweethearts rolled into one. Tall; broad-shouldered; golden sort of hair, and blue eyes. He looked like a tailor's advertisement.

We hadn't gone two miles before we called each other by first names. His was Kenneth, and he asked me to call him Ken for short. Honest, it sounded like sweet music to me.

We saw each other for three nights straight. On the third he said he loved me. I would have been the happiest girl in the world then if it had not been for the fact that Sam's coming back hung over me like a shadow. Of course, I wasn't going to see him. But, anyhow, I had a feeling of being in a shadow.

That was another Sunday night I didn't sleep.

Sam Greenbaum was in his suite on the fourth when I went in with towels the next day. He took me in his arms before I could say or do a thing. I never kissed him back, but I couldn't get away from his lips. Later, when I said I wouldn't meet him, he flew into a rage.

"If you think you can get away with that kind of stuff on Sam Greenbaum, you're crazy. Here I hand you two bucks; liquor; a dress, take you on a party, and act like a gentleman; and you pull a trick like this. Just try it! I'll follow you, and tell the other bird where he gets off. You in a dress I handed you! He'll know what kind of a gold-digger maid you are—"

"Oh! Please, for God's sake!" I cried.

"You—wouldn't, you couldn't do such a thing. He doesn't even know I'm a maid."

"Bah! So I'm right, eh? Another fellow. What a sucker I've been. Well, I play that no longer. You meet me tonight like before or I follow—and this new fellow gets the dope from me," he threatened. I was beaten. What could I do?

Sade promised to tell Ken I was sick. When I met Sam Greenbaum that night, I wasn't wearing his blue dress. I had come to hate it! We drove on in an ugly sort of silence for a long time.

I can't remember how many drinks I took, except that it was too many. Hazily I knew we were not at the open-air dance place when the car stopped. I lurched out, then tried to pull back at the vague belief that he was taking me inside of a big house. But he was stronger. I staggered inside of a big room where people were sitting at tables, drinking. Music struck up. People began dancing. I tried to dance when he took me on the floor.

But my legs just couldn't glide. The lights in the room dimmed. I felt myself being half-drawn, and half-lifted away from the music. Then the lights died down, and the music did the same.

There was terror in Sade's eyes when she saw me come into the hotel early next morning. But, if there was terror in her eyes, God only knows what was in my heart and soul. I felt as if some terrible thing had run over me, and crushed me down into the dirt.

"Louie's been to my house lookin' for you. Said you never got home at all last night. Good God! Anne, what happened?" she begged. I told her what the liquor had done to me, and what had happened.

"I wish I were dead, Sade."

"But Greenbaum! Where's he?"

"I don't know. All I found was five dollars when I woke up this morning down there—oh! God! I wish he was dead, too—dead—Sade! Maybe then I could look at Ken again!"

But, I did look at Ken again. That very night—because I was afraid to go home. Louie had been to the hotel twice in the afternoon. Luckily he couldn't get to me!

"Take me away somewhere, Ken," I begged. He gave me a swift look and drove on. He said he guessed something was the matter and asked me to tell him. But, I shook my head, wondering if he couldn't read the truth in my eyes. We drove on and on. Somehow, I recognized the road. It was the one to Bayou le Batrie.

"You need a little change, sweetheart. Something's on your mind. This place is sort of wild, they say. But, you'll be safe with me. Come on in and we'll dance away your troubles," said Ken, stopping before that terrible house of the night before.

Once inside, my breath tangled like fiery air down in my throat. I thought I would burn up with shame, and self-hate. And, yet, never before had I loved Ken so much; never had I wanted so much to know the sweet thrill his first kiss had brought. That thrill could never be again—not with that ugly shadow of the night before.

"Ken—I've got to leave you a minute," I said, rising impulsively from the table. I just had to go some place where I could cry. I rushed into a little hallway. As I almost fell through the door a woman in a red dress—a tall, painted woman—stepped me. Her eyes opened wide; her mouth opened. She stared at me as if I were a ghost or a—

"Good God! you're the kid that was here last night with that big New York dress drummer. . . . Say, dearie, you had a close shave. If you hadn't hollered that one time, drunk as you were, you'd have a lot more to worry about than you—"

"What—do you mean?" I gasped.

"I mean we just about realized what was happening in time. This ain't no Sunday-school, dearie. But we couldn't let your friend get away with his stuff. A girl that comes here comes of her own accord. He—well, we scared him so, he left you five dollars, saying he was beating it for New York on the three-ten this morning. This country ain't no place for—"

Ken asked me that night to marry him. I could only nod for an answer. My voice had melted into the happiness that filled my body and soul.

Louie and my mother were waiting for me. Louie was as white as a sheet. He could hardly talk. He showed me a pistol.

"Where's the fellow? I know it's been a fellow you've been with. I know—if you don't tell me, by God I'll kill you—"

"Louie!" screamed Mother in terror.

"I'll do it," he said.

"He'll be here tomorrow night. Ken wants to ask Mother if he—can marry me. Yes, Kenneth Manners!"

Soul of the Sea

(Continued from page 67)

been New Bedford's in the days of the clippers and whalers.

The clippers were all gone. Even the *Shining Star* had gone ashore on Piegian Island and the sea had broken her to pieces against the rocks. The whalers had followed with the advent of coal oil and petroleum when the profits had dropped to nothing in the whaling industry. But Jeremiah Strong had refused to go with them. His packing plant had won him a small fortune, so he could satisfy his whim and maintain a fleet of his own.

I think little Jethro was two years old when Captain Strong began talking about a racing schooner. There was much rivalry between the Gloucester and Lunenburg fleets. Several unofficial races had been held. The idea stirred Captain Strong's blood. He saw that it would end in real races and he intended to have a real ship to enter.

Mary, as usual, was opposed to the idea. I could see that, even though she said nothing. More and more, I saw that she was opposed to everything in any way, shape, or form connected with the sea, or the things of the sea. I never went away that she did not come down to see me off, if the weather were fair. But after little Jethro was born she never so much as put a foot aboard my ship. I can see her now as she stood on the wharf, little Jethro, almost too big for her to carry, held tight in her arms. And I never went to sea that the fear in her eyes did not haunt me.

But Captain Strong was too absorbed in his plans to observe that Mary was not pleased with the idea.

"And we'll christen her the *Mary Strong*!" he burst out enthusiastically one night. "What do you say to that, eh, my girl?"

"I—I wish you wouldn't, Father," Mary said.

"Ho, ho, little Modesty!" he roared, and that was that.

Captain Strong's plans went ahead rapidly that summer. The keel of the *Mary Strong* was laid and she grew and took on definite form, a thing of beauty, as the weeks and months wore on. It was certain she would be launched by spring. I wondered what old Allan McTavish at Salt Island would think of her, McTavish, who had been one of the guiding lights of my boyhood and who had an eye for the lines of a ship. The *Mary Strong* had lines aplenty.

And the races that Captain Strong had anticipated were going to be a reality. First a cup was offered, and then a little later a rules committee was appointed. The races were to be fishermen's races; therefore, only fishermen's boats would be eligible. Then the trouble began. Just what was a fisherman's boat? What were her lines? How much sail would she be allowed to carry? There was a great stew over that. It was settled in a very simple manner. Any boat to be eligible had to spend a season on the Banks.

I do not know whether it was Mary, sitting there in the big room before the fireplace with little Jethro asleep in her lap, or whether it was some strange premonition of my own. Had her fears begun to take hold on me?

"The *Mary Strong* hasn't been built for the Banks," I said. "You've built her for sport, and while there is sport enough for any red-blooded man to be found on the Banks off Sable Island, yet it's not sport; it's the day's work and that makes its demands on ships as well as men."

"Tut, tut," laughed Captain Strong. "Do

you think this is a cockle-shell of a ship I've been building? A toy to be sailed on the village frog-pond? The *Mary Strong* will know what to do in weather. Take my word for it, she'll come home with a bone in her teeth!"

"I hope you're right," is all that I said in answer to him. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mary grip little Jethro closer against her heart. Did I share her fears now or did she share mine? And was her fear more than a mere obsession? Daily the feeling grew on me that a pall hung over the house. Everything in my life had been connected with the sea, and I knew from experience that a sailor's forebodings are often more than imaginary superstitions. I began hoping that the *Mary Strong* would never leave the ways.

But hardly had the first touch of spring come into the air before she slid down the ways. Mary christened her, sheer determination written on her pale face. I know that, to her, it was like signing her own death warrant to break the beribboned bottle against the bow of the ship that was named for her. Only in the love she bore her father had she mustered the courage to stand on the launching platform that morning. I stood back of her and as the *Mary Strong* slipped away slowly and then gathered headway as she slid down to meet the sea, I put my arm around Mary and felt her tremble. She turned and looked up at me, her eyes filled with tears. Impulsively, forgetting the people around us, I bent and kissed her.

"Ho, ho, young love will be served!" laughed Captain Strong in that exuberant fashion that never seemed to wane. "But can't I have one, too, my girl?" he said, bending down over Mary.

"Oh, Father!" she said as she turned to him and was gathered into his arms.

"Not so long, now, my Mary," he said, "until all your affection will be for that upstanding young captain of yours. I dare say I've launched my last ship."

"Bad luck to say that, Captain Strong," the man who had built the *Mary Strong* spoke up. "You know they say the sea hears things like that."

The work of completing the *Mary Strong* was rushed along breathlessly, with Captain Strong at the shipyard bright and early every morning, remaining there until the last workman had left. Her spars and booms and sails had all been made ready and within the month she was ready to show what she could do.

BUT word of what Captain Strong had said that day on the launching platform had gone the rounds, and it was generally whispered that this was "the old man's last ship."

Naturally, I expected to take out the *Mary Strong* for the fishing season, to qualify her for entry in the elimination tests which would be held in the early fall. But Captain Strong had other plans. He intended to take her out himself. Nothing I could say would make him change. He agreed, finally, that I could go with him.

"But remember, young man," he said with mock seriousness, "when you go, you take my orders. Once he is at sea, the captain of a vessel holds the powers of life and death over the members of his crew. One sign of interference and I'll put you in chains. A hint of mutiny, by gad, and you'll walk the plank. Ho, ho, ho!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" I said, joining in with his great rumble.

I think every member of the crew, with the exception of Captain Strong, expected trouble that first trip out. And when not

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a sign of anything out of the ordinary run happened. I'm afraid most of us were disappointed. The *Mary Strong* could make headway. She showed that the very first trip. Word of her came to the rules committee, and some of them came to New Bedford for a preliminary survey and appraisal of her lines. Too much canvas for a blow was their estimate. That put Captain Strong in high glee. He would show them.

On our second trip, homeward bound, he did. We had a bit of wind to run before, and the *Mary Strong* went through the Gloucester fleet like a ghost, stealing up on one fisherman after another, and leaving him behind with effortless ease.

So we finished the season with a record catch and came winging home to make preparation for the elimination tests. We had a fair wind. The *Mary Strong* breasted along like a gull, seeming to skim the surface rather than plough her way through. I was at the wheel and Captain Strong was up somewhere amidstships, tinkering, as was his wont. We had passed in between Martha's Vineyard and the mainland on a long landward reach, and I had barely swung her over for an inshore tack when I heard a cry. At the same instant I saw Captain Strong go over the side. With a bound I was over after him. Just as I dived I saw him. But in my haste I misjudged either the mark or the headway we were making. I don't know which. All I do know is that I went down and down searching frantically for him until my lungs were bursting and I had to fight my way to the surface. I was frantic. All Mary's fears, all my own, everything that everyone had said rushed into my mind as I thrashed about in the sea, hoping against hope that I would catch a glimpse of Captain Strong; that I would be able to put a hand on him before it would be too late.

I was exhausted by the time they had manned and cut loose the dory. But by the time I was aboard again I was ready to pursue the search relentlessly. One of the men had seen what happened when Captain Strong went over. He had climbed onto the gun's to test a stay as I swung the ship around for the tack. He had not seen the boom coming. It had caught him right in the back of the head. He had sunk like a stone. Perfect weather, not a sign of distress, everything in shipshape order, and he who had followed the sea all his life had been struck down as the greenest of landmen might have been struck down. The very farce of it was appalling. And Mary was at home. How could I face her—I who had promised to bring her father back safe to her? I felt that he had been struck down by my own hand.

We stayed near the scene of the accident for three whole days with never a trace of that for which we searched. Convinced, finally, of the futility of remaining longer, I turned the *Mary Strong* for home. Too true had been the words spoken on the launching platform that day. The sea had heard. The sea had taken toll.

I SAW Mary standing on the wharf as we came up the harbor. She had a black shawl thrown over her head. The boy, past three years old now, stood by her side holding her hand. There was a loneliness about her figure; no one else stood near her. That told me that she knew the message I was bringing her. I remember I thanked God for that. It would be easier not to have to break the first word of it to her. But before I could bring the *Mary Strong* to her berth, Mary had turned away and walked slowly up the wharf. I found her later in the big room, sitting by the empty fireplace.

"Oh, why did it have to be!" she sobbed as I went to her.

"God's will and the sea. He had lived his life," was what I thought to myself. But there was nothing I could say to Mary.

It was a week after the funeral service, the funeral service that is held for those the sea does not give up, that the elimination trials for the coming races were held. I took the *Mary Strong* around to Boston. Mary did not want me to go. I did not want to go, myself. But it had to be. I was only carrying out Captain Strong's last wish. It would be a sort of sacrilege not to enter the race, now that he was gone.

From the start it was a foregone conclusion that the *Mary Strong* would win the trials. All season long whenever there was a chance offered for a brush with one of the Gloucester fleet, Captain Strong had been quick to accept the challenge. The result had always been the same. So, no one was greatly surprised when we took the first two test races in a row. Then it was a matter of waiting until the Lunenburg fleet had picked their entry.

I had gone back to New Bedford to be with Mary and the boy when word came that the successful Lunenburg skipper was Marty Yeomans, and the challenger was the *Blue Mary*. I was to have both my school and my mentor pitted against me at once. With Marty Yeomans and the *Blue Mary* slated against me, I was brought back suddenly into life as it had been before I had gone to New Bedford and Captain Strong; before I had kept my tryst with Mary. I was back once more to the life that had been the hope of my boyhood dreams.

It was good to meet Marty again. We had passed on the Banks, had hailed each other and gone on. Now for a few days we could really fraternize.

He told me I looked old, and while I laughed I felt like telling him that I felt it. Instead, I reminded him that he hadn't changed an atom. We parted, on the night before the first race, the best of friends.

"May the best sailorman win," Marty said. "But the truth of it is, I can't lose; I trained you, lad, and part of you is me," he added with a grin.

I do not know whether it was the turmoil my mind was in or whether Marty Yeomans outmaneuvered me in the first race. I do not say that to take any credit from him. The *Blue Mary* beat us and beat us fairly. She led from the start and we never headed her.

But the signs were good for the day following. There was a good following breeze out of the north, shifting slightly to the east. I knew that wind. It was before just such a wind that we used to drive her home to be in first on the market. Marty knew it, too, but I felt the *Mary Strong* would have the edge on him the second day.

I had no excuse to offer when he outmaneuvered me again at the start and got away to a comfortable lead. A reach and a tack and we held the same positions as he made for the first marker. The *Mary Strong* came around quicker, almost too quick in fact, judging by the way I nearly scraped the buoy. But I had gained, and running now to windward of him could hold him to a long tack unless he attempted to cut across my bow, which might prove costly. Marty was wise enough not to try.

We made the second leg on nearly even terms and then settled down to a run before the wind for home. This was what the *Mary Strong* was built for, and once we got under good headway every inch of canvas was booming. Captain Strong's ship was headed for home with a bone in her teeth, just as he had prophesied. Gradually we overhauled the *Blue Mary*, passed her and left her astern. Seamanship had little to do with it. The credit belonged to Captain Strong. He had given us a trace of

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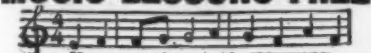
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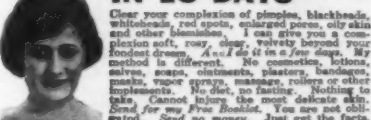
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the old clipper lines, and on a run before the wind we could show our heels to anything.

But the victory brought me no elation. Something was wrong. I sensed it, just as I sensed that the *Mary Strong* would bring Captain Strong disaster. All day it had seemed that he had been there at the wheel with me. It was an uncanny feeling. We were on even terms now, and one more race would decide. But I was ready to go home. Something had happened to Mary. I was afraid to wire her. And that night when the wind rose steadily, I knew what the next day would hold forth. Postponement meant keeping me over another day, even two or three. I didn't sleep, and by nine o'clock I was waiting for the rules committee to make its decision.

I LOOKED at Marty and Marty looked at me. I think he was willing to wait another day if I was. I wasn't. I couldn't wait. This was the very weather I had warned the Captain against when I saw the sharp lines he had given the *Mary Strong*. But there was Mary. I hadn't heard from her and I had been afraid to wire her. Something was wrong.

"I'm ready," I said.
"So am I," Marty answered.

The committee hunted up the largest seagoing tug to be had and escorted us to the starting line. The minute we were off they put back for shelter.

When Marty came around for the turn I kept straight on and drove across his bow so I could come down the second leg on the outside. I had outguessed him and he had to give way to give me sea-room. But he answered by giving the *Blue Mary* more sail, and before the leg was half over had evened up the score again. We made the second turn together, a couple of madmen, each daring the other to do his worst.

The rigging of the *Mary Strong* was not singing now. There was another, a fiendish note, that had taken the place of the song. But she was headed for home and she forged ahead. I still was holding back canvas, canvas that I was afraid of, but Marty was not to be denied. He knew that the *Blue Mary* would take everything he gave her, and he let her have it. I saw the gain I had made fading away, and at the same time that damnable wind was laughing in my ears again. Would she take any more? Again that demoniac laugh. She'd take it or founder.

Not a moment after I had given the order the *Mary Strong* lurched forward in one drunken surge, heeled over until I thought we were gone, and lurched forward again. Like a drunken sailor swinging on a deserted quay over uneven cobbles is the nearest way I know how to describe the *Mary Strong* on that last leg. And like the poor drunk who almost goes on his head and scrambles madly forward to catch himself, she staggered on and on. Marty Yeoman was distanced, but he never stopped. He was there in our wake, expecting the inevitable to happen, as it did happen. But not until we were within striking distance of the finish.

Have you ever heard a mast come out of a ship? It has all the effects of a charge of dynamite. That is what happened just before the *Mary Strong* reached the finish line. Not one mast, but two! And as they came out of her, Marty Yeomans and the *Blue Mary* came closing in like hounds in at the death. It was the brute force of the wind that carried us over ahead. We had won. But the *Mary Strong* would never race again. She was sprung from bowsprit to sternpost. Only the quick action of a tug got us alongside a berth or we would have gone down before we made the harbor.

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ashore I left everything in charge of my mate and caught the first train for New Bedford.

But the news of that day had preceded me. At first, Mary had given me up for lost. And then when she knew that I had come through, that I had won, she fled, taking the boy with her. I found the house empty, with a white envelope staring at me from the polished bareness of the dining-room table. The end had come. It was a brief note. She had taken the boy away from the sea. All her life she had hated it, had been afraid of it. It had robbed her of her father. It had nearly robbed her of her husband, and eventually, she was sure, would succeed in doing that. But it would not have her boy. She was a coward. She loved me. But she couldn't sacrifice her boy. Old Colonel Sanderson, her father's lawyer, would communicate with her. But I couldn't have the boy. She was afraid for me to have him, because I would teach him to love the sea. Everything was left in Colonel Sanderson's hands. He would manage the estate. And I must know how much she loved me, and how cowardly she was to do what she was doing, but she would die sooner than give her boy to the sea. That was all. The end of my dream.

I READ the note through to the end.

Read it a second time, and then folded it carefully and put it in my pocket. Mary was gone. I had felt something like this for months, but had been afraid to admit it.

I wonder if I can put down a picture of that home-coming that was not a home-coming. My first thought had been that I would go to the big white house on the hill. Valaima was there . . . Valaima and her boy . . . Bartholomew's son . . . I, too, had a boy . . . No, I wouldn't go to the big white house on the hill. I would go back to the shack on the Hawk. There it was the dream began . . . there would be the place for it to end. And this was my first home-coming after more than four years. I was there and I wasn't there. But I know what happened that night, and I can put it down.

"Jethro's back!"

Trust old Matthew Prior to be the first to have a bit of news like that. I met him in the gloaming as I came up from the mail-boat I had caught down from the Passage.

"Jethro's back, Mary."

"Yes, Matthew. I heard you say so when you came in. That means the big Gale house will have a mistress again after all these years instead of—that woman and her boy. And I suppose with her Boston notions she'll be poking up her nose at the likes of Salt Island."

"Not Boston, Mary; New Bedford. But she won't bother you none. Jethro left his wife and youngun behind. He come alone."

Mrs. Prior carefully put away her hook. "Now, look here, Matthew Prior! You don't mean to say that Jethro Gale has come back to the Gale house and Salt Island and left his wife and child behind?"

"Jethro's back and he come alone. Now mebbe we'll get some fish."

"Matthew Prior! May your Lord not hold it against you for saying that just because Jethro's back maybe you'll get some fish! You know well enough what made the mackerel go."

"Nothin' o' the kind, old woman. Hain't nary a bait-mackerel to be had for twenty mile since Jethro Gale went away, and that's four years and more. Now he's back, mebbe the mackerel 'll come back, too."

That was the manner of the spreading of the news of my home-coming to Salt Island after more than four years. Can't I hear the news of it going up and down the crescent-shaped shell-road that wound

around the harbor, glistening white in the moonlight? The young fellows down by the packing plant are full of it. From the brown Baptist church on the one hill to the white Presbyterian kirk on the other, the news ran from cottage to cottage.

"Jethro Gale's back! The mackerel 'll run tonight!"

Tongues clacked that night, keeping time to kettles singing on the hob. It was Saturday night, and the morning would bring the blessed Sabbath. A Gale had come home and the men had gone to sea with their nets. No good would come out of this night.

The fish wives remembered when that other Gale came home, the dark one, christened Bartholomew after one of the Twelve, and growing up to the name of Black Bart. It was back from the Seven Seas in a clipper that Bartholomew had come that time, and the mackerel ran the same night. The older women recalled that it was a Saturday night. The next day, on the Sabbath, the boats had come home heavy with the catch. On Monday the *Highlander* had struck the Old Man at the Cape and had slipped off into twenty fathoms of water with a full three hundred souls. Old Mother Kinkaid had a shawl that had come from the *Highlander* wreck.

Yet, there had never been a Gale home-coming like this one. No, not even my father's had been like this. For I had not come home. Home was a remote, far-distant thing that had vanished along with Mary, my wife, and Jethro, my boy, who had the same mild eyes as his mother's. I had come back to Salt Island to live in a shack. I had no home now.

Yes, the mackerel ran that night, and I got both the credit and the blame for it. In the morning the bait nets were heavy, and you could hear the motor boats puttering out to sea beyond the islands. They were off to the Banks for halibut. That Sabbath night when they returned, it was to make slow headway against the tide. But the boatmen only laughed at the delay. The crates were piled high. Long after dark they were slitting and skinning cod and haddock down by the packing house. Never had so many halibut been iced and sent across to Boston as were sent that night. In the salt houses the great hog-heads were teeming with fish.

So it is always when a Gale comes back to Salt Island. The ways of the sea are strange and there is no accounting for them, but the ways of a man are his own.

Alone, I lived in the shack on the Hawk, and counted the passing days, or forgot to count them. I think the people of Salt Island thought I was a little mad. No one ever came near me, only Valaima and her boy—my brother Bartholomew's son.

Winter came, and I was still at the shack. Much of the loneliness had gone. There was still a dull ache, but bitterness had done its work in softening that. Or in hardening my feelings until the ache was poignant no longer. I think Valaima had a great deal to do with the change. At first I had thought of turning to her, to the soft beauty of her, far different from the slip of a boy who had been afraid of her. And the real reason I didn't, lay in Valaima herself. I saw how she had suffered from intolerance. She had no friends at Salt Island. She had dispensed with the services of Mrs. Burton, who had grown too feeble to carry on at the big house and had gone to live with her daughter. The Rev. Laird, the Presbyterian minister, had called on Valaima. She liked him; he was kind to her, she said. But she didn't like his religion. She was Catholic and of the Islands.

"They don't like me here. Like your father said, I am going home. One year more, maybe two, when my boy is older.

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When he is no longer my baby, I am going home. You will care for him?" she questioned softly.

"Why, of course," I answered. "Like I would for my own if . . . if I had him." "Some day he will come back to you," Valaima said.

"Oh, if that would come true!" I said, but I held out no such hopes. This was one of the dreams that didn't come true. The days of the fairy tales were over.

"It is so cold and empty at the big house," she said on another day. "I have made your room ready for you; you will find it waiting."

I did not know quite what to say in answer to that. Valaima did not press the point. I think she knew me better than I knew myself. She had neither asked nor urged me. It was only a week later, on a night when a heavy winter mist was blowing in from the sea, that I felt a sudden longing to be once more in that big room at the top of the house, the room that had been my father's. So gradually I came back into the world again, and it was Valaima who showed me the way.

Once I was settled in the big house, most of the bitterness wore itself out. And as the bitterness and loneliness departed they left only longing in their place, longing and the hope of dreams that had faded but would not die.

That spring, I built a dory for young Bartholomew down at old Allan McTavish's yard, while he was building a boat for me. Captain Beamish had written, asking me to come to Lunenburg, but I could not go. I wanted to be alone, to have a craft I could handle alone, to rekindle my friendship for the sea. So McTavish built me a two-sticker after a plan of his own. A ship for speed and a ship for weather. And after she had taken the water, I spent most of my days at sea, sometimes with young Bartholomew, but more often alone.

So another winter came, and another spring. Not a word had I had from Mary. Not a word had I tried to send to her. Young Bartholomew was nearly ten. My own boy, if he were alive, was nearly six. And Bartholomew was no longer Valaima's baby. He could handle his dory like a young sailor. He had made friends with old Uncle Matthew Prior and every day that spring they were off to the lobster pots together. Thus, was the Gale heritage going on. And how proud of him Valaima was, and what a pang the parting she had decided upon must be to her when it came!

"If only there was another woman here, I could leave him," she burst out one day when we had been talking about his future. "A boy needs a woman to understand him, or he will never understand women; he will never even understand himself."

"Who told you that?" I asked, startled by the way it had a bearing, rightly or wrongly, on my own life.

"No one. A woman knows things. She does not have to be told. Does a father bear a child? There are things a man will never understand unless a woman guides him. I, who am a mother, know."

IT WAS a week after that talk with Valaima, and my own musings which followed it, that my eye caught an item in the Yarmouth paper among the shipping news. Mrs. Jethro Gale and son had arrived on the *Prince George* en route to Halifax!

It was the first word I had had of them since that day I had found the note from Mary on the bare dining-room table at New Bedford. I rushed to Valaima with the news.

"She is coming back to you, she and the boy," Valaima said. "Did I not tell you she would come back?"

Dared I believe her? It was three whole



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days before the Halifax boat arrived, three days that never seemed to come to an end. I was up at dawn on that third morning, and I don't think my eyes left the Narrows until well past noon when I saw the first wisps of smoke. The Halifax boat was coming. Then, I was afraid to go down to Phillips' wharf to wait for her arrival. I paced back and forth across the big square room, stopping at the window each time I passed it. How the minutes dragged. The boat passed Little Fisher. Five long minutes and she made the channel around Big Fisher. In and out among the islands she crept along at a snail's pace. Old Bill Prudence, her skipper, was certainly living up to his name this day. Now, finally, she had made the harbor and was swinging with the tide to make an upstream berth. The wind bore down to me the tinkling of the telegraph in her engine room. Interminable minutes crawled by before she was made fast. Lord, how slow they were in getting out of the gangway! A little group of passengers were gathered forward. Somewhere in that group were my wife and boy. Now they were coming off, single file, my heart going like a donkey engine as I watched them. The little line straggled at the end. Then a pause. Why didn't she go ashore? They were putting off the baggage and freight. I turned for my glass to make sure I had not been mistaken. The powerful lenses pulled the wharf to me until I could almost have reached out and touched the people on it. Mary and Jethro, my boy, had not come. The dream had come to an end once more, and I was awake.

I did not go downstairs again that day. Valaima must have known what was in my mind, for she did not come up to see why. It was after midnight that I made my way down through the eel-grass to my dory and pushed off to my boat's anchorage. I was going to see my boy. In the pocket of my coat was a little boat I had whittled for him from a piece of old mahogany I had found on the Hawk.

What were my thoughts that night as I sat in the stern sheets and edged up the treacherous coast? I know only that I was a little mad, a doomed man clutching at straws. Daylight came and with it a stiff breeze. I made better time after that. As the city came in sight I wondered how I would find them among so many.

FIRST, I would go to the hotels. I hadn't come to the first of them when I caught sight of Mary. She stood before a shop-window, talking to someone. They were laughing. Then, his face pressed against the shop-window, I saw my boy. My first impulse was to run to him and take him in my arms. How my arms ached for him! As I stood looking hungrily at him, he turned and saw me. I backed against the corner of the building, and as I did so my hand brushed the pocket of my coat. The boat I had made for him! I took it out; he came toward me the moment he saw it. I moved around the corner of the building; he followed.

"Where did you get the boat?" he said in a sturdy, gruff little voice, reaching out his hand to it.

I let go and he took it into his own two chubby ones.

"I like boats," he said.

"I have a big one," I said.

"Where?" he asked.

"Just down the street," I answered.

"Down there?" he asked pointing. "I was there, but Mother wouldn't let me go on the boats. Can I go on your boat?"

Before I realized what had happened, I had kidnapped my own boy. For once we had turned the corner and were going toward the dock, I made up my mind to take him back to Salt Island. As soon as I had dropped aboard and had reached up

and lifted him down, I pushed off. Mary had had him; it was my turn now. He sat alongside of me by the tiller, his eyes all wonder.

"I was never in a boat before," he confided to me.

"No?" I said. "But didn't you come from Boston to Yarmouth?"

"That was a steamer. I mean a boat. Steamers aren't boats."

"That's right," I said.

In my absorption of the boy and his questions, I had failed to take account of the distance we had already gone. The city was left behind. We had left the passage and were bearing down the coast. The wind that had been freshening all day cut across our quarter. I could tell by the feel of it there was a good blow coming. The boy's questions ceased, and he leaned against me. It was a long time before I realized that he had gone to sleep. I spread my coat on the deck under the rail and gently eased him down.

Darkness fell, the graying dusk that is the warning of a spring squall. I gloried in it! How different it was from those lonely dusks on the Hawk, and in the big empty house on the hill. Mary had had him; it was my turn now. The first flashes of the Cape light began to circle through the blackness ahead of us. Four more hours and we would be home, and home had a ring to it once more.

Another half-hour and the light of the coast-guard station twinkled like a star over the port bow. We were still inshore. Dimly, at first, came the meaning of that light over the port bow. The tide was running down the coast at breakneck speed.

Then a rocket broke the black night ahead. That was a warning from the coast-guard station. They had seen us. I put her hard about and headed toward the open sea. The boy at my feet stirred, and I went cold all over. Five minutes more and I knew I was afraid. I, who had laughed at Mary's fears, felt the grip of terror at my own heart, not for myself, but for the sleeping boy at my feet. I lashed the tiller and, picking him up in my arms, stumbled forward. I carried him down into my cabin, tucked him in my berth and then, as I came out, set the dead-latch on the door.

On deck again, I faced a new fear. The anchor was dragging. Above the scream of the wind I could hear the roar of the sea pounding against the rocks. Every breaker that hit us made us shiver from stem to stern. What if the anchor cable should part! In five minutes we would have been match-wood.

Then, began the fight against the tearing sea and the swirling tide. Braced against the bowsprit, I grasped the cable. Every time the sea hit us, I pulled against the next one, making slack to take the strain from the cable. I pulled until I thought my arms would come from their sockets. Hour after hour, all through the night, and as I pulled, I prayed. Only let me save my boy and I would take him back! It was fear that made Mary run away with him. But I had taken him for revenge.

I had grown numb, not only with fear, but with the terrible strain of pulling against the sea. I had little or no feeling in my arms.

Night broke, the first glimmer of dawn coming in a slash of light all across the horizon. Overhead the gloomy wrack of rain-clouds still raced along. But away to the east the gale had spent itself. Another hour and I knew the danger had passed. I sank on the deck with a cry of thankfulness. But my boy must go back to his mother. In my prayer I had promised that.

I don't know how I raised the anchor and made sail. That, too, was a matter

of will. I wigwagged to the coast-guard station that I needed no help.

I knew what I was doing; I knew what it would mean to me to take the boy back; but I also knew, at last, just how Mary had felt. It was not for herself she had been afraid. The sea had taken her father from her; she believed it would take me from her; she could not bring herself to lose her boy. And I had laughed at her!

Oh, it was a terrible task to take back the boy; but there was the hope that I might be able to reach an understanding with Mary, and I knew that I did want to reach an understanding with her. Despite the empty years of our life together, I felt that I needed her even as I needed the boy. How had he fared, shut up in that tiny cabin of mine?

I found out as soon as I opened the door. His face was flushed, and for a moment I thought he had been crying. Instead, he was in a rage at being locked in.

"I wasn't bad," he said sullenly. "I don't like you any more!"

And though he protested, I caught him in my arms. "Of course you weren't bad," I said. "But you went to sleep. Now we're going back to your mother."

"You won't tell her I was on your boat?"

"I'll tell her I made you go on the boat."

"I guess we better tell Mother," he said. "You always get found out if you tell lies."

"That's true. We better not lie to her."

I slipped my arm around him.

"She told me that when I traded my automobile that Santa Claus brought me," he went on earnestly. "I traded it for a boat, and Mother knew all about it."

"What did you tell Mother?"

"I told her I lost the automobile and found my boat. But I didn't lose it. I asked Santa Claus to bring me a boat and he made a mistake and brought Willie Renfrew next door a boat. So I traded Willie my automobile for his boat. But Mother knew all about it and told me I mustn't tell lies. Do you think she knew because all the pennies were gone out of my bank? You can only play with an automobile, but you can dream dreams about a boat. I told Mother that, and she cried. Why did Mother cry?"

"You're crying tears, too," he said after I failed to answer him.

We found Mary, with her luggage, waiting on the dock to meet us. She had been frantic when the boy was missing. But in his little red sweater he had been a conspicuous figure. Someone had seen him go down toward the docks with a man. Once the search reached the docks, Old Bill Prudence, skipper of the Salt Island boat, had furnished the rest of the story. And all that night Mary had prayed with me. And when word came that I had turned back, she had come to the dock to wait for me.

There was much more to the story. How she had gone to far-away Denver to keep her boy from the sea; his fascination for any sort of a boat—of a boat with sails, not a steamer, Mary said.

And then I told her what the storm had taught me; how I knew and could understand the things she had suffered. And so, the dream that faded but would not die, came back to life again.

And all that long spring afternoon the off-shore fisherman marveled at the speed of a two-sticker running down the coast before the wind. Perched in the bow was a tiny boisterous figure in a red sweater. At the tiller, sat a man and woman, arm in arm, and the woman's hair was lashed by the wind, her blue eyes dancing through the spray. There was the glow of health and glorious life blooming on her cheeks. If she had once been a 'fraid-girl, love, and the soul of a boy, had changed all that.

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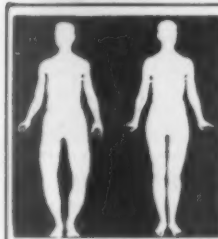


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Diplomacy

[Continued from page 72]

All this happened over ten years ago, and I know that, having followed the doctor's advice, I have had untold happiness.

It takes time and much thought to adjust two lives that were brought up in different homes under different manage-

ment. And if I were a man I'd look for a quality called "livableness," and then choose. Or, maybe, the schools will see the necessity of teaching "livableness," for it is an art well worth while.

Mrs. J. D. A., Detroit, Mich.

Independence

[Continued from page 72]

forgotten how lovely clothes could be, and how beautiful women could look. The women tried to be kind to me, but the men ignored me.

"You seemed to be kind of a wall-flower tonight," said Robert, as we undressed and went to bed. "I believe it was that dress. It isn't becoming, somehow."

"Becoming!" I snapped. "A dress worn steadily for years ceases to be becoming!"

"That widow, now—that Mrs. Marlowe. Why couldn't you get some simple little dress like hers?"

"That 'simple little dress' cost three hundred dollars," I replied. "If I had three hundred dollars, I could make them forget she's here."

"Yes, you could!" he sneered. "Mrs. Marlowe is a beautiful woman, in the first place. I've got a date to go riding with her in the morning."

The following days were a torment to me. Robert spent all his time with the fascinating widow, and I saw nothing of him. I had never seen this philandering side of him before, and when I got home I decided to stand no more.

A friend of mine, a modiste, had opened an exclusive shop on the Avenue. I went straight down to her and secured a position as a model.

I had an excellent figure, and knew how to wear clothes. After three months, Madame made me head model, and I was permitted to show the gorgeous imported creations. Whenever she got her new shipments, I displayed the gowns in the window. At first, I was self-conscious, but I grew at length actually to love it, and to enjoy the admiring eyes of the crowds outside.

Having a handsome salary of my very own seemed almost too good to be true,

and I could have been utterly happy, if it had not been for Robert. He was constantly in my thoughts, and I could not forget him.

One day, as I was posing in a gold tissue evening gown, I looked down and suddenly saw him. In a panic, I turned and left the window. But, before I could reach the dressing-room, Robert followed and seized my arm.

"Put on your clothes and come home," he said fiercely.

"Thanks," I said, "I am perfectly contented here."

"But you can't be!" he said. "It's disgraceful—I won't have my wife here with all the men in Chicago eyeing her."

I stifled a smile. Robert was actually jealous.

"At least, I get what I earn," I said. "I never did at home." With that, I vanished into the dressing-room.

For days, Robert haunted the shop, but I refused to speak to him. He began to look wan and haggard, and my heart ached for him, but I would not give in. I would prove to him that I could get along without him. Finally, I received a special delivery letter that changed my mind. It read:—

Dear:

You have taught me my lesson. I know that I cannot live without you. I realize what a cad I have been. If you will come home, I will double whatever salary you are getting at that shop, and do everything I can to make you happy. I never knew how much I loved you till I lost you.

Bob.

And that was that!

S. C., Wilmette, Ill.

Indifference

[Continued from page 73]

out for him, I called up and told him to look in the second drawer from the top in the bathroom and he would find one.

Upon another of his visits, I called up to him and asked him if he'd please come down and get baby's lunch and take it up to her and give it to her. He later called down and wished I'd come up and get her bib. Very kindly I told him just where to find the bib.

One sunny November morning, Jim drove out. Before we hardly knew it, sleet was coming down and the mercury in the thermometer was dropping.

After lunch, Jim went out and put on chains, but found it was too icy even for chains.

He returned to the house, wet and cold. He threw his coat and hat at a chair and missed it. I picked them up and carefully hung them in front of the fire to dry.

I put baby to bed for her afternoon nap. When I returned to the living-room, Jim

was sitting with his chin in his palms staring into the grate.

The cold rain and sleet were whipping the windows.

"Looks like I'll have to put up for the night," he said slowly. "You'll let me sleep here on the couch all night, won't you, Isabel?"

"It might be better to stay elsewhere. Your wife might not approve," I suggested.

Silence.

At my suggestion, Jim called his wife over the 'phone and told her he couldn't get home that night. Whatever her answer was, it displeased him. He slammed up the receiver—his face white with anger.

He slept on the couch that night.

We are married again and he can't do enough for me, and seldom allows me to do a thing for him.

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Six Months

[Continued from page 35]

walked away looking at me in disgust. I heard him say, "Drunk as an owl!" to Tony, and they both looked at me. I smiled to myself. What difference did it make—what difference did anything make?

When I stepped outside again, a gust of wintry wind swept into my face. I gasped and pulled my collar up around my neck, shoving my hands deep down into my pockets. I struck out down Atlantic Street and walked until the last light was lost to sight. Snow began to drift through the air in enormous flakes, settling on my coat like drifting fleece.

As I came to the top of a hill I began to cough. The effort left me weak and shaking, while there were little drops of cold perspiration on my forehead. I shivered and swung about, back toward town. I was tired. The effects of the liquor had worn off, and my mouth tasted dry and terrible.

The headlights of a car came flashing over the hill behind me. I swung over to the far side of the road, hoping they would offer me a lift into town. The brakes screeched as they came alongside me. A cheery voice called to me to climb in, and I slumped down into the seat beside the driver.

He kept up a steady run of conversation, while I sat quiet, thinking my own thoughts. I shivered, and then I heard him ask if I were cold.

"A little," I said.

"Bad night!"

"Terrible," I answered. Little he knew!

Then I heard my voice saying, "What would you do if someone told you you only had six months to live?" He turned his head and looked at me curiously for a moment.

"Get drunk and stay that way, I think," he answered laughingly. "Where do you want to go out? I'm going right on through to Newton."

"Any place here," I answered, and he came to a stop. I thanked him and he went down the street and off onto the main highway.

I walked over to Atlantic Street and turned down the alley to Tony's. After a moment, Tony slid the door open and let me in. I sank into the same chair I had been in before.

"The same dose, Tony, and have one yourself."

HE came back in a moment with two glasses. "Salute," he grinned, draining his glass. For the first time I noticed how his Adam's apple protruded over the edge of his collar.

Tony and I had drink after drink, while he related his experiences as a musician in a circus band when he first arrived in America. I howled and shouted in glee at his stories and confided to him that staying drunk was the only way for any man to be happy.

He shook his head in solemn objection. "Vera bad, too much," he said, bringing us another drink.

I don't remember much after that. Tony and I shook hands as I went out the door, mumbling to myself most of the way home.

When I arrived at my own front porch the steps were covered with snow. My feet got tangled at the top and I went sliding down to the bottom. The curtain on the front door was pulled aside and I saw Beatrice's anxious eyes peering out as she snapped on the light.

Then she was down the steps beside me, her arm under mine, half-dragging

me into the house. I gritted my teeth together to keep the room from flying in mad circles about me. She helped me with my coat and hung it away in a closet. I stood with my hand on a table looking down at a magazine cover, swaying ever so little.

Then I looked up into Beatrice's eyes. In them was fright and sadness. I put out my hand as she came over beside me and crept into my arms. Her hands slid around under my coat and I could feel my whole body sing with joy at the contact.

After a moment I put my hand under her chin and looked deep into her eyes. They were full of tears, glistening, specked with little spots of gold. I shook my head from side to side, trying to shut out the memory of what Pop had told me and what I had seen that afternoon.

Oh, God, it couldn't be so! Those eyes couldn't lie, they *couldn't*! I bent and kissed her lightly on the forehead as she said, "Oh, Allen, Allen why didn't you phone me? I've been so terribly worried about you. I called Ted, and he has been looking all over for you, and I promised to phone your father when you came home. I can't call him at this hour!"

But I couldn't answer her. I didn't want to try, because I knew that my words would be all twisted and mixed. Things began to swing in circles again. I remember clattering up the stairs with Beatrice holding to my arm. Our room, Beatrice helping me!

Hours later I awoke, and I could hear Beatrice crying, feel her whole body shake with dry sobs. I put my hand over her hand and dozed off again.

When I awoke in the morning the sun was pouring in the window. There were a half-dozen sparrows pecking at the snow on the roof where Beatrice threw crumbs every day. The branches of the trees in the yard were glistening with an inch of snow. I stretched out my arms and a terrible roaring came into my head. I groaned aloud and tried to ease my body so that my whole left side didn't ache so much.

Then the previous day began to flash through my mind. I clenched my hands as my thoughts began to race round and round in circles. For a moment I forced myself to think of the sunshine and the snow and the birds on the roof. I couldn't stand thinking of all that terrible day at one time. I let it come back into my mind in little pieces, calmly and evenly until I had gone over everything.

When I heard Beatrice's footsteps on the stairs, I determined that I would be perfectly natural with her. No reason why she should suffer because I had to. Her head came poking round the corner of the door and I smiled at her.

In the flash of a second she was down on her knees beside the bed with my face between her hands, kissing my lips, smiling into my eyes. I fondled her hair and ran my fingers over the smooth satin of her cheek.

"My little sweetheart," I whispered, and crushed her cheek close against me. I felt tears running down over the hand that she held against her face, and said, "Women, they cry when they're happy and laugh when they're sad!"

She turned her eyes up to mine and said, "Oh, Allen, I'm so happy this morning."

"Because I got drunk last night?" I laughed.

"No, Allen. Because this is the first

morning in months that you have been like your old self—the first morning you have been able to smile at me when you woke up. If it'll make you like your old self, Allen, won't you please get drunk every night?" and she laughed and tousled my hair with her hand, her nose all crinkled up.

"Crinkly nose!" I said as she jumped to her feet and rushed downstairs. In a moment she was back with my breakfast on a tray, waiting on me, fussing over me, almost as though she knew!

After awhile she said she was going to leave me alone, that she had to run over to her mother's, and I wondered if she were going to meet Ted.

Haired came flashing into my mind—hated for Ted. Just a tiny spark of it at first—and I couldn't understand it, because I wasn't used to thinking of Ted in that way.

Then I thought of Doc Shields, and smiled as I remembered all the advice he had given me, telling me how to hang on to life for a few weeks longer than he had given me.

MY MIND went flashing over a thousand things that I had neglected in the past few months. Little things and big things that I had left all in a tangled mess. I began to sort them out in my mind, and the longer I thought about it the more enthusiastic I became. Then I laughed to myself. Imagine a man worrying about little inconsequential things when he had only a few short months to live and enjoy life.

A voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "But you can't enjoy anything; you'll suffer unless you put your house in order!"

In another hour I was down at the office going over the things in my desk. I remembered the year Ted and I first went away to college, the way we made lists of all the things we wanted and then checked them off one by one as we got them. All the things we had to do before we went, so that everything would be straightened up for four years away from home.

For two months I spent seven hours a day at the office. Sometimes I worked until far into the night. Pop and Auntie and Beatrice all protested that I would kill myself if I wasn't careful! That was when I had to chuckle and assure them that I never felt better in my life. Kill myself!

I got some sort of devilish glee out of watching Beatrice and Ted. Sometimes I would remind Beatrice of the time before we were married, before the war, when she couldn't make up her mind which one of us she loved and told us each little lies so she wouldn't hurt either of us. I watched her face like a hawk at those times and she would look at me, her eyes full of pain, like a dog looks at the master who is beating him.

It seemed to be the same slow game she had played before—a slow game before my eyes, yet behind a veil.

And it was while I was putting my house in order that I began to write this story, so that other people could know how a man feels when he is marching to his grave.

In three months I had everything completed. I was almost anxious to have a hearse back up to the door and carry me away. There wasn't anything more for me to do, so I began to stay home again, fretting and worrying about silly little things, snapping at Beatrice, complaining if everything wasn't just so.

It was about that time, too, that I began to feel that I was sinking again. My

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heart was bothering me so that I could scarcely move quickly without feeling a sharp dagger-like pain shoot through my whole left side.

Those days must have been terrible for Beatrice. I began to notice that she was away from the house more and more, and I knew that she was with Ted. I determined to tell her, to warn her not to hurt herself, because she could soon have Ted if she wanted him.

One night Beatrice said she was going to run over to her mother's for a few minutes. I put down the paper I was reading and told her I wanted to talk to her for a minute; sweetly and nicely I tried to say it.

She stopped with a little sigh and said, "What is it, Allen?"

"Well—" it was hard to get started. "Well, Beatrice, I—I think you ought to be a little careful about what you do and where you go with Ted. People are going to talk about you. It doesn't make any difference to me—you can have him if you want him—" I heard her gasp at that and I hesitated.

"Allen, you don't know what you're saying," she cut in.

"Oh, but I do know what I'm saying," I said sharply, "and by God you've got to stop it until—until—"

"Allen dear!" and she was over beside me, trying to take my hand.

Something broke in me then. I don't know what it was unless I went mad for a moment, mad with the pain in my heart, physical pain. I began to cough, and Beatrice tried to touch my face with her hand. I held my breath for a moment to stop the coughing saying, "Don't 'dear' me you—you—" and I must have struck her.

HER head flew back, a little gasp coming from her lips, like the hiss of escaping steam. Her hands flew to her cheek where my hand had struck and the sparkling twinkle in her eyes gave way to an expression of horror and pain.

"Allen!" she whispered.

And I stood there with my hands clenched, unable to speak.

Even then, if I had said one word, put out my hands, she would have come into my arms and forgiven me. But I turned and half-staggered, half-walked toward the stairs. There was a sob behind me, a terrible, pitiful sob, but I kept on up the stairs, never looking behind me.

That hour while I paced the floor, my whole body racked with pain, my mind a chaos of mad thoughts! It was the pain, I told myself over and over. I tried to find a thousand excuses for what I had done, but none of them would ease my conscience.

After awhile, I became a little more calm, and I sat down to think the thing out. My heart was getting worse every day, and my cough, too. Probably I would suffer terribly at the end. And Beatrice would have to be there beside me, suffering with me.

Almost before I had the thought, I was throwing things into a suitcase and a handbag. It was the best way, just go away and drop out of sight, leave a note saying that I would never be back. There was nothing more that I could do for Beatrice or Pop or anyone, except save them a lot of suffering and unhappiness. Doc Shields would tell them after I was gone. Then they would understand and perhaps Beatrice would forgive me. I looked at the hand that had slapped her cheek, and wished that I could dip it in lye or torture it in some way.

I sat down and wrote a note to Ted, Pop and Beatrice. But none of them

sounded right when I read them over, so I tore them all up and put them in my pocket. I just left a little note for Beatrice:

Beatrice dear,

I would give my soul to take back that blow. I went crazy for a moment at the thought of you and Ted. I don't blame you, dear, although I hate you both in the same thought. Take what happiness you can in life, for life isn't for long. I won't be back. Doc Shields will tell you why. And tell him I'm not afraid! A kiss for each freckle on your dear, crinkly nose.

Allen.

I cried a little, too, when I left it propped up on her dressing-table. And I took a little snapshot of Beatrice in a silver frame and put it in my bag.

At the railroad station they told me the next express was eastbound. I took it because it didn't make any difference to me where I went. I bought my ticket on the train so they couldn't trace me so easily, and when I got to New York I cashed a check for enough money to last me for four months, if I lived economically. A customer of Pop's cashed it for me and tried to make me stay over for a few days as his guest. I told him I had to go to Washington on business, and then I took a train for Albany.

In Albany, I rented a cottage on a lake in the Adirondacks and took a sleeper to the point I had to leave the train—nearly up to the Canadian border.

It was early morning when I arrived at the little wooden station, clear at the end of the line. I went across the street to an old weather-beaten hotel and left my bags, while I found a man to take me to my cottage. I sniffed the clear, dry air and felt a little surge of joy creep over me. This was a place to die!

The sun was just peeking up over the long, irregular range of mountains when I finished breakfast. It was only five o'clock, but the town's people were about, getting ready for their day's work.

I found a man to drive me out to my cottage. He looked at my two bags rather skeptically and asked if I wanted him to get my trunks at the station. I told him there weren't any trunks.

"Pretty lonesome over there all alone, Mister."

"I won't mind it," I told him, and he told me to climb in beside him. We went over a bumpy country road for four or five miles, and then swung down a little lane that led to a white cottage right on the brink of the lake. There were great, enormous, pine trees alongside it that would keep out the summer sun, and a well in the back that gave sparkling, clear water.

"Gonna be here all alone, eh?" he asked again.

"Yep." I groped for some explanation. Then I thought of this story. "I'm a writer—writing a—a book and I wanted to get away where I could work." That sounded reasonable enough!

"A writer, eh? Well, good luck, Bud, and if you ever want any haulin' of groceries or anythin' of the sort, I'll be right around the post office there." I had never thought of that. So he sat down beside me, and we made out a list of things for him to get from town.

When he had gone I went out on the little porch. A lake steamer was sending tiny, little waves up on the stony beach. A handkerchief waved from the boat and I waved back. In the center of the lake was a tiny island dotted with tents. There were speed-boats, canoes and rowboats

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426x3	102.00	430x4	102.00
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430x3	103.00	434x4	103.00
432x3	103.50	436x4	103.50
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438x3	105.00	442x4	105.00
440x3	105.50	444x4	105.50
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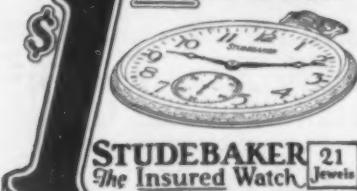
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isn't it? Can I be of any help?"

The girl lifted her eyes and nodded her head. The boy kept on with his paddling. I watched his paddle flash in and out, in and out, the muscles on his forearms bulging under each effort. For an instant I looked away, testing my lines.

Then I heard a scream and saw the nose of the canoe swirl about so that it lay lengthwise in the trough of the waves, rolling dangerously, dipping a little water.

A wave larger than the rest struck it. For an instant it hung half over, the boy throwing his weight to the other side to right it. Then they were both pitched out into the angry, snapping white caps.

I HAD my anchor up and was pulling toward them before I saw them come to the surface. And then only the boy's head appeared. He took a half dozen strokes and grasped the end of the overturned canoe looking about him for the girl. I was pulling with all my strength and came alongside him as he suddenly brought his body up in a jack knife and dove. When he came to the surface again he had the hem of the girl's dress in one of his hands. Half submerged, he struggled to bring her to the surface. I swung about and pulled toward him. His arms were making ineffectual efforts to keep himself afloat. I screamed at him to grasp the prow of my rowboat. He lifted terrified eyes in my direction and grabbed.

As he hung there exhausted, I saw the girl's dress slip out of his hand, and she began to sink below the surface again. For a moment I didn't know what to do. If I dived over the side and got her, he couldn't bring the boat to us. And even while I thought about it, I dived straight down into the icy cold water and opened my eyes. She was spread out like a sheet floating in the breeze from a clothesline, fighting desperately, clutching at the water.

I went underneath her and got her dress from behind and began fighting to get to the surface. It was like lifting a thousand pounds of cement in a bag. Slowly, inch by inch I fought my way upward keeping her at arms length so she couldn't touch me with her hands.

My head came above the surface just before it seemed to burst with pain. I turned on my back for an instant, the waves washing over me, half strangled. She nearly succeeded in catching hold of my arm, and I let myself sink to come up under her and grasp her from the back again.

I looked toward the boy, who was then trying to drag himself up over the side of the boat, an inch at a time, like a man who is using his last bit of strength. I could feel my arms beginning to ache as I held her from me while she struggled. There wasn't any use shouting at him. He was trying, and I was helping him with each little move he made.

Finally, he dragged one leg over the side. In an instant he brought up the other and tumbled into the bottom of the boat, disappearing from view. I was treading water, holding her before me, aching all over now.

Then I saw his head come up into view. He looked about him like a man in a daze, while the boat drifted farther and farther away. I could hear shouts from the shore; I prayed that my strength would last until some one came. Then the boy had the oars out the side and had headed the nose of the boat toward us. I counted his short strokes, hardly strong enough to make any headway through the waves.

Her struggles were weaker and weaker; I wondered if she had lost conscious-

ness. If only she wasn't there! How easy it would have been to just sink below the surface, a moment's struggle, and I wouldn't ever have another of those terrible nights, aching for Beatrice!

I felt myself sinking again. I struggled frantically to bring my nose above the surface. Then something loomed up by me. A hand was on my head, and I could feel someone tugging at my hair. The weight was gone from my right arm, too, and I knew that some one had grasped the girl. I didn't struggle. I was too tired to do anything but just hang there, half conscious.

I could feel myself dragged over the side of the boat, and I sank into the bottom utterly exhausted. There were voices, high pitched and excited, above me. But I didn't open my eyes until I felt the boat scraping on the beach. I struggled to a sitting position and saw them lift the girl out and carry her up over the bank, her arms dangling, her hair streaming down over her shoulders.

I got to my feet, while everything began to whirl in circles about me.

"Better sit down for a minute," I heard some one say in my ear.

"Feeling fine now," I said. I dragged one foot after another up over the bank and leaned against a tree for an instant.

Then there was a woman beside me, her hands on my shoulders, and she was crying, softly and terribly, trying to tell me something.

"That was a wonderful fight you put up, my boy," a voice boomed beside me. "I didn't think any man could have enough strength to hold her up until we got to you. Are you sure you are all right?"

I wanted to laugh then. All right! I was almost a corpse I wanted to tell him! I slipped my hand over my heart and could feel it pounding like the heart of a race horse after a try-out. Then I caught my breath, quickly, sharply!

Of course it would pound after a thing like that! But it was beating evenly and strongly and there wasn't any pain there or in my lung. I took a step backward and saw their eyes follow me anxiously. I wanted to be alone, to think. I mumbled some words and started down along the lake toward my cottage. They called after me about my boat, and I waved a hand and kept on, half running now. I wanted to look at myself in a mirror, wanted to look into my own eyes and ask myself a question.

An hour later I was down in the town on the doorstep of the town doctor. For one long, terrible minute I hesitated before I rang the bell. A shadow appeared against the shade, and as the door swung inward, a pleasant jovial face suddenly sprang in front of me.

"Just want you to test my heart and lungs, doctor," I said as naturally as I could.

"Anything wrong with them," he asked. "No—o—o," I said slowly. Let him find it out for himself. Maybe he'd be expecting it if I told him!

For twenty or thirty minutes he tested with a stethoscope, making me cough, exhale, bend, inhale. Then he laid the instrument down on his desk, slowly and solemnly and said, "My boy, I have bad news for you!"

My heart stopped beating then and I put my hand on the edge of his desk to steady me. What a fool I had been—a drowning man grasping at a straw only to sink again!

I looked into his eyes and, as though he read my thoughts, his lips parted in a hearty laugh. Then he said, "Son, you're as fit as a fiddle—wish my old heart was as good!"

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I tried to keep my voice from quavering when I said, "There isn't anything wrong with me at all, doctor?"

He nodded his head and said, "Not a darn thing—you act sorry!"

In a few more minutes I was out on the street. But I wasn't walking. I was floating along like some wild bird circling the clouds. The reds, the browns and golds in the trees were mine—a part of my world. I picked up a leaf and carried it in my hand and held it before my eyes—mine for so long as I lived... the beauty of nature... the wonder of life... Beatrice... a man come back from the dead.

I found myself talking to the railroad agent. Then to the man who had taken me out to the cottage the day I arrived. He looked at me as strangely as he had that first day when I said I wanted him to drive out to the cottage with me and get my stuff so that I could get the seventy-four train that night.

"Made up your mind quick, didn't you, Bud?" he asked, scratching his head with that same long finger.

"Something came up suddenly," I explained, and then we were bumping down the little drive to my cottage.

IT WASN'T until I was on the train out of New York the next morning that I began to worry about what I would find when I got back. Oh, God, the torture of that ride, the uncertainty!

It was raining when I stepped off the train in Sharon, and I remembered that wintry night I had come back from the war. The same sickly lights burned on the station platform. I pulled my coat collar up about my neck and my hat down over my eyes while I searched for a familiar face.

Everyone hurried by me, calling greetings to some arrival on the train. Kisses, smiling faces, quick, eager words. I climbed into a taxi and told the driver to take me to my old address.

At the door, I stepped out quickly and paid him. For an instant I hesitated and then picked up my bag and went down the sidewalk to the porch. Everything was the same, the lawn was covered with the leaves that had fallen from the maple trees. Our little roadster stood in the driveway, cold and lonesome-looking.

I stepped on the porch, dropped my bag and stood looking out across the street.

Suddenly I could feel eyes looking at my back. For an instant I was afraid to look around. As I swung about, the front door opened and Beatrice stood framed in the doorway. I tried to smile and make my feet move toward her, but I just stood staring at the terror in her eyes.

Then her lips moved and she put out a hand before her as though to push me away from her. I took a step and she gasped, her hand flying to her mouth as though to stifle a scream. Then she was moving toward me. Her hands touched my face, my clothes, pressed my arms, her eyes looking into mine, questioning, half afraid.

With a sobbing little cry, she was in my arms. I picked her up and carried her into the house. After awhile, her sobs quieted down. She looked into my eyes and ran her fingers over my face and held my cheeks between her hands, touching, pressing to be sure.

I put my hand under her chin and looked into her eyes, glistening eyes, specked with little spots of gold. I kissed her on lips that clung to mine, and my heart sang, for I knew that she was mine, had always been mine, would always be mine.

THE END

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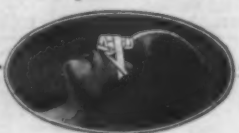
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